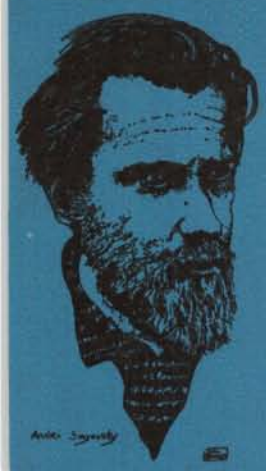
Encounter

November 1973 35p



Andrey Sinyavsky in Paris

Hélène Zamoyska

The Ideological Pilgrim

Paul Hollander

Bohlen's "Cold War" Max Beloff

Was France a Success? Anthony Hartley

Reflections of a Broadcaster Ludovic Kennedy

Arguing about Education Jacques Barzun

Short Story John Rizkalla

Special Book Section: Philosophy and Psychology

A J Ayer: On Anthony Quinton
Antony Flew: On John Rawls
Anthony Storr: Neuro-psychiatrists
Bede Rundle: Anglo-Saxon Approaches
Maurice Cranston: Denis Diderot

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

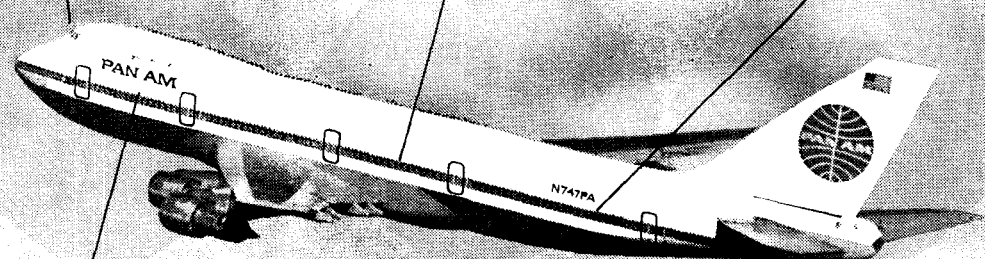
Flying the world's most experienced airline won't cost you a penny more.

It's strange, but people seem to think some scheduled airlines have different fares from other scheduled airlines. The fact is that Pan Am have exactly the same fares as any ordinary scheduled airline. The only difference is that Pan Am usually fly 747s which are bigger and more comfortable than any other kind of plane. We were the first airline with 747s and we now fly them more often and to more places than anyone else. Therefore, we're more likely to be going to where and when you want to. The next time you fly, perhaps you'll be flying the world's most experienced airline. At no extra cost.

There are so many more seats and they're much more spacious on a 747 than on any other kind of plane. And you can have some pillows and blankets and quite often snooze across three seats if that's the way you feel.

It's nice to know when you fly Pan Am, your Captain will have, on average, 15,000 hours' flying experience. This could be one of the reasons why we were asked to train pilots in the last two years for 24 other airlines flying around now.

You're probably not a child or vegetarian who needs a kosher slimmer's meal–but if you are we could cope. In all the time we've been flying we've got to know that people like different things. So, just tell us when you book your seat and we'll arrange one of these special meals for you.



In 1935 we had a proper sit-down restaurant in our planes. Then, as more and more people started flying here and there taking up more and more seats, the dining room just had to go. Now, by redesigning the First Class section of our 747s, we've built a proper First Class dining room again. Bon appetit. (Don't forget to book your table early.)

If you want to fly the world's most experienced airline, see your travel agent. Or call us on this number, 01-734 7292, day or night–and we'll tell you the cheapest fare.

The world's most experienced 747 airline. **Pan Am.**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Encounter

NOVEMBER 1973

VOL. XLI NO. 5

Edited by MELVIN J. LASKY *and* ANTHONY THWAITE
MANAGING EDITOR: *Margot Walmsley.* ASSISTANT EDITOR: *Bryan Healing.*
GENERAL MANAGER: *Anthony Robinson.* ADVERTISEMENT MANAGER: *John Hall.*
ADVISORY BOARD: *Maurice Cranston, D. J. Enright, Anthony Hartley, Leo Labedz, Goronwy Rees, Edward Shils, John Weightman.*
Published monthly by Encounter Ltd. at 59 St Martin's Lane London WC2N 4JS
Per copy: UK 35p: USA & Canada $1·25: Back numbers 35p ($1·25).
Annual subscription: UK £4: USA & Canada $14 (by air $15·50): Elsewhere £4·95.
Full-time students (state place and course of study): UK £3·15: USA and Canada $10: Elsewhere £3·15.
Trade/Subscription Department: Encounter Ltd. 59 St Martin's Lane London WC2N 4JS (01-836 4194).
US news-stand distribution by Gordon & Gotch (USA) Inc. P.O. Box 6014, Long Island City, N.Y. 11106.
Authorised as Second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, and for payment of postage in cash.
Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. © *1973 by Encounter Ltd.*

THE IDEOLOGICAL PILGRIM 3 *Paul Hollander*
THE ROAD BACK TO TOMORROW *(a story)* 16 *John Rizkalla*
WAS FRANCE A SUCCESS? 27 *Anthony Hartley*
COLUMN 35 *R*

MEN & IDEAS
EDUCATIONAL DISPUTES 40 *Jacques Barzun*

AMERICAN CHRONICLE
BOHLEN'S "COLD WAR" 51 *Max Beloff*

TELEVISION
WORDS & PICTURES 54 *Ludovic Kennedy*

POETRY
John Mole 38, *Michael Hamburger* 39, *Peter Porter* 48, *Roger Garfitt* 92

NOTES & TOPICS
THE "GASTARBEITER" 61 *Theo Sommer*
ANDREY SINYAVSKY ARRIVES IN PARIS 63 *Hélène Zamoyska*

SPECIAL BOOK SECTION: PHILOSOPHY & PSYCHOLOGY
ANGLO-SAXON APPROACHES 67 *Bede Rundle*
SOCIAL VIRTUE & BLIND JUSTICE 73 *Anthony Flew*
QUINTON'S CASE FOR MATERIALISM 79 *A. J. Ayer*
DIDEROT FROM THE TOMB 82 *Maurice Cranston*
A LINKING OF DISCIPLINES 85 *Anthony Storr*

LETTERS 93

AUTHORS 96

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE WORLD ATLAS OF WINE

The most authoritative guide to the vineyards, cellars and distilleries of the world ever published. Yours to sample and enjoy on 10 days' Free Examination. Plus a Free Vintage Chart.

The first and only atlas of the world's wines and spirits ever published. And it's your to enjoy for 10 days' free examination in your own home. 10 days to appreciate how very special this superb and beautiful book is. And, there's a FREE Vintage Chart for you to keep just for agreeing to look at THE WORLD ATLAS OF WINE.

The author of this great book – already hailed as a major landmark in wine publishing – is Hugh Johnson, Master of Wine. The maps – there are 154 in full colour – are the result of 8 years of research and design experimentation by Harold Fullard. They give you full and fascinating details of all the great vineyards and what makes each so special. Over 900 wine labels have been reproduced – many in full colour – to help you identify the world's great wines.

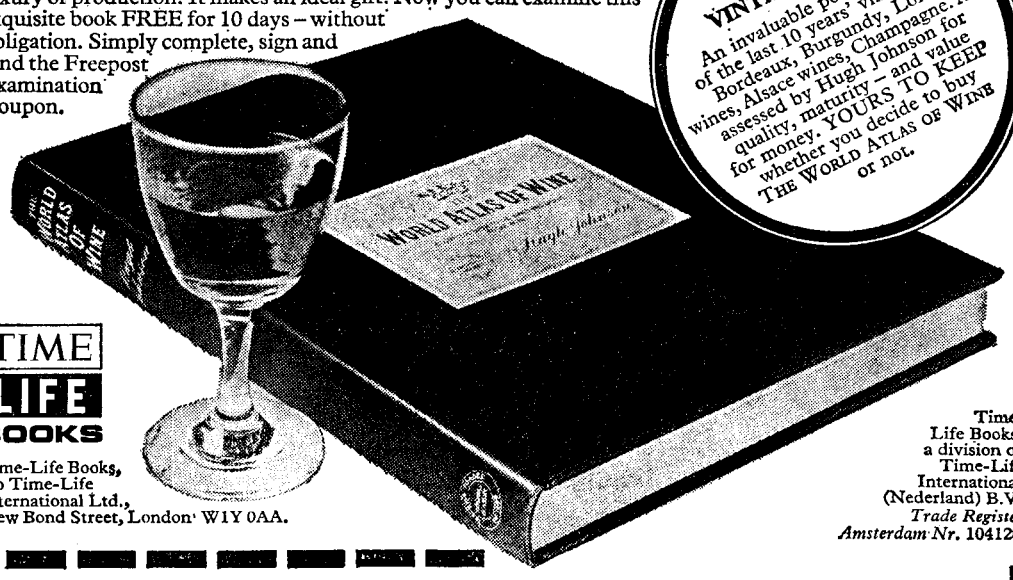
The whole book is a masterpiece of research, and a joy to handle and read. As John Arlott of "The Guardian" put it, THE WORLD ATLAS OF WINE, "Stands far ahead of any other work, and must be virtually impossible to follow in extent, precision and charm of production."

There are chapters on every aspect of wine. Its history, its vintages, how to choose it, keep it, serve it, taste it. The wines of France, of Germany, of the world. And a fascinating chapter on spirits. 80,000 words of text in all.

THE WORLD ATLAS OF WINE is unique in its scope, its depth, and its luxury of production. It makes an ideal gift. Now you can examine this exquisite book FREE for 10 days – without obligation. Simply complete, sign and send the Freepost Examination Coupon.

FREE VINTAGE CHART

An invaluable pocket chart of the last 10 years' vintages – Bordeaux, Burgundy, Loire wines, Alsace wines, Champagne. All assessed by Hugh Johnson for quality, maturity – and value for money. YOURS TO KEEP whether you decide to buy THE WORLD ATLAS OF WINE or not.



TIME LIFE BOOKS

Time-Life Books, c/o Time-Life International Ltd., New Bond Street, London W1Y 0AA.

Time-Life Books, a division of Time-Life International (Nederland) B.V. *Trade Register Amsterdam Nr.* 104120.

FREE GIFT AND EXAMINATION COUPON

YES please accept my order for a copy of the book THE WORLD ATLAS OF WINE for 10 days' free examination, and send me at same time my FREE Vintage Chart, which I may keep in any case. I NEED SEND NO MONEY NOW.

If I decide to keep THE WORLD ATLAS OF WINE I will pay the accompanying invoice for the special price of £7.95 plus 45p postage and handling.

☐ I prefer to pay in instalments: i.e. first payment of £2.95 plus 45p postage and handling and 2 monthly instalments of £2.50 each.

5177-05

Name
(PLEASE PRINT)
Address

Postcode

Please sign
(No orders can be accepted without a signature)

Post your coupon today to Time-Life Books, Freepost 15, London W1E 8WE.
Don't affix a stamp – Freepost means we pay postage.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Paul Hollander

The Ideological Pilgrim

Looking for Utopia, Then and Now

Monstrorum Historia (1642)

IT IS surely no secret today—many of the distinguished Western intellectuals who visited the Soviet Union in the 1930s fell short of grasping the true nature of Soviet society. Their predispositions, combined with the special efforts of their hosts, resulted in grotesque misjudgments which are no longer matters of dispute. We have learned since, as did most of the visitors themselves, that the Soviet Union was not a very happy land in the 1930s.

Today, as a rule, Western intellectuals who hope to find a social system superior to, or more promising than, their own no longer go on pilgrimages to the Soviet Union. If they do go they do so in a rather more critical frame of mind, aware of the basic shortcomings of the society they are visiting. At the same time a new generation of intellectuals has set out (since the late 1950s) on new voyages of discovery. Their destinations were: Cuba, China, and North Viet Nam.

To be sure, their motives were as varied as their personalities, occupations, levels of accomplishments, and renown in their own societies. Yet they also had enough in common to be analysed as one group. They were all ready, in some degree of eagerness or desperation, to be favourably impressed by the countries to be visited. This does not mean that all came back favourably impressed, or that all of them praised without reservations what they had seen. Nevertheless, most of the accounts from all three countries are generally positive and bear an astonishing resemblance to the reports of the earlier generation of visitors to the Soviet Union. Even without the rash assumption that "history is repeating itself", there are enough similarities, and enough of a pattern, in these eye-witness accounts to sustain the possibility that the similarities may have as much to do with the attitudes and perceptions of the visitors as with the sights and conditions actually observed. Like love, progress in paradise is often in the eye of the beholder.

If indeed many similarities can be noted in such travel writings, there are the following possibilities to account for them. The countries and their institutions observed were highly similar. The backgrounds, social position, and ideological leanings of these Western intellectuals had enough in common to produce similar perceptions of dissimilar realities. It was the nature of Western societies that predisposed them to a shared susceptibility to the appeals of new societies. Finally, it is also possible that in all four countries in both periods the visitors were exposed to the same refined techniques of hospitality (or, perhaps, the same manipulation of experience) which despite different historical and social conditions produced similar impressions. Until we

PAUL HOLLANDER *is an associate of Harvard University's Russian Research Center. He was born in Budapest and lived in Hungary (under both the Nazi and Communist régimes) until 1956. He holds a B.A. from the University of London and a Ph.D. from Princeton, is at present teaching sociology at the University of Massachusetts, and Oxford University Press has just published his "Soviet and American Society: A Comparison."*

Next month we will be publishing a second article on a related theme, "The Ideological Dupe", by George Watson (of Trinity College, Cambridge; author of "The Literary Critics", and editor of the Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

know as much about present-day social institutions and life in Cuba, China, and North Viet Nam as we know of the Soviet Union under Stalin, the question of *how* inaccurate recent reports have been compared with those written earlier about the Soviet Union must inevitably be left open.

It would be inaccurate to suggest that *all* the travellers I will be considering here were "Utopia seekers." They represent rather a range of attitudes which does include a quest for Utopia as well as milder degrees of favourable predisposition and susceptibility toward the Utopian aspects of the new societies. Not all the travellers set out to find some approximation of their ideals and longings. Many of them went on their tours out of "sheer curiosity" or because they felt that it was "important" that they themselves personally assess the nature of these societies often seen as misrepresented or slandered in the mass media of their own countries. Others embarked on these journeys because of certain specific concerns and interests. They wanted to know how particular problems unresolved in their own societies were handled, from race relations to public health, from day-care centres to industrialisation, from prison reform to state support of the arts. Thus, while some visitors projected the most extravagant hopes on the countries visited, envisioning a totally new way of life and a radical break with all the imperfections of the past and of organised social life, others focused on more tangible and specific accomplishments: on new forms of economic organisation or administrative techniques, on more rational (or seemingly more rational) solutions to age-old problems. Yet enough of them may be described as "ideological pilgrims", and it is this group which will be my major focus.

PARTICIPANTS IN THE IDEOLOGICAL PILGRIMAGES can be classified in terms of the metaphor of the Romantic Lover or the Religious Pilgrim.

The Ideological Pilgrim, like the religious one, visits the holy places of his secular religion. It may be Lenin's tomb (a literal parallel), the walls of the Kremlin, the "heart of socialism" (as Moscow used to be considered), a Commune in China, the sugar-cane harvest in Cuba, a school for reformed prostitutes, a model prison, a new factory, a folk-dance festival, a political mass rally—or any other setting, event, or situation in the countries he visits which symbolises the realisation of his dreams and values. After the pilgrimage he returns spiritually refreshed. Back in his homeland, he continues to revere the beliefs and symbols associated with holy places visited.

In turn, the ideological pilgrim resembles the Romantic Lover in that his passions are fuelled by the unattainability of the love-object. The Lover in the Western World, as Denis de Rougemont once demonstrated, has always needed carefully retained obstacles to the fulfilment of longing. He knows that he will not live in the society he admires but will return to the comforts and boredom of the one which he despises. George Bernard Shaw spoke for many such travellers when he said, embarking on his return trip from the Soviet Union in 1931,

> "Tomorrow I leave this land of hope and return to our Western countries of despair."

Although such a travelling intellectual seeks to immerse himself in the setting of his ideals, he will not become a part of it. Distance remains, and it helps to conserve the dreams. Usually he knows neither the language nor the unappealing features of the country visited. He is shielded by his hosts from a close embrace with the object of his affections. Mysteries will persist although he may succeed in convincing himself that he knows all that is to be known. Both the institutions and individuals representing the longed-for social order remain only partially and poorly known. He can continue the idealisation and projection of his deepest desires.

The persistence of this phenomenon is at present illustrated by the attractions of China. In the wake of the recent re-establishment of American contacts with her there has been a resurgence of interest in that country on the part of both the U.S. public and large segments of the Western intellectual community. Startling transformations of the image of China are taking place. We are witnessing a rare moment in history when one set of stereotypes is being abruptly replaced by another. A far-away country about which we knew nothing begins to be seen in a different light.

THOSE WHO HAVE ALWAYS BEEN favourably inclined toward Communist China speak out with a new pride and forcefulness. The benefit-of-doubters are confirmed in their lurking sympathies; the critics are beginning to feel uncomfortable. The trickle of highly selected Western visitors, journalists, sympathetic academics, businessmen and assorted VIPs is likely

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to become a sizeable rivulet. More and more intellectuals will be taking their turn on the ideological pilgrimage to China; the number of similarly disposed visitors to Cuba and North Viet Nam is clearly declining, as new stations of the way open and close.

Many times in European (and American) history such attitudes have intensified in times of historical crisis. Dissatisfaction with existing social arrangements and institutions has always prompted a quest for alternatives. The more recent 20th-century journeys to new societies may well fit into a broader, long-standing, historical pattern. This, as I will try to show, is most strikingly demonstrated in one recurring theme in the accounts of both sets of travellers. It is the theme of Simplicity, Community, and Authenticity allegedly found among the peoples of the new societies. As Henri Baudet has put it,

> "The natural goodness that developed so harmoniously in others formed a striking contrast to our errors and corruption. . . ."[1]

Estrangement & Rediscovery

THE COUNTRIES MOST LIKELY to be idealised in this century have had to meet certain requirements. In particular they had to be (*1*) distant; (*2*) scarcely known; (*3*) hostile to the United States (and one or two selected West-European nations); (*4*) seemingly dedicated to some set of Utopian goals; (*5*) the claimants of a Marxist ideological legacy. The fifth element is noteworthy because it draws attention to the continuity of some form of "leftism" among groups of Western intellectuals. Finally, among the sources of attraction we also find (*6*) the Underdog image. All of these countries tend to be viewed (at the time of the visit) as Victims—victims of history, of backwardness, and (more importantly) of the West. Correspondingly, the appeals of the Soviet Union faded by the mid-1950s, in part because it became difficult to cast her in the have-not role of "the underdog" when she emerged as the second major military and industrial "super-power" of the world.

If there is any preliminary proposition that can be made about two of the attitudes of intellectuals it is that estrangement from one's own society and susceptibility to the attractions of another land are closely related. The late 1920s and early 1930s of the depression-ridden U.S. and Western Europe offer a good example from the recent past. Then, as now, intellectuals were in the grip of a "crisis of confidence" concerning their own society. The Soviet case offered a hopeful alternative to the economic and social chaos of the period. Today, in the U.S. and Western Europe, the emptiness of second-(or third-) generation affluence and the growth of various complex social problems are among the factors which predispose to the admiration of societies which seem to exude a "sense of purpose" and appear to have provided "meaning" for the life of their citizens. Social criticism must rest on a bright vision of new alternatives, radical departures, hopeful beginnings, or inspiring models.

In both periods many intellectuals were searching for a type of social order which they could enthusiastically endorse and contrast with the dispiriting state of affairs they deplored in their own countries. To contrast the two periods is of additional interest since the two groups of intellectuals who made the visits have been, for the most part, of different generations and political persuasions. The most obvious difference is, as I have suggested, that by the 1960s alienated Western intellectuals were no longer looking to the Soviet Union for inspiration; nor were they adherents, members, or "fellow travellers" of the Communist parties of their countries. Thus, in a sense the difference between the two groups is also the difference between the Old and the New Left.

If some degree of estrangement from one's own society precedes the projection of hope on to others, what exactly did intellectuals (and especially those going on expectant visits to the countries mentioned) dislike most about their own, their native land?

THE BASIC THEME beneath all the specific complaints associated with the attitude of "alienation" is that society, through some (or most, or all) of its major institutions, unjustly and unnecessarily blocks people from self-realisation. That the fulfilment of the true self remains a vaguely defined concept has no bearing on the intensity with which this form of criticism is felt and formulated. It is easy enough to define and comprehend "self-realisation" when it refers to access to such self-evident necessities as adequate food, shelter, clothing and medical care which are insufficiently provided even in many prosperous Western societies. Hence concern over

[1] Henri Baudet, *Paradise on Earth—Some Thoughts on the Images of Non-European Man* (1965), p. 51.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poverty as a major obstacle to self-realisation is one of the common themes displayed in the writings of alienated intellectuals in both periods. Indignation over poverty leads to the more general criticism of inequality (which transcends unequal income distribution and mere inequality of opportunities of various kinds).

Alienated intellectuals in Western capitalist societies also deplore the poisonous effect of the "pursuit of money", the "crass commercialism" permeating society and the related impoverishment of the aesthetic-spiritual sides of life. In short, the critique of the pervasiveness of the "cash nexus" has been, since the *Communist Manifesto* (1848), a principal component of the social criticism mounted by Western intellectuals. Not surprisingly it was among the appeals of the new societies that they were (or seemed to be) free of the preoccupation with money

> "... for the first time in my life I was sharing the breath of a great city with a folk which has not fouled the air by perpetual forced incense to the cult of money"

This was the joyous observation of an American writer, Waldo Frank, in his *Dawn in Russia*, upon his arrival in Leningrad in 1932.[2]

Broadly speaking, alienated intellectuals in both periods have been critical of what in the received phrase of today is called the "quality of life." The hallmark of this critique has been a concern with the distortion and erosion of spiritual values, the loss of individuality and critical spirit, and the bondage of the masses. It has also focused on the insidiously corrupting influences emanating from an affluent industrial-consumer society and the more refined but more deadly manipulations to which people of such societies are subjected. This is how Norman Mailer registered (in 1963) the defects of American society, contrasting it with Cuba:

> "In Cuba hatred runs over into the love of blood; in America all too few blows are struck into the flesh. We kill the spirit here, we are experts at that. We use psychic bullets and kill each other cell by cell.
>
> "We have had a tyranny here ... a tyranny one breathed but could not define; it was felt as no more than a slow deadening of the best of our possibilities, a tension we could not name which was the sum of our frustrations. ... In silence we gave you [Castro] our support ... you were giving us psychic ammunition, you were aiding us in that desperate silent struggle we have been fighting with sick dead hearts against the cold insidious cancer of the power that governs us. ..."[3]

A FURTHER COMPONENT OF ALIENATION, felt with special intensity by American and European intellectuals, is apprehension about Technology and its misuses. Here we have a revival of another long-standing fear haunting the literati for a century, the nightmarish vision of Man against the Machine and the impersonality associated with the latter. For Susan Sontag,

> "... what's most ugly about America [is] the principle of 'will', the self-righteous taste for violence, the insensate prestige of technological solutions to human problems."[4]

Although Viet Nam, poverty, and racial discrimination supplied the major components of the critique of American society in the 1960s, beyond and beneath it lurked other sentiments, other sources of despair, as Mailer's remarks have suggested. What many of the critics detested most about American society was what they believed it had done to people, to personal relationships, the capacity for love, trust, and a sense of community. In this vision American people have become "fragmented personalities", sapped of the capacity for strong and authentic feeling, manipulated cogs in a dehumanised "System." Such sentiments are readily and frequently voiced by present-day American travellers:

> "I can fight the system because I truly hate it. I hate how it has warped the people of our country. How it tries to warp me and everyone it can."
>
> "Not long ago I was in pieces. All the experiences of my life had conspired to fragment my understanding ... I suffered from the prime American problem: middle class consciousness, the inability to feel."
>
> "We had all been taught to relate to people in their social roles. ... In Cuba this was not the case."[5]

Nor was it the case in China, or in North Viet Nam:

> "The atmosphere in which the Chinese worker lives seems to be a healthy one, a place where a worker can grow and develop into a well-rounded, complete person."[6]
>
> "There possibly is no place in America where people feel 'community' as much as in this Vietnamese village."[7]

---

[2] Waldo Frank, *Dawn in Russia* (1932), p. 22.
[3] Norman Mailer, *Presidential Papers* (1963), pp. 69–70.
[4] Susan Sontag, *Trip to Hanoi* (1968), p. 40.
[5] Carol Brightman and Sandra Levinson (eds.), *Venceremos Brigade: The Experiences of American Radicals Who Shared the Life, the Work and the Revolution of the Cuban People* (1971), pp. 388, 373, 311.
[6] Committee of Concerned Asian Scholars, *China! Inside the People's Republic* (1972), p. 194.
[7] Staughton Lynd and Tom Hayden, *The Other Side* (1966), p. 71.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The feeling that something was fundamentally wrong with Western societies, that their failings transcended the more specific and easily identifiable ills (such as poverty, unemployment or racial discrimination), although especially intense in the 1960s, was also discernible in the 1930s. There was, in many instances, a similar sense of the fundamental flaws and aimlessness of the societies the travellers came from. Thus Feuchtwanger wrote:

> "I came to the Soviet Union from countries where complaints are the general rule and whose inhabitants, discontented with both their physical and spiritual conditions, crave change.... The air which one breathes in the West is stale and foul. In the Western civilization there is no longer clarity and resolution.... One breathes again when one comes from this oppressive atmosphere of a counterfeit democracy and hypocritical humanism into the invigorating atmosphere of the Soviet Union."[8]

G. B. Shaw felt that:

> "The bourgeoisie is rotten. The army is rotten. The monarchies are rotten. Above all parliamentary institutions are rotten."[9]

Corliss and Margaret Lamont perceived the contrast in these terms:

> "The direction in the Soviet, from both the material and cultural standpoints, seems steadily and on the whole upward, and the problems those of growth. Elsewhere in the world the direction seems downward and the problems those of decay. In other words the many stresses and strains still existent in Russia are justified in the light of the great goal ahead. The masses of the people are making what may be called *constructive* sacrifices, with a splendid purpose held consciously and continuously in mind."[10]

Once the facts of intense alienation are established it is comparatively easy to understand why, and how, sympathy towards certain other societies develops. It is of particular importance that these other societies—their spokesmen and mass media—reproach American society (or other Western societies) for almost exactly the same defects the estranged intellectual feels so strongly about. Kindred voices are raised (or so it seems) denouncing: racism; unemployment; capitalistic greed; wastefulness; irrational economic arrangements and the misuse of resources; the expenditure on the military; the impoverishment of human relationships; the decline of meaningful values; the lack of community; the vulgar noises of advertising. How could an intellectual resist a sense of affinity with, and sympathy toward, those who evidently share his values, likes and dislikes?

THE ALIENATED INTELLECTUAL is favourably disposed toward these "new societies" in order to avoid the despair that comes from the lack of alternatives. He must believe that better social arrangements are possible and must be able to point, at least tentatively, to such arrangements to make his social criticism more meaningful. The worse one's own society appears, the more alluring and promising others become, especially from a distance or through the haze of a conducted tour that minimises the possibility of disillusioning experiences intruding on the visitor. For the intensely alienated intellectual to admit that other social systems are "just as bad" as the one he knows best, or that they represent no significant improvement over his own, would dilute his moral outrage directed at his society. If social injustice is endemic and discernible even in "new" revolutionary societies it becomes difficult to sustain the impassioned criticism of one's own. But when particular defects of society are viewed as easily remediable, and if some societies can be found to illustrate this, a new and vastly improved basis for the critique of one's own society is created. It is this need for new, fresh, green alternatives which explains why attachment to the Soviet model was relinquished with the passage of time.

There is yet another option for alienated intellectuals who learned the lessons of history and are reluctant to project their hopes on existing alternatives. This option is to idealise abortive revolutions or social movements which were not given a chance to go stale or oppressive. A recent example is the French student rebellion of 1968 which an American social critic viewed as

> "the most significant event in Western politics in a generation."[11]

After 50 years, not only has there been an impressive accumulation of data concerning the nature of Soviet society and the extent to which it has departed from its revolutionary origins and ideals, but there have also emerged new, "more authentic", revolutionary societies (such as Cuba, China and North Viet Nam) which could absorb

[8] Lion Feuchtwanger, *Moscow 1937* (1937), pp. 3, 149, 150.
[9] George Bernard Shaw, *The Rationalization of Russia* (1931, reprinted Bloomington, Indiana, 1964), p. 102.
[10] Corliss and Margaret Lamont, *Russia Day by Day* (1933), pp. 257–258.
[11] Norman Birnbaum, *The Crisis of Industrial Society* (1969), p. viii.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the type of sentiments and sympathies for the noble experiment which had earlier been reserved for the Soviet Union.

AN INVENTORY OF THE APPEALS of the "new societies" might begin with their accomplishments in reducing economic backwardness and other liabilities of the past.

Julian Huxley noted, for example, that in Siberia

> "... cities spring up almost overnight, called into being out of barren steppes at the behest of central authority, all in due relation with the natural resources of the region and the planned lines of communication and electrification."[12]

For Huxley as for many others, the Soviet Union of the 1930s was "an enormous experiment" based "on reason alone" (in the words of Lion Feuchtwanger). The gigantic social economic transformations observed and praised were inseparable from a rational and energetic application and organisation of work. Western visitors of both periods repeatedly expressed amazement at both the scale and intensity of the work being accomplished, and the "new meaning" it held for those performing it. Waldo Frank wrote:

> "Here are happy workers, because they are whole men and women. ... Dream, thought, love collaborate in the tedious business of making electric parts. ... he [a Russian worker] was closer to the artist than to the Western factory worker. His eyes burned with an ascetic flame ... he might have been a saintly artisan in some medieval convent. ..."

Tom Hayden and Staughton Lynd, stopping in China (en route to North Viet Nam), caught glimpses of other manifestations of the dedication to work:

> "Everywhere is the pulse of purposeful activity. Walking before breakfast one day we passed a group of women energetically singing before starting a day's work ... progress is everywhere. Millions of Chinese are involved in its creation. In Peking we saw thousands of people digging a canal while music blared from outdoor loudspeakers. ..." (*The Other Side.*)

The visible transformation of the landscape, the sight of new cities, industrial plants, flood-control projects, bridges, newly-cultivated lands —all these offered tangible and indisputable proof of the Great Change taking place. Equally impressive were the new or reconstructed social institutions the visitors saw.

The visitors in both periods were keenly interested in improvements in educational institutions and the spread of knowledge to the masses. Such improvements held a strong appeal both because of their close association with equality and because they were linked to the vision of bringing to the surface the hidden potentialities of man. Corliss and Margaret Lamont's enthusiasm was widely shared among the visitors of both periods:

> "In whatever museum we enter in Leningrad we run across workers' tour groups thirstily drinking in the knowledge which is offered them by guides especially trained for the purpose ... if you glance at their faces you find that they are all alike in having an eager, awakened look."

Discussing the Hanoi Museum of Art, Father Berrigan was moved by "... a people, who in the midst of a rain of death conceive and push to fruition a museum of art."[13] Jean-Paul Sartre reported that in Cuba "most of the old army barracks have been converted into schools."[14] Discussing the cultural policies of the Chinese régime, Mme de Beauvoir wrote: "The Chinese government is aware of its duty to serve the entire nation; it considers truth its soundest ally."[15] Ella Winter was impressed by the educational role of the Soviet press:

> "What they print is directed towards making an active, conscientious, responsible human being. Journalism in Russia, like all other means of communication, is dedicated in the fullest sense of the word, to the education of all people."[16]

Another form of education (or re-education) which usually made a deep impression was discovered in the prison system. Here was an example of both the "new humanism" displayed by these societies and their rational, ingenious problem-solving capacity. Replacing the odious spirit of punishment there were "humane prisons" oriented towards the rehabilitation of wrong-doers. This is how the philosophical foundations of the new approach to crime were perceived by an early visitor to the Soviet Union:

> "Crime according to Soviet law ... is always the result of faulty social organization and bad environment. The word punishment is not approved of: it has been replaced by the phrase: 'measures of social defense'. ... Sentences are short and once the sentence has been served the miscreant is re-admitted into everyday life with no ... scar of

[12] Julian Huxley, *A Scientist Among the Soviets* (1932), pp. 77.
[13] Father Daniel Berrigan, *Night Flight to Hanoi* (1968), pp. 45–46.
[14] Jean-Paul Sartre, *Sartre on Cuba* (1961), p. 118.
[15] Simone de Beauvoir, *The Long March* (1958), p. 228.
[16] Ella Winter, *I Saw the Russian People* (1945), p. 119.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shame, no brand of having been a 'convict'. . . . Soviet criminology seems to assume that the 'criminal' is not a criminal. He is not to be treated as an outcast. . . . He is an 'unfortunate', sick, weak or maladjusted and must be trained to become . . . a functioning member of society."[17]

G. B. Shaw, inspecting a Soviet prison for women, opined that "none of these women would have been better off as innocent persons earning their living in an English factory", and found being in a Soviet prison a "privilege" compared with those in capitalist countries. Visitors to Chinese prisons were similarly impressed. For example, while Mme de Beauvoir pointed out that the prison she had visited was "not a model prison", it had, among many others, these appealing features:

"The prison is in the depth of a kind of park; two soldiers are on duty at the outer gate; but once you are inside it you see no wardens, no guards, no guides, only un-uniformed and . . . unarmed overseers. They exercise the function of foremen and political and cultural instructors."

The appeal of specific institutions (farms, factories, schools, clinics, or model prisons) converged on the overarching accomplishment of social equality, or at least the great strides taken in its direction. For Julian Huxley the result was seen as

". . . a system in which the results of work go primarily to raising the level of general well-being instead of largely seeping away into private channels. . . ."

Even more pronounced were the results in China: "What is most striking about the tranquil and gay crowd at one's side," wrote Simone de Beauvoir,

"is its homogeneity. Men are not all of the same station in China but Peking offers a perfect image of a classless society. Impossible to tell an intellectual from a worker . . . nobody is arrogant here, nobody is grabby, nobody feels himself above or below anybody else."

Similar attitudes dominate the accounts of the visitors to Cuba:

"There is so little condescension here. That is the most beautiful thing. Every man, no matter what he is doing, is contributing. Every man and woman, and Fidel brings this out constantly, is just as important as he, Fidel is." (*Venceremos Brigade*)

But was not the appeal of the Leaders as powerful as that of the newly dignified Masses? The leaders were in virtually all instances perceived as honest, modest (though immensely able), dedicated, and hard-working men, all preoccupied with the Public Good. Feuchtwanger considered Stalin "the most unpretentious" of all the men known to him who ever held power; the Soviet leaders in general were "as good as their word . . . ready to receive criticism and exchange frankness for frankness."

Mme de Beauvoir commented on the impressive characteristics of the Chinese leaders as she observed them at a reception:

". . . Chou En-lai moves amid the guests, exchanging words, shaking hands; then similarly at ease Mao Tse-tung, by himself, with quiet unostentation makes the rounds of the tables. What is so winning about the Chinese leaders is that not one of them plays a part; they are dressed like anybody else . . . their faces . . . are just faces, plainly and wholly human. Never before have I seen official dignitaries whom their position did not hold some distance apart from the rest of the crowd . . . their visage manifests an uncommon personality . . . they inspire . . . respect."

As for Father Daniel Berrigan, he was reminded by Ho Chi-Minh of Jesus and his sufferings.

For Jean-Paul Sartre, Castro and his comrades exerted an even deeper fascination, conjuring up visions of the triumph of mind over the body, spirit over the flesh. This is how Sartre described a visit to Che Guevara's office at midnight:

"I heard the door close behind my back and I lost both the memory of my old fatigue and any notion of the hour. Among these fully awake men, at the height of their powers, sleeping doesn't seem like a natural need, just a routine of which they had more or less freed themselves. . . . they have all excluded the routine alternation of lunch and dinner from their daily programme.
". . . Of all these night watchmen, Castro is the most wide-awake. Of all these fasting people, Castro can eat the most and fast the longest . . . [they] exercise a veritable dictatorship over their own needs . . . [they] roll back the limits of the possible."

Heroic Leaders, Beautiful People

POWERFUL AND HEROIC renaissance men, rolling back the limits of the possible, exercising iron-willed command of body and mind, tirelessly reshaping their society—such was the exciting vision of these leaders that many Western intellectuals like Sartre were ready to embrace. They were touched by the heroic dimension not only in the lives of the Leaders but also in the newly meaningful and dramatic aspects of everyday life of the Masses, from which the humdrum, prosaic elements seemed to have vanished.

[17] Ella Winter, *Red Virtue* (1933), p. 206.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Reading through these accounts (and many others I have not cited here) the reader is left with the impression that the major appeals of the new societies cannot be reduced to better schools, higher living standards, improvements in public health, or even to the apparent realisation of the ideals of the Enlightenment (as was recently argued in a study of Communist fellow-travellers by David Caute).[18] What is involved transcends the economic and even the political realm. Only if the meaning of "political" is stretched to encompass concerns with community, identity, self-realisation, authenticity, and meaning in life, only then can we properly define these appeals as political. Many of the visitors were most impressed by the virtuous peoples of these lands: their good nature, innocence, candour, openness, honesty, and simplicity. These attractions were especially notable for complicated people coming from complex societies. As Barbara Wootton put it recently in ENCOUNTER (June),

> ". . . to anyone coming from a world which threatens to strangle itself in its own complications it is the apparent simplicity of Chinese life which makes an irresistible appeal."

Upon his arrival in a Russian village Waldo Frank found

> ". . . a homogeneous world: man and animal and fruit, air and wood and earth, were a single substance whose parts slowly vibrated round its core—the sun.
> ". . . I stood in the village mud and sensed the organic rhythm of this telluric world—the pulse of earth and beast and man together. The peasant, the unsophisticated toiler, has a self knowledge, humble but authentic. This our Western culture has merely covered and destroyed with a patina of lies. And that is why there is more hope in the uncultured workers of all races . . ."

It is the vision of and fascination with "wholeness" that dominates:

> "There are no separate things in Russia, no separate persons . . . every person is in full flowing action with the folk about him. Therefore he is vital—with the whole vitality of Russia."

Several decades later it is, again, the attribute of wholeness that affects most deeply another ideological pilgrim (Susan Sontag), this time to North Viet Nam:

> ". . . in Viet Nam one is confronted by whole people possessed by a belief in what Lawrence called 'the subtle, lifelong validity of the heroic impulse'."

And, again like the Russian peasants, their appealing qualities were enhanced by the primitive material conditions surrounding them: "we see charming, dignified people living amid bleak material scarcity." Miss Sontag found North Vietnamese man "an extraordinary human being", free of "the phenomenon of existential agony, of alienation." Lynd and Hayden regarded the Vietnamese they encountered as "the gentlest people we had ever known" and were "struck by [their] grace, variety and established identity. . . ."

The qualities of the people and the sense of community that prevailed among them were seen as closely related. The escape from a deeply felt social isolation has been the most powerful attraction that the "new societies" exert. Of all the accounts I have read, those by members of the "Venceremos Brigade" provide the most striking example of this ecstatic submersion in the group:

> ". . . At the end of their performance, the entire crowd of us—performers, the directors of the camp, all the companeros—surged out in a happy, dancing, hugging, silly, singing herd with this tremendous, overwhelming group energy. We stamped and yelled and improvised our way around the entire camp, people banging on all kinds of things: empty wooden boxes, drums, spoons, bottles, anything."
>
> ". . . Here people are high on their lives all the time. A group called *Los Bravos* charged in from back, parting the crowd, sounds of deep drum, a bell, a guitar, and sticks, charging deep rhythm. Everyone went wild. . . . An actual physical force seemed to surge through the room, men dancing with men, women with women, everyone's hands on everyone else's shoulders, a huge snake line forming and chugging around the hall: lawyers, translators, drivers, cane cutters, students, waiters, an absolute frenzy of brotherhood and excitement. . . ."
>
> ". . . The Cubans are like superthyroid freaks; the men will make music and dance and screw around at the drop of a hat."
>
> ". . . At lunchtime . . . the whole crowd spilled out onto the lawn, falling down sweaty, screaming at the top of their lungs, rolling down the hill . . . that much unadulterated emotional give is almost unbearable. I begin to really conceive of being part of a current, that in the process of a revolution you are both very important and very small; we're talking about something bigger than all of us, and that is the transformation of an entire people, the liberation of that kind of energy we saw this evening, the beginning of building the new man. . . . High on the people! Wooooiiieeeeeeee!!"

Paradoxically enough, the visitors also found much to approve of in regard to the position of intellectuals in the countries visited. To begin with the Leaders themselves had discernible intellectual leanings: Mao and Ho (the poets), Stalin (the voracious reader deeply concerned

[18] David Caute, *The Fellow-Travellers* (1972).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with theory and linguistics), Castro and Guevara (thinkers and doers)—each had attributes intellectuals could admire and identify with. They also had power to implement their ideas—which Western intellectuals did not have, as a rule. The local intellectuals were taken seriously by the powerholders who held that "ideas are weapons." They also seemed "well integrated" in their society, not living on its "margins" as "ignored eccentrics." There were also attractively tangible forms of recognition. The visitors often observed that the material circumstances of artists and intellectuals were commensurate with their importance in their society. Feuchtwanger wrote:

> "They are appreciated, encouraged and even pampered by the state both with prestige and large incomes. . . . The books of favourite authors . . . are printed in editions of a size which makes the foreign publisher gasp."

In China, de Beauvoir noted:

> "By and large Chinese writers have never enjoyed such material prosperity . . . author's royalties being 10 to 15% earnings may be very high. . . . If moreover a writer wishes to travel, to undertake research, if he needs spare time for study or creative work, if he needs medical care or rest, all sorts of facilities are at his disposal. This preferential service is paid for: in China whoever receives must give; the writer is expected to render *service*. . . ."

Even when the visitors caught glimpses of certain limitations of intellectual freedom they often felt that such restrictions were only a temporary necessity and a relatively small price to be paid for "effective participation in a new social order", for "escaping social isolation", for gaining a "new sense of community", and for finding life generally pulsating with purpose and meaning.

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS the many appeals of the New Societies coalesce around two major themes. One is that of Social Justice and its many relevant components—economic, political, and cultural. The second theme is more elusive but probably more important. It comprises the achievement of or striving for "Wholeness", the sense of Identity and Community. Such appeals mirror a *malaise* which goes beyond and beneath dissatisfaction with specific political arrangements, with the defects of capitalism and the particulars of social inequality. They derive from "civilisation and its discontents." Some are endemic, while others intensify in an increasingly secular society that can no longer either legitimate the curbing of individualistic impulses and fantasies, nor can it offer fulfilling social myths and values which could divert attention from the growing preoccupation with the self. Behind the metaphors of Wholeness, Identity, and Community lies the craving for a universe, or at least a social world, that makes sense, that has meaning and direction.

Such a craving is no less pronounced among intellectuals than among "ordinary" people. Of late it appears that the former find it less tolerable to live in a world of "disenchantment" from which "the ultimate and sublime values have retreated"—as Max Weber once characterised the corrosive process of secularisation. It is one of the paradoxes of our times that intellectuals, once the protagonists of the process of secularisation, seem to have become its victims, so unwilling to come to terms with an existence, personal and social, that offers no old or new versions of "enchantment."

Techniques of Hospitality

HOW DOES the organisation of the Ideological Pilgrimages influence the perceptions and judgments of the travellers? Here, again, the crucial part played by predispositions must be stressed. No matter what the most expansive of hosts arranged, his efforts might well have been completely unsuccessful without the favourable predispositions of the visitors. This, however, does not mean that the techniques of hospitality—the special, organised circumstances under which the tours took place—can be dismissed as irrelevant.

Let me note, to begin with, that most of the visitors discussed here did not speak the language of the country visited. Hence they were largely limited to communication through interpreters. (Brief encounters with those speaking the language of the visitors did occur; but were they ever really chance occurrences?) In most cases they travelled in groups and were escorted by guide-interpreters; even when they were not in groups, guides were assigned to them. In most instances the visitors were guests of the Government which paid all expenses. As a rule the visitors had never been in the country before and, generally speaking (though with some notable exceptions), their knowledge of the country was not extensive. People who had given indications of a critical attitude towards the countries in question were not invited or encouraged to go on such trips.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The techniques used to create favourable impressions were of two types.

1. The first had to do with the treatment of the visitor, his personal comfort and welfare, and the measures taken to make him feel important, well-liked and appreciated. All such measures had the objective of making it psychologically difficult for the visitor to develop or express negative feelings towards those who were so kind and friendly to him and towards the society they represented.

2. The second consists of the selective presentation of reality, the highly organised and planned nature of the trips. The probability of acquiring positive impressions is vastly enhanced when the visitor is systematically and purposefully exposed to the attractive aspects of a country: good food and accommodation; comfortable travel; politeness at every turn; and pleasant, interesting, or inspiring sights.

Both techniques are greatly facilitated by the centralised nature of the societies in question: by the Governmental control of such relevant resources as accommodation, travel, tourism, the mass media, and cultural life. "Ordinary citizens", in turn, are fully aware of the importance of foreign visitors and of the role and authority of the guides and interpreters escorting them—a circumstance that greatly reduces spontaneous exchanges between them and those so escorted.

The "most favoured" treatment of distinguished visitors starts at the very beginning of their journey. After G. B. Shaw's special sleeping-car crossed the border at the station,

> ". . . the guide formally introduced him to two waitresses [of the railroad restaurant] who were longing to meet the great Bernard Shaw. By an extraordinary coincidence they were intimately acquainted with his works. GBS was sufficiently moved by this remarkable evidence of Russian literacy to express the opinion that waitresses in England were not so well read as their Soviet sisters." (*The Rationalization of Russia*)

Although not every visitor was given such honours, even figures of lesser importance received the kind of treatment they could not expect in their own society (certainly not on the part of the government). The Corliss Lamonts, for example, were met at the Leningrad railroad station by a "brand new Lincoln-Eight." On the arrival of Lord and Lady Boyd Orr: "Hardly had the door of the plane opened than a blue uniformed figure was bounding toward us . . . [he] beamed and thrust a bouquet into my hands and another into my wife's. 'We have a car'." Accommodation also turned out to be most satisfactory. It was a ". . . fine hotel, six stories high, with lifts, marble entrance floors and a bathroom to every bedroom." The very same night an impressive dinner awaited the visitors. "It was our introduction to Chinese feasts, and thirty officials, most of them from the Ministry of Foreign Trade, helped to induct us. Tiny cups of warm wine for toasts . . . the intricacies of Peking duck . . . soup at the end of the meal . . . we rose from the meal lighter in heart, for there was Dr Chi Chaoting . . . suggesting that, if we were willing, he might find time to accompany us for part of our travel. We could not have asked for more."[19]

In turn, Lynd and Hayden upon their arrival in Hanoi were confronted with the irresistible charm of "Little girls dressed in colourful uniforms approaching us hesitantly, with flowers and salutes"—while for the even more modest Father Berrigan "the loveliest fact of all was the most elusive and insignificant; we had been received with flowers."

Accommodation was rarely less than excellent. Mme de Beauvoir records her own experience:

> "My room . . . was immense: all to myself I had two brass double beds, covered with a bright pink silk. . . . I had a mirrored wardrobe, a desk complete with everything I needed for writing, a vanity table, a couch, armchairs, a low coffee-table, two night-tables, a radio; on the bedside rug were a pair of bedroom slippers; cigarettes and fruits were placed every day on another table."

Lavish hospitality in Cuba (for members of an International Cultural Congress) included:

> ". . . the free, all-in, luxurious hotel life for the delegates . . . four enormous nightclub dining-rooms to choose from, an international cuisine (changed daily), free laundry service, free telephone . . . free taxi-cabs and Congress cars and buses, free (three) daily papers and weekend magazines in three languages, and free entry to the city's theatres and exhibitions . . . added to all that my return air ticket, plus my overweight was also paid when leaving Cuba. Too much, much too much to accept."[20]

Visitors to each of the four countries have also reported the receipt of a wide variety of gifts, ranging from the collected writings of Ho Chi-Minh to records, cigars, caviar, wine, cigarettes, bottles of rum, and various other items.

[19] Lord Boyd Orr and Peter Townsend, *What is Happening in China?* (1959), pp. 32–5.
[20] Andrew Salkey, *Havana Journey* (1971), p. 25.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Attention to their welfare and comfort also manifested itself in the provision of superior means of transportation (chauffeured limousines, first-class railroad compartments, planes and helicopters), even at times when such means of transportation were scarce.

The visitors were notably well-fed even at times when food shortages existed in the countries they toured, such as the U.S.S.R. in the 1930s or North Viet Nam in the late 1960s (and to a lesser extent, also in Cuba and China). That food was of some importance is also suggested by the many references to its quality, quantity, and variety in most of the travel reports.

EXAMPLES OF THIS KIND could be multiplied, but surely there is no need for this. Few would deny that the visitors were well treated and that the hosts were anxious to make a favourable impression. What I suspect would be less readily agreed upon is the result of such attentions. Most visitors would argue that they were not blinded by all or any of the forms of hospitality; nor could it be proven that such was the case. The fact remains, nevertheless, that the hosts were intent on producing favourable impressions on the visitors, and that in most instances they did depart with such impressions as reflected in their written accounts.

I must stress once more that the details of hospitality are not significant in themselves but in their totality. Warm, friendly reception, comfortable accommodation, pleasant travel arrangements, fine food, interesting sights, interviews with important and busy political figures—all add up to a set of impressions and experiences calculated to make the visitor feel in some measure receptive to the Message his hosts intend to convey to him. Given the combination of positive proclivity, personal flattery, the provision of material comforts and carefully screened sights and personal encounters, it would have been peculiar indeed if the visitors had not left the countries in question with their favourable dispositions strengthened and with a new accumulation of enthusiastic judgments and observations.

"I Was There"

WHAT OF "the screening process", or the selective exposure to reality? Several clearly defined patterns emerge from the travel reports. In many instances the visitors themselves were fully aware of and at times uncomfortable with, the manner in which their tours were organised. They did not, however, consider this a real threat to the authenticity of the experiences gained. Compare a few descriptions of such patterns.

> "In each visit to a commune, hospital, factory, housing area or other unit, there was a basic pattern. We would arrive, chat for a few minutes, and then be shown into a room for a short briefing. Inevitably there were glasses of hot tea, cool, damp towels for freshening our faces, and packs of cigarettes. These sessions were usually conducted by a 'responsible person,' that is, some sort of leader of the area we had come to see. After his or her talk, we asked questions for a while, and then were given a tour of the area. . . . We never saw anything to indicate that our briefings had not given a very good representation of the situation. (*China!*)

Evidently such patterns changed little over time in China since, while the above was observed in 1971, the following dates from the mid-1950s:

> ". . . no matter what factory, school, village anywhere from Peking to Canton, the ritual would never vary an iota. You enter a large room whose walls are covered with red banners bearing gold inscriptions; these are tokens of satisfaction conferred by the government, or messages of friendship or various commemorative diplomas. You sit down on a sofa . . . before a low table loaded with cigarettes and cups which an attendant keeps at all times brimful of green tea. . . . Some person of rank, a cadre, sets forth the situation. Next you inspect the premises. After that, it is back to the seats for more tea-drinking and question period. . . ." (*The Long March*)

Susan Sontag wrote of her experiences in North Viet Nam:

> "We are truly seeing and doing a great deal: at least one visit or meeting is planned for every morning and afternoon, and often in the evening as well . . . we are in the hands of skilled bureaucrats specialising in relations with foreigners . . . everybody here seems to talk in the same style and to have the same things to say. This impression is reinforced by the exact repetition of the ritual of hospitality at each place we visit."

She complained about

> ". . . the constraint of being reduced to the status of a child: scheduled, led about, explained to, fussed over, pampered, kept under benign surveillance. Not only a child individually, but even more exasperating, one of a group of children."

Hebert and Trudeau also experienced the technique of being shielded from private contacts with the citizens. In one instance their conversation with a French-speaking priest was obstructed; in another they were not allowed an unsupervised meeting with an English-speaking Chinese journalist. They concluded:

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

> "We could ask almost anything of our Chinese hosts, and they actually refused us nothing—except to talk to a Chinese without a witness."[21]

Occasionally, the selective presentation of reality involved more than shielding the visitor from random or disapproved contacts and experiences. At times "reality" was restructured. For example, when Henry Wallace and Owen Lattimore visited Magadan, one of the notorious forced labour camps in the Soviet Union, in 1944:

> "All prisoners in the area were kept in their huts. Watch towers were demolished. Various other deceptions were undertaken . . . Wallace was shown a farm, the best in the area: fake girl swine herds, who were in fact NKVD [political police] office staff, replaced the prisoners for the occasion. All the goods that could be scraped up in the neighbourhood were put in the shop windows, and so on."[22]

A highly unusual "inside" account of the use of such techniques (provided by a former Chinese guide assigned to foreigners) offers yet another perspective on the scope and intricacy of these operations. Many of its details are born out, indirectly, by the accounts of some visitors and their particular experiences.

> "In Shanghai, as in other selected cities, the Communists organized a special Committee for Reception of Visitors. . . . It employed a large number of college graduates as interpreters and receptionists, whose qualifications were, in order of importance: (1) membership in the Communist Party or Young Communist League, wholehearted devotion to socialism and political alertness; (2) good presence and manners; (3) knowledge of at least one foreign language. After they were engaged, they attended frequent political lessons. . . . They had to go early in the morning to receive instructions from the reception committee; each night, after saying goodnight to the visitors . . . they had to submit a written and verbal report to the Committee and discuss any problems which might have arisen during the day, such as unsympathetic attitudes or questions by the foreigners or clumsy behaviour by any Chinese."

The selection of sights to be shown was predetermined:

> "First, the Party selected certain cities where the travellers could 'freely choose' to go: Canton, Shanghai, Hankow, Tientsin, Hangchow, Mukden, Changchun and Peking. . . . In these cities the best hotels were chosen for official guest-houses. . . . Local people entered these premises only by special permits. First-class attendants, cooks, hair-dressers, and beauty specialists were employed after careful scrutiny and approval by the Security Bureau. Top quality consumer goods such as tea, silk, brocade, and works of art unavailable in the open market were sold to visitors at ridiculously low prices. . . . Buddhists or persons interested in religious freedom would be taken to Shanghai's beautiful Yu Fe or Bubbling Well Temple. There the monks would earnestly inform visitors that before the Communists came the temple buildings had been in a very dilapidated state. . . . Since the Communist take-over, they would say, the Government had spent a great deal of money on renovations. . . . What the monks never mentioned was that more than 90 per cent of Shanghai's Buddhist clergy had already left priestly for worldly lives because of Communist persecution."

Person-to-person meetings were arranged with equal care.

> "To meet the requests of overseas 'friends' for contact with private Chinese individuals, the Reception Committee made arrangements for visitors to call on people in every walk of life, to have a meal or cup of tea and chat with them. These model homes of scholars, factory workers, peasants and capitalists were the show windows of socialism."[23]

Only in regard to the Soviet Union of the Stalin period has it been clearly established that the visitors were deceived, if not always by staged events or settings, then by the overall image of Soviet life conveyed to them. The Soviet case, at any rate, has proven that "being on the spot" or "seeing things for oneself" is not a guarantee or sufficient condition for the accurate assessment of the nature of a society. This is, I think, worth stressing since, in general, a major factor which influences the perception of the travellers (and the sweeping conclusions drawn from what they saw) is that they were provided with a representative, typical, or characteristic sampling of the social institutions and aspects of life in the countries visited. The idea that they have been exposed to carefully selected sights, groups, or individuals might (and often did) cross their mind but they usually brushed off this possibility. Thus they could proceed freely to generalise about life in these countries on the basis of isolated experiences and brief encounters.

Although there are many similarities between the techniques of hospitality used in all four societies in both periods, this in itself does not and cannot prove that visitors to China, Cuba, and North Viet Nam were also deceived. If this were the case it would mean that broader social realities in these three countries diverged as extensively from what the visitors had seen as was the case in the Soviet Union. We do not know as yet how great a gap there was between

---

[21] J. Hebert and Pierre Elliott Trudeau, *Two Innocents in Red China* (1968), p. 108.

[22] Robert Conquest, *The Great Terror* (1968) p. 354.

[23] Robert Loh, "Setting the Stage for Foreigners", *Atlantic Monthly* (December 1959), pp. 80–82.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the selected exposures and all that the visitors had no opportunity to see—although I submit that there are numerous enough similarities between the two sets of travels to suggest such a possibility.

IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS we must look to the nature of Western societies to find the major clues for a better understanding of both the estrangement and the utopian impulses among Western intellectuals.

Outsider & Intourist

WHAT, TRADITIONALLY, has been the social role of intellectuals and, especially, the intelligentsia's conception of its social role?

For at least a century leading Western intellectuals conceived of themselves as Outsiders and Critics (especially in the United States), deprived of appropriate recognition, rewards, and power. Although objective social conditions have significantly changed—resulting from the expansion of higher education, the growth of the mass media, and increased governmental reliance on the skills of intellectuals—these perceptions and attitudes have persisted. In particular intellectuals remained estranged from and critical of the ethos of bourgeois-capitalist society, its preoccupation with commerce, business, material success, social status, and competitiveness.

Secondly, intellectuals, like the rest of the population in these societies, have experienced the psychological difficulties of living in large-scale, complex, mobile and bureaucratised urban societies in which the level of social isolation and impersonality has significantly risen. Such weakened social ties have been especially strongly felt by intellectuals for a variety of reasons. These probably include their greater mobility and higher expectations; propensity toward certain forms of abstract thinking, idealism, and concern with social justice; their iconoclastic, debunking or critical dispositions; the desire for creative self-fulfilment; and high levels of personal aspirations geared to non-material goals.

Thirdly, Western societies of the last decades (and Western intellectuals in particular) have been increasingly affected by the century-old process of secularisation. Its most shattering results have been felt in the last decades. Intellectuals proved especially liable to seek escape from the vacuum of secularisation, to search for a new faith in politics, in "secular religions", in the promise of gigantic social transformations, in new hopes for "community", and in new visions of limitless personal fulfilment.

Fourth, the relatively privileged and leisured condition of many intellectuals might also be viewed as contributing to the state of mind I have been sketching here. The systematic generation and articulation of dissatisfaction and frustration —and the nurture and elaboration of ideals and alternatives—require time and freedom from pressing material need and time-consuming routines.

IN THE CONTEXT OF ALL PLAUSIBLE AND PROBABLE social conditions of alienation and of utopian susceptibilities, why should the attitudes of many of our Western intellectuals be puzzling? In the context of their times the Ideological Pilgrimages become one among the many incidents of human history which illustrate the results of an intense confrontation between despair and hope. It is this confrontation which, in an appropriate setting, brings about the transformation of the tough-minded social critic into an affirming enthusiast, the defiant individualist into the admirer of collectivism, and the faithless pessimist into a confident and true believer.

Distant and poorly-known societies which differ deeply from those that socially-conscious Western intellectuals inhabit will continue to exert an attraction (transient though it may be) as long as dramatic enough contrasts remain between the all-too-familiar setting of frustrated longings and the promise of their gratification in far-away places. The lands upon which such hopes are projected may change over time. They come and go. But the basic pattern of an Ideological Pilgrim who moves from estrangement to affirmation persists.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Rizkalla

The Road Back to Tomorrow

IT DIDN'T SEEM right. And it was certainly not possible. Where had everyone gone? The quay was empty, the customs shed deserted, and all the clamour and confusion of an Oriental port, all she had been warned to expect, just did not exist.

Mrs Loden hugged the railing, and stared down disbelieving. She had dreaded the moment of disembarkation, and now, oddly, she felt cheated.

"You'll never manage Cairo." One of the ship's Turkish officers, one of the few who had picked up some English on just such cruises, argued in her ear. "The whole country mourns for the dead president."

His sudden death had occurred just as they were off the coast of Crete. By a stroke of ill-luck the ship had docked on the very day of the funeral. Here at Alexandria it was as if the whole population had shrunk inland.

"I can't even see a porter. It's mad!" Mrs Loden kept repeating. "I must get to Cairo. The ship's only docking forty-eight hours. You know, my son, Stephen, was here. . . ."

He was killed in the Cairo riots 18 years ago. She did not mention that he was buried there, that she was coming only to take him back.

The Turkish officer noticed there were tears in her eyes. In his embarrassment he offered to take her bags down the gangplank, and even find a hotel for her.

"Just find me a taxi. I'll get to the station. I will!"

"In October it is still warm in Cairo," the officer warned, just to make conversation.

They were standing on the quay now. Mrs Loden held out her hand. The officer bowed, muttered:

"I worry, if you are not in time in two days. It's not safe. An Englishwoman, on your own. . . ."

But she knew her way to the cemetery. She had been studying the trip for years.

"I think the people will be rather touched to know I've come to mourn with them."

The taxi-driver was less gallant than the young Turkish officer. He insisted on three pounds to find the station.

"There are crowds, everywhere. No buses, no trams. I shouldn't work even."

"The price is about half a pound. I checked at the Consulate in London. You're cheating," Mrs Loden accused. "There's a ten o'clock train. . . ."

In the end the taxi-driver accepted a pound.

The streets thronged with people ignoring the pavements. They swarmed across the road like a fast tide. Here and there black-veiled women shrieked, beating their breasts. One young man flung himself on the ground, writhing before an interested, sympathetic audience. An old woman tore off her head the last rags of her wealth. The policeman watched, shaking his head, a handkerchief to his eyes.

The taxi-driver knew all the side-streets. They reached the railway-station in good time. He even helped to carry Mrs Loden's bags into the compartment. When she gave him an extra half pound, he broke down.

"You are a good woman. Such kindness on a day like this! It's so undeserved." He wept openly.

Mrs Loden sat upright, quite alone in the first class compartment. There was a firm conviction in her mind that she was also the only passenger on the train.

She poked her head out of the window. Some forty yards away stood a man shelling

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

peanuts and scattering the husks all round him. He didn't seem to be an official, he didn't seem to be anyone in particular. In fact it looked as if he had wandered on to the platform simply because there had been no ticket collector at the barrier.

Mrs Loden hailed him.

"When is this train moving?"

The man looked up startled, then began to run in her direction. He was wearing black workman's clothes, and his hands were smeared in oil. First he jabbed a finger to his chest, then to the front of the train. Both hands turned an imaginary wheel.

"Goodness me, are you the driver?" Mrs Loden exclaimed and pointed similarly at the engine.

The man nodded with a grin, wiped his hands on his overall, then stretched them out to her. Mrs Loden touched his fingers gingerly.

"Soon! Soon!" the man repeated excitedly, then ran off.

In fact nothing happened for another half hour. Then suddenly, for no visible reason, without any signal or warning voice from some mysterious loudspeaker, the train lurched forward. Within seconds it had picked up speed.

Mrs Loden, who until now had felt encased, began to relax. She removed her hat, adjusted her hair, added powder to her cheeks. In time she cast her gaze on the passing countryside. It was so flat, so predictable, she could only guess at why Stephen had ever come to love it. Yet he had.

For a time her thoughts dwelt on Stephen. But that would be fatal. With a determined effort she dismissed the image, and began to hum, then sing softly. Still no one came, no one disturbed her.

The endless fields of rich cultivation, the oxen, the donkeys, the flocks of sheep and goats, the procession of children who ran up to the train as it thundered by, all these things were familiar to Mrs Loden. She had spent hours in libraries, poring over magazines and books about Egypt. But unlike Stephen, she soon tired of what she saw, just as she had been warned would happen.

Her eyes concentrated on the two travel photographs inside the compartment. One was of Luxor and its temples, the other of Assuan and its islands. But Mrs Loden knew she would have neither time nor inclination to visit them. Her journey was much grimmer.

SHE HAD WRITTEN countless letters to the cemetery department. All to no avail. Then, unexpectedly, one day a letter informed her laconically that her son's grave was to be dug up, and the contents placed in a communal ossuary. It was too much. Mrs Loden, now a widow and quite free, decided to ship Stephen's remains back to England.

Her mind was afraid to linger on the subject. But inevitably she remembered Stephen as he had been at twenty, daring, wild in fact. Now? She shuddered.

Suddenly there was a jolt as the brakes began to scream, then screech. The final halt came after a succession of nasty lurches. Mrs Loden was thrown clean off her seat across the compartment.

When she stood up again there was total silence. The corridor was empty. No one was even running along the tracks. Not a voice was raised in complaint. Mrs Loden shouted: "What's happened? Why are we stopping?"

She hurried to the end of the corridor, to the exit door which she opened. The train had stopped in open country. The same fields, the same cultivation she had observed hours previously, still met her gaze. She jumped on to the railway embankment. As she did so she was hailed by shouting from the front of the train.

It was the engine driver. This time he waved his arm frantically over his head, while the other clung to a railing. The wind carried some of his words.

"Finish. . . . No more. . . . Stop. . . . Stop. . . . Finish. . . ."

It all made sense, terrible sense. Mrs Loden would not reach Cairo that day on that train. She did not bother to ask why or to argue. Even Stephen in his most generous comments on the country had mentioned the futility of such pretensions. Stoically her eyes wandered round for help.

It came in the shape of half a dozen small children. From out of the fields, hidden and submerged till now in the foliage, they emerged, grinning, wide-eyed, full of chatter. Mrs Loden addressed them as if they had understood English all their lives.

"Come and help me carry my bags. Don't just stand there."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

They didn't. First one, then another, then all scrambled aboard to discover the inside of a train compartment they had only observed from a distance. Mrs Loden indicated her bags on the net, and they knew at once what she expected of them. They went further.

Between them they led her eventually along a dry mud path towards their own village. But their chatter never ended and they spoke to her as if she was familiar with the same Arabic they were using.

Mrs Loden asked: "Where am I? Where am I? Oh, but it's so good of you. . . ."

She wanted to know the way to the main road. But then she saw it, only yards away, a clean black ribbon, cutting through the green land. The children marched on to a song, but she grabbed hold of the two little boys carrying her bags and stopped them.

She remembered a word Stephen had taught her in his letters. *"Shoukran! Shoukran!"* She thanked them and the children clapped her.

It was easy to work out which way the direction to Cairo lay. Now she would wait for transport of some kind. The children still crowded round her, even after she had given them money. Some even stretched out on the road to gaze up at her in awe.

Then Mrs Loden caught sight of a large blue car bobbing along towards her. She stood firmly in its path.

It was an old pre-war Ford, a village taxi. This last fact she gathered from the horrified look on the driver's face. There was a passenger seated at the back on his own. The driver struggled out of the car, his face aflame, his arms gesticulating. But Mrs Loden ignored it all.

"I need to get to Cairo urgently. I'll pay you."

The driver was not at all placated by the offer. He began to shout even more loudly. But then the passenger stepped out. He was a middle-aged man, tall, white-skinned, with a silky black moustache and shining black hair. Both hands were outstretched as if to greet her.

"May I be of assistance? You are English, yes?"

"And you can speak it. How wonderful!"

It was the first English Mrs Loden had heard in hours. She warmed to the stranger. The stranger sensed it and began to laugh.

"The whole of Egypt is in mourning. I myself am hurrying back to Cairo."

"That's just what I wanted to do. But the train. . . ."

"Isn't running. How did you get this far?"

"It stopped. It's still stuck there. Look!"

He shaded his eyes, staring almost into the sun. He clicked his teeth, shaking his head.

"That is not a station. Trains are supposed to stop at a station. There are regulations. . . ."

He smiled apologetically, then bowing, confessed:

"I am Mr Wogdi. Please to know you. . . ."

Mrs Loden gave him her hand, and all the information he required. The children hemmed them together, still giggling. Mr Wogdi shouted them away, and for a short time they did retreat a couple of inches.

"Be my guest." Mr Wogdi waved to the taxi.

THE JOURNEY to Cairo took nearly two hours. Unlike his former self the driver lapsed into silence, and interrupted it only to clear his throat and mouth by spitting through the open window. Mr Wogdi concentrated all his attention on Mrs Loden.

She was so overjoyed, so thrilled at being able to express herself, that she did just that. Mr Wogdi was silent, dumbfounded before this widow who had saved over three hundred pounds to make a special trip to Egypt. But when she explained that her son, Stephen, had come to meet his death quite by accident in the January riots of 1952, he became embarrassed.

"The Turf Club." He frowned, avoiding looking at her. "The place has gone. A terrible thing it was. I am so sorry. I must ask forgiveness on behalf of all my people. . . ."

He bowed his head, his hand to his chest. Mrs Loden paused, caught unawares by the emotion she had just caused herself. She felt tears in her eyes. Quickly she pulled out a handkerchief and dabbed her face as if the powder had begun to trickle away. The heat became intolerable in spite of the open windows. She began to fan herself fiercely.

"I apologise for the heat also," Mr Wogdi added miserably.

He ordered the driver to stop for a cool

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

drink at his expense. The car skidded to an abrupt halt at a broken down house, in front of which stood a rich red ice-box. Mr Wogdi bought three bottles of lemonade. The driver was not to be forgotten. A mobile food cart, complete with tin plates, tin cups and copper kettle hugged the outer wall of the house.

Mr Wogdi asked Mrs Loden if she felt hungry. Unthinkingly she said "Yes". It was too late, too rude to refuse the cheese sandwich he offered her. It was made of white cheese and native bread. Mrs Loden disliked the look of the food, and noticed now flies all over the rest of the cheese. But when Mr Wogdi ordered the same thing for himself, she found it impossible to say anything.

It was past four o'clock by now. Cairo still lay about ten miles south. Mrs Loden sat tense in the back seat, hoping in this pointed way to hurry them on their journey.

Mr Wogdi chatted, even as he munched another sandwich.

"I've been surveying my land. I have to make this journey every six months. I collect rents. My father kept this land for his old age, and when he died I inherited it. I own over thirty acres."

At last it was time to go. The car moved off, and for the first time Mrs Loden was aware of a slight unease in her stomach.

"Don't you work?" she asked quickly.

"Badly." Mr Wogdi laughed. "I work in a large bank, but the salary is poor. No, it is my land that keeps us."

"Us?" Mrs Loden blurted out.

"My wife and I. Sofia is her name. She is younger than me. You think I'm young. I'm just forty-one. She is only twenty-three. I hardly see her. She goes out, every night. She loves that." He sighed.

Mr Wogdi's sudden gloom was one Mrs Loden did not feel entitled to share. Silence followed. The outskirts of Cairo appeared. Where did Mrs Loden want to go?

"The cemetery. The Catholic cemetery. I'm a Catholic, you see. Just drop me outside." Mrs Loden's voice was loud and strangely insistent, although no one was suggesting she ought to aim for some other destination.

"Where will you stay?"

Mrs Loden didn't know, and at that moment didn't care much. Other, far more significant things were happening to her. There was a nasty sick feeling in her stomach, the result of the cheese sandwich, the heat and this long car journey. What had begun as just an unpleasant ache had now swelled to a definite knot of pain in her side. Nausea filled her head, her mouth. She was impatient to get out of the car. Mr Wogdi sounded impertinent in his concern.

The driver found his way to the cemetery, in spite of the crowds of youths roaming the streets, chanting slogans with supplicant arms. He knew all the back streets and they were indeed empty. At first he intended to drive her up to the gate of the cemetery, but Mrs Loden wouldn't let him. She offered to pay Mr Wogdi her share of the fare.

"Impossible, dear lady. Quite impossible. You are my guest."

Mrs Loden was too tired, too wretched to argue. The bags were deposited on the roadside. Mrs Loden waved the taxi off. From the back window Mr Wogdi was still waving as the taxi swung into the main road. Mrs Loden looked for the cemetery.

But like everything else on this national day of mourning, the gates were shut tight. Mrs Loden stood blinking in disbelief. She shook the iron gates, shouted repeatedly, but no one appeared from the other side. A stray white dog slunk past, but when he saw the way she was behaving, he scampered away, howling dismally.

The road was dusty, treeless and quite empty. Mrs Loden stood only yards away from the rim of the desert. The sight filled her with foreboding. A gust of hot wind drove sand into her eyes and deep inside her nose and mouth. Desperately she looked back at the closed gates, then at the long road leading back into the city.

The nausea she had resisted for so long now overwhelmed her. She vomited by the grey wall.

For a time she felt relief and some comfort. She sat on her two bags, her back propped up against the wall. What to do? It was easily half an hour before she decided she must find shelter before dusk fell. But after a couple of steps she was sick all over again.

Then all at once a sleek, American car appeared on the road. It slowed down near her.

"Mrs Loden! Dear Mrs Loden, be my guest!" Mr Wogdi shouted.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE TRIP to Mr Wogdi's villa in Heliopolis only took twenty minutes, but it seemed far longer to Mrs Loden. Dusk had fallen by the time the car drew up, in a tree-lined, secluded road, before a gleaming white villa standing in its own grounds. A Nubian servant rushed out at the sound of the horn to swing open the front gates. He saluted as Mr Wogdi drove the car into a side garage.

Mrs Loden hardly responded to Mr Wogdi's incessant chatter. She was only vaguely aware that he was being quite extraordinarily kind and attentive. Why he was doing so much for her was a question that became less and less relevant as time dragged on. In some absurd way she imagined he was the kind of person Stephen would have befriended.

"I feel so stupid. . . . I feel ill, it's quite ridiculous," Mrs Loden apologised. "I can't understand it. I've never been ill much in my life. I never wanted to be a burden on anyone. . . ."

"My fault! The journey, that sandwich. I didn't like it either. Yes, I'm sure now it must be that sandwich I offered you. It was too new for you, on your first trip. I am responsible for your sickness."

They were out of the car. The servant hurried up, seized the bags and disappeared inside the house.

Mrs Loden followed meekly, not just into the house, but upstairs to a large, green-carpeted room overlooking a garden. It was too late to wonder at such kindness. The bed was all made up, the sheets turned back.

Mrs Loden fell asleep almost at once. But in the morning when she woke with a sickening headache and pains in her stomach, she was running a fever of nearly 102 degrees.

"I must see Stephen. . . . He wants me to go back to England. . . . But I'm not leaving him here. Not now. He must come with me."

Mrs Loden muttered the same words, endlessly. A grave old man, white-whiskered, sombre-faced, with a stethoscope hanging round his neck, shook his head. His voice trembled with worry. His care seemed forced. His rough English accent was disturbing.

"You're much too ill. A very bad fever. But nothing that is not curable. You must stay in bed, Mrs Loden. I am your doctor now. That is my prescription. Mr Wogdi has instructed me personally to cure you. I will!"

His hand patted her arm, then he disappeared. There were flies in the room, buzzing overhead all across the ceiling.

"Stephen. . . ." She called gently. "I'm still here. . . ."

"You are my guest, Mrs Loden," Mr Wogdi cried out. His figure loomed just above her pillow and his face quivered with unrestrained emotion as he said: "Please sleep."

It was perhaps two or three days later that Mr Wogdi introduced his young wife, Sofia. She was a platinum blonde, heavily-mascaraed, tight-lipped, with dark eyes that gazed down at Mrs Loden with as much love as a mother bird contemplating a cuckoo in its nest.

Sofia fluttered her false eyelashes and remarked in a guttural voice:

"I am away travelling. My husband is very generous."

"I didn't mean to impose. As soon as I'm better. . . ."

"The doctor comes tomorrow. I will tell him you are well, naturally."

The visit was over. Sofia left the room and a smell of thick perfume hung in the air where she had stood. It left Mrs Loden with a headache that took hours to dispel. Perhaps it was the gloom of realising that Sofia resented her presence in the house.

But the doctor was most emphatic. His patient must not leave her bed, though he might allow her to sit up, maybe stray to a chair for an hour at most. But not outside. Not yet, not indeed for a couple more days.

Mrs Loden relapsed into a state of depression. But not Mr Wogdi. He promised loudly:

"Since you are my guest, I shall care for you. Do you know it is the first time I have ever been honoured to look after a sick Englishwoman in my house? Sofia enjoys full freedom, so you must not trouble yourself about feeling at home with me."

But Mrs Loden did. For one thing Sofia never re-appeared and that was a bad sign. Yet she was living in the house. The telephone would ring and that would be followed by a rush of feet on the floor downstairs. Her shrill voice made it quite clear to someone else that she wanted to be left alone. Then always a long silence followed before Mrs Loden

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

picked out the click of the receiver as it was put back. Unconsciously Mrs Loden began to count the frequency of the telephone calls, the length of the conversations.

"It's never Wogdi. He'd never talk that long," Mrs Loden argued with herself. "Oh dear, I wish I'd never come here."

The mistake became so painfully obvious to her that it threatened to delay her recovery. Mr Wogdi noticed that all was not well. With wringing hands he pleaded:

"You have to rest. It is imperative. If anything happened to you, who would be responsible? You are my guest, you have to improve, you have to be cured."

"It doesn't really matter, you know. I don't matter to anyone!" Mrs Loden confessed.

"To me!" Mr Wogdi's face was anxious, pathetically sad.

"Your wife. . . ." Mrs Loden hinted. "I never see her."

"So busy. . . . She has many friends, visits to make. I make sure she feels free. She is younger. She needs to go out."

But it didn't solve Mrs Loden's difficulty. How could she get away and be on her business without offending Mr Wogdi?

The next day, though, Mr Wogdi announced as he brought in her breakfast on a tray, with a napkin over his arm:

"I must go back to the village. Only two days. You won't leave before I return. It's too late to catch that Turkish boat now. You'll have to wait till it comes back to Alexandria and that's another fortnight at least."

"I couldn't possibly stay on here. Your wife. . . ."

"She's gone out. Gone to visit friends, rich friends. The servant will care for your needs. Trust him as you would trust me, a dear friend."

The tea was cold, and the toast damp from its own steam. There was no butter and he had forgotten to bring sugar. Mrs Loden smiled bravely and wished him *bon voyage.*

SHE DISCOVERED a book at the bottom of a cupboard where it had been thrown. It was an old green and tattered book of Dickens: *The Uncommercial Traveller.*

She had never even heard of the book. But a few pages of Dickens' social conscience depressed her still more. Thoughts of death pervaded her mind, and in a fit of temper she tossed the book back into the cupboard.

She had never imagined that one day she would turn to her old prayer book in relief. She read or prayed till what she thought was lunchtime. But she couldn't be sure. Her own watch had stopped. No one came to the room. The prayer book fell from her hands. She dozed off.

When next she woke it was a couple of hours later and it was dusk. To her surprise a tray of food had been brought in and left at the side of the bed. It was all much too cold for her now to eat. Gingerly she tore at the meat gone quite dry, the dried peas and hard potatoes. Only the glass of water seemed just right. Mrs Loden swallowed a sedative the doctor had prescribed. The hollow feeling of neglect and hunger would not be there for long. It was a comfort to remind oneself that Mr Wogdi was only a day away.

She woke to a full sun streaming into her room. In her fear of the dark she had deliberately left the curtains parted. Even more serious she had forgotten again to wind up her watch. What time could it possibly be?

She could not even be quite sure of the day. Time slipped by, the sun moved, reached a corner of the room, then petered out. Surely it was lunchtime again. Hunger gnawed at her.

"Have they forgotten me?" Mrs Loden wondered anxiously.

Then it was thirst that began to irritate her. The silver tray of food brought in the day before was still there, half eaten, quite repulsive now. In the room a smell of decaying food turned to a stench. Mrs Loden opened wide all the windows.

It was no good, she would have to leave the room.

"I'll try the kitchen. There must be someone about."

When she opened the door there was not a sound to be heard. The rich carpeted stairs muffled her footsteps. She reached the landing downstairs on tiptoe, then turned to her left. She noticed behind a swinging door a tiled passage. It was the right direction. The kitchen was empty, but cool. Mrs Loden opened the fridge door.

In a tin there was bread. Then she found

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cheese and butter, milk. Mrs Loden drank and ate it all quickly, with a sense of guilt that only increased the speed of her eating, and quite ruined her digestion. She started to hiccup.

In fear she glanced round as if she expected someone to come in and order her out of the kitchen, maybe even the house.

Then all of a sudden there was a loud noise from the room just above where she was standing. It sounded as if something or someone had fallen on the floor. Mrs Loden stood up, scared. The hiccups had gone and so had her hunger.

Quickly she made her way back to the stairs, then started up them. But just then there was another noise, a scuffle. Mrs Loden could feel her heart beating. What should she do? Was it a thief?

She was quite sure she knew where the sound was coming from. There was a sharp cry, a startled one. Mrs Loden hesitated no longer, and rushed to the door. She turned the handle.

What she saw made her jump back, then stand paralysed. In a flash she realised she had made a terrible mistake. No excuse would ever explain her intrusion.

She had entered a bedroom. On the bed were two people, quite naked. One was Sofia, the other was certainly not Mr Wogdi.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. . . I . . ." Mrs Loden stammered.

Sofia did not scream. It was the man who did that, as he bounced off the bed. Mrs Loden scurried away.

When she reached her room, she sat on the bed, her hand pressed to her left side. She felt weak, as if she had run a mile and had another to go. Worse, she was frightened.

In her anguish she began to cry, thinking of Stephen.

"I must leave. . . . I can't stay," she kept repeating to herself. "How did I ever allow myself to get into this mess?"

How indeed? The more Mrs Loden thought about it, the more apparent it became that she had enjoyed being pampered, enjoyed being looked after and fussed over, enjoyed even being ill. Mrs Loden shuddered in disgust at her own self-indulgence.

Just then a car engine started. Mrs Loden darted to the window. Clearly it was the man she had seen in Sofia's room.

NOW SEEMED her chance to leave the house. She searched for her two suitcases. They were on top of a tall cupboard. It was as if everything was conspiring to keep her in the house. Even standing on a chair meant she had to stretch to reach the cases. Her head swam but still she tugged at the handle. First one slipped to the floor with a thud, then the other. . . .

"Madame!" a high-pitched, excited voice called out. "What are you doing? How dare you? That is impertinent!"

Sofia's voice managed to extract a vindictive pleasure at having caught Mrs Loden struggling to keep her balance on a newly-polished chair.

"My furniture . . . my bed . . . this room . . . my house . . . Madame, you have abused our hospitality. And now you rush into my room, frighten my guests, my friends. . . . It is disgusting. . . ."

"You're quite right. I shouldn't have come in. You must believe I wasn't spying. . . . But I was so hungry. . . ."

Mrs Loden stepped off the chair, chastened and feeling quite foolish. She was still wearing her night-dress, and her long white hair lay, unbrushed, over her shoulders. For all the good it did her to think of it, she might as well have been confronting an irate nanny.

Sofia heaved for a moment, drawing strength as well as breath before screaming:

"It is time you left! Now!"

"Yes, I am leaving. I was getting my bags."

"You have insulted me." Sofia pitched her voice even higher, her arms flew out. "In my own room. My friend, a real friend, refuses to come back till you have gone."

Mrs Loden realised the problem, and tried to explain.

"Just give me time to pack!"

"The clothes you are wearing are mine." Sofia's triumph was complete, as she found a new and compelling complaint. "That ox, Wogdi, took my clothes to dress you. My clothes! How absurd to dress you like me! That is funny! Are you his mistress? At your age?" She started to laugh.

Mrs Loden fought back:

"Wogdi is a kind man. He helped me. . . ."

"Anyone, but me. I stay alone. Do you know I have to go out alone? But this is my room, my clothes, he uses." Sofia shouted. "Now it must stop. Go, at once."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She paced the room. She had dressed up, and she was all perfumed, all made-up, ready to go out yet again. No one could have guessed that hardly ten minutes away she had intended to spend the afternoon quite differently.

"You dress now. I shall supervise that you are going."

Mrs Loden's clothes had been hung inside the cupboard.

"You have cost us pounds. Doctors, medicines, food. . . ."

Mrs Loden was stung at the remark. She forgot herself, and lashed out bitterly:

"You can have money, all the money you want. Here, it's in my bag. Take it! I don't want it. If that pays you, then I am happy. Yes, very happy."

She was not, and in tears she had to struggle to open the leather handbag where she kept the money. It was in a tight, curled-up bundle, nearly two hundred pounds. She threw the money at Sofia. But the other fled the room with a scream.

THERE WAS NO TRANSPORT into the centre of Cairo except by taxi. Mrs Loden wandered aimlessly down the side-street, then emerged unexpectedly on to the main road. Her arms were heavy with carrying two suitcases. She stood on the corner, terrified by a cacophony of cars and buses whizzing past. A small, thin boy in short trousers crept up to her, a finger stuck up his nose.

"Taxi!" Mrs Loden called to him. "Get me a taxi, taxi!"

The boy understood, and jumped to life. He ran away so fast Mrs Loden thought she had spoken too harshly. But a minute later he was dangling with one arm through the open window of a gleaming blue car.

Mrs Loden climbed inside, searched in vain for a coin in her pocket. The taxi-man was fidgeting already. The accelerator began to shudder impatiently.

"Hotel, please!" Mrs Loden ordered.

There was a pause as the taxi-man considered the point.

"Hotel Hilton, Semiramis, Shepheard?" he suggested hopefully.

"No, too dear. Any hotel. Just a hotel."

Mrs Loden could not find a coin. The taxi-driver's initial irritation returned and settled this time on the small boy. Mouthing some long-syllabled imprecation he pushed the boy aside.

Within seconds the car began to move. The boy jumped clear, but still ran alongside, hand cupped at Mrs Loden. But all she could do was smile bravely, and nod. The boy put out his tongue.

Hotel Minerva was a third class hotel situated along the sixth floor of a dilapidated building with a particularly dark hallway. The lift had broken and not been repaired for over a year. Mrs Loden's suitcases were borne on the shoulders of a Nubian porter, who had to stop at every floor to catch his breath.

Signor Paletto was an Italian of her own age. He wore dark glasses, and spoke enough English to welcome Mrs Loden with unexpected rapture. He moved about with the help of a stick.

"It's only for two or three nights. I'm not staying long," Mrs Loden confided. "I've only come to Cairo for a visit. Business."

It was all too true. In her shuttered room, on the hard bed with its brass knobs, contemplating the all-white ceiling, white bedclothes and white walls, Mrs Loden realised just how alone she was. She also realised that Stephen could never hope to go back to England now. There was hardly enough money to see her back to Alexandria. Her ticket was probably valid for the next trip round of the Turkish boat. But till then?

Mrs Loden decided to skip eating that night and went to bed.

THE NEXT MORNING, doggedly, Mrs Loden made for the Catholic cemetery. She took a tram that swayed and shook its cargo of passengers as if it was trying to lose them rather than carry them. She walked up the long road, half-covered with desert sand, to the cemetery gates. They were wide open.

There was no indication where Stephen was buried. The doorkeeper's English was as bad as his vision. Apart from complaining about both he was of no help at all. But he had one bright idea.

"Registers?"

He jabbed his thumb at a pile of dusty black books behind him.

The pages were yellow, the ink quite pale.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mrs Loden became so depressed she decided to wander round instead.

It was eleven o'clock when she started on her search. Three hours later, tired and still searching, she turned up at the entrance of the cemetery. The doorkeeper had fallen asleep.

There was another man there though, stockily built with a pointed black beard. He certainly understood that Mrs Loden had still not discovered Stephen's whereabouts. He looked through the registers. Then after an interminable time he slapped the page of the book. Mrs Loden leant forward in joy.

"No grave now, Madame. Communal grave. I have just found this entry. Clearly it is correct. Your son, Stephen Loden, has been re-interred in a communal grave." The man explained quickly, his eyes quite unable to stand still.

"But when? Why wasn't I told?"

The man frowned, searched through the book again.

"Two years ago. To be very precise, March 14th 1968. It says that he was transferred then. You didn't get a letter?"

"No, I didn't. I got nothing. I heard nothing," Mrs Loden snapped.

"A letter has been sent. We always send letters. That is the rule. A letter in three languages, Arabic, English and French."

"Oh, but it's nonsense. It's just negligence."

The man blinked at her disconcertedly. No one had ever accused him before of neglecting his dead. He turned to the doorkeeper who sat snoring. A shout in his ear, then a punch in the ribs were sufficient to rouse the fellow.

"Why wasn't this lady sent a letter? Why?"

"Allah! Allah! What has come over you? I wasn't even employed here last year? You hired me yourself only three weeks ago."

Mrs Loden could not help it. Suddenly, in spite of all she had sworn to herself, she burst into tears.

Just then she felt a friendly hand on her left shoulder. It was really too much to have to endure now such familiarity!

"How dare you. . . ."

"It's Wogdi. You were my guest, my friend."

He was all smiles, his neat little moustache trembling only slightly as he spoke. His large hand squeezed her shoulder with affection. But his eyes were curiously sad.

"I've been looking everywhere for you. I went to the British Consulate, then I thought you would be here. My last chance to meet you. . . . I wanted. . . ."

He stopped, bewildered by his own feelings. Mrs Loden had spoken not a word, letting his explanations settle over her like a warming shawl, warming her from the cold wind that blustered all round her.

He held her hand so long he forced her to speak.

"I had to go. . . . I was better. You were too kind to me. And I have another reason to be here. My son. . . ."

"Is he . . . is he here?" Wogdi asked, glancing round as if, cruelly, Stephen were standing somewhere just behind one of the gravestones. "You've seen where. . . ."

"Nothing. My journey here has been wasted. They changed the grave. Two years ago! A communal grave. . . ."

The awfulness of it, the anonymity, Stephen shared and sharing with others, his bones and theirs, all this overwhelmed Mrs Loden. Desperately she clung to Wogdi. He moved her away, led her to the gate.

"It's not important. . . . I am here. Look, I've brought you. . . ." He whispered in her ear.

She saw he was carrying a bundle of notes, of new English money. It was her own.

"Take it! I want nothing from you!" Wogdi pleaded. "I gave what I had from my heart."

"No, no!" Mrs Loden was appalled that he might be hurt by what she had done so impulsively. "It was the heat of the moment. Your wife walked in. . . ."

"She's gone. She's left." Wogdi shook his head.

Mrs Loden pulled away as if it had been her fault.

"She left for another man. It's quite ordinary. Nothing . . . nothing to talk about."

He pretended to smile, but he only half-succeeded. Abruptly he made for his car, and unlocked the door for her.

"You'll be leaving?" he enquired as he started up the engine. "Where are you staying?"

She told him, then in her turn wanted to know:

"What will you do? Will you have to live on your own?"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'll work abroad. I always wanted to go to Canada. My father studied in England. I am free. . . ."

THE TRAFFIC was so busy, so noisy, that their conversation stopped. When they reached the hotel Wogdi seemed incapable of leaving her. He insisted on coming upstairs to her room.

The shutters were still closed, and he pushed them open. He turned round and burst out: "You must come back to my house. This is a prison."

Mrs Loden stood in the middle of the room, eyeing him nervously. A terrible thought had just struck her. Why had she never asked it before? Had she perhaps always suspected it, but never dared to formulate it even to herself?

"You're always helping me. But you are, it's compulsive. Why? Why help me? I'm nothing to you. I wasn't when we first met. But you were insistent. And in your house you fed me, you cared so much. I believed it, and now you're back again. Why? Perhaps I shouldn't ask. But I must ask."

Wogdi's eyes became restless. He half-turned from her, then stood against the wall. His hands began to tremble. It upset Mrs Loden, frightened her even.

"It's something I should have said long ago. It was on my conscience, when first we met, and you told me. You told me about Stephen. . . ."

"You knew him!" Mrs Loden gasped.

"No, I didn't know him. I saw him. I saw him that day, that day he died. I was there. Outside the burning building. I was one of the crowd, shouting like the rest. I was a boy. I believed it all."

Mrs Loden stared at him. She saw flames and she heard screams. It was Stephen asking for mercy.

"I was young . . . eighteen . . . I wanted justice, death, I looked for it!"

Wogdi spoke more and more frantically, waving his arms, his mouth gaping, his hair disarranged. Mrs Loden did not recognise him any more. He was ugly, foreign.

"You saw . . . you watched Stephen die," Mrs Loden whispered.

There had been many pictures in the newspapers, reports that detailed all the events. Mrs Loden had read them all, line after line, memorised the words. The crowds clapped, roared, laughed—Wogdi!

"Get out! Get out! Please go! Go!"

"Mrs Loden, it's long ago. Won't you understand?"

"Go, for God's sake, go! Leave me!"

He went suddenly. The door did not bang, but it might as well have done. Mrs Loden tottered, stumbled to the bed. She fell headlong. Her groin seared with a pain she had forgotten since Stephen's birth.

Dusk fell. There was a knock on the door. Signor Paletto called out repeatedly, asking her if she wanted food. Eventually he hobbled away.

In the early hours of morning it was all clear to her what she must do. She started to pack. Then she walked down the carpeted corridor to the reception desk. Signor Paletto was furious at being woken so early. He screamed:

"But I sleep, Madame! *Non è giusto*!"

"I will pay my bill. I'm leaving. I must find a plane."

Signor Paletto softened a little. His stick prodded the air in several directions, indicating a route to the airline booking office. She wrote it all down, just as Signor Paletto ordered. She promised to return later for her suitcases and paid her bill. Signor Paletto in a burst of remorse pleaded with her to stay.

Breakfast was served within the hour. By nine o'clock Mrs Loden was on her way to the booking office. She was lucky and found the BOAC corner office. The flight was at half-past two that very day, direct to London.

That left four hours to kill. Mrs Loden decided she would have to spend them at the airport. Anything else would somehow be a betrayal of Stephen's memory.

But as chance would have it, she lost her way back to the hotel. Before she quite knew how, she stumbled across the one part of the city she had so carefully avoided. The old Turf Club had long since disappeared. In its place was a service station. People were using the area as a short cut. Cars began to sound their horns. Stephen's voice was quite lost.

Mrs Loden stood on the opposite pavement, quite bewildered. Stephen had lain there, stretched out. . . . Stephen as a boy, a youth, a young man . . . the various pictures were

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blurred, confusing. Each time it was Wogdi's face that returned.

Mrs Loden hurried away, and was almost run over by an American car swinging round wildly as it pushed its way into the main thoroughfare. A policeman ran forward. When he realised she was English he was all attention.

"Hotel Minerva! Minerva!" Mrs Loden pleaded.

The crowd began to disperse, obviously disappointed.

In fact the hotel was only a block away. Her two suitcases were brought down. Even Signor Paletto insisted on coming downstairs to send her off, although it meant waiting nearly ten minutes for him to make the descent.

"Next time I give you ten per cent reduction! Ten per cent, Madame! Don't forget Signor Paletto and the Hotel Minerva. And tell all you know in England that I offer a very good meal and very central. *A rivederci!*"

Signor Paletto waved his hands, kissed them, even succeeded in filling his eyes with tears. Mrs Loden felt quite distressed, and worse, ungrateful for not having stayed longer.

AT THE AIRPORT it was as if every government official were doing his best to speed her on her way. She was easily two hours too early for the plane. In the end she was persuaded to take lunch in the restaurant upstairs.

Too late she realised her mistake. Wogdi was the only other occupant of the large hall. He was sitting near the large window, not eating, not even drinking. He could not fail to see her enter. He stood up at once.

Mrs Loden was too stunned to do anything else but go up to him. It was as if he was calling her in some strange way. Desperately she looked round for an empty table that would separate them. They were all empty and equally forbidding. A jet plane began to roar only yards away.

Wogdi came to life, rushing forward and gesticulating. "Please sit with me, here by the window. Who would have thought that we should meet again? It is ordained by God!"

Mrs Loden sat down obediently. A waiter was at their side almost at once. She ordered lemonade.

"I am off to Canada. If I like it there I shall stay."

"Just like that? How easy!" Mrs Loden remarked.

"You disapprove? Tell me what you think?"

"You're running away. Don't," Mrs Loden blurted.

There was a moment's pause. What had possessed her to say such a thing? But it seemed all clear to her suddenly.

"Like you. Just like you," Wogdi murmured.

The jet was far away on the runway. For a moment she gazed at it, watching it rise with difficulty, then quickly, as if it had made up its mind to fly properly, stiffened and darted into the large blue of the sky.

"Your place is here. You've only got meaning here."

She had said it again, and each time it was as if she was speaking of herself. Wogdi somehow coincided with her own life. It was preposterous, but it made sense.

He took her hands and kissed them. She looked down in surprise, even more so when she noticed tears in his eyes.

"I didn't want to go. I missed my plane. That was it, going up there. You were right."

An hour later they announced the flight to London. Mrs Loden was not there for the call. She had left earlier to go back to the city. There were still some things she had not done and not seen. Wogdi suggested a visit to Upper Egypt to the tombs in the Valley of the Kings.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anthony Hartley

Was France a Success?

Reflections on an "Exemplary Drama"

In 1898 J. E. C. Bodley published his massive book on France. For seven years its author had lived in France, systematically investigating the country's political structure and applying his own considerable experience of politics (he had been Dilke's secretary) to the facts which he accumulated. The result was one of the best books ever written in English about a foreign political system—another in the succession of such books by writers who were also men of affairs and of which the palmary example remains Bryce's *American Commonwealth* (published in the previous decade). Unfortunately, Bodley's intention of following his first volume with another on "The Church and Religious Questions in France" was never carried out. Illness and an understandable desire that the French translation of his first book should be accurate prevented him from producing more than a couple of lectures at the Royal Institution: *The Church in France* (1906). Had his original intention been realised, then he might have added to his study of French politics and society some analysis of the ideological conventicles into which, even in 1973—one is tempted to write "above all in 1973"—French intellectual life is divided.

Since Bodley it is hard to think of any comparable book about France (Sir Denis Brogan's admirable *Development of Modern France* is narrative history written on a very different plan). Now Theodore Zeldin, in his first volume on *France 1848–1940* in the Oxford History of Modern Europe, has adopted a method as analytical as Bodley's and even more ambitious in its scope. His first volume[1] begins with a long examination of the various elements (the *bourgeoisie*, the industrial working-class, the peasants) which composed French society during this period. The *bourgeoisie*, indeed, gets extended treatment with chapters on particularly significant professions or groups (doctors, notaries, bankers, etc.). Part II deals with the family (marriage and morals, women and children). Part III analyses the elements which, throughout the century, composed the shifting pattern of French political life (the different varieties of royalist, the Republican "opportunists" and radicals, the Socialists, etc.). In a second volume Mr Zeldin promises to deal with "psychology . . . and fashions in behaviour", the "history of the provinces", "what the French knew about foreigners, how they treated them and how they evolved their sense of national identity in the process", and "the role of intellectuals, men of letters, teachers, the clergy and the army". The entire work will end with an examination of the crisis of the first World War and the break-down of the system, social and political, in 1940.

All this adds up to a most ambitious and original approach to these hundred years of French history. Mr Zeldin enables his reader to get a glimpse of corners of French life which are not usually to be found in history books. It is fascinating to learn of the appallingly erroneous theories prevalent among French doctors (a national congress of "Neo-Hippocratic Medicine" was held in Paris in 1937) or to get chapter and verse for the firm line taken by French parents with their children (in memoirs published in 1946 a son could write of his father: "I lived in his strength, in his will, in his presence, as a believer lives in God"). But, on the evidence of the first volume, it is not yet possible to say what the final success of this *summa* will be. Mr Zeldin writes that his book "has no pretensions to being comprehensive"; but, to order the immense amount of interesting fact which he has collected, some general view of the history of France throughout this period will have to emerge. Without it both author and reader will be lost. Meanwhile a judgment must be postponed.

For a number of years now, one strongly held view of French history between 1815 and 1940 has been that it can be described in

[1] *France 1848–1940*. By Theodore Zeldin. Oxford University Press, £6.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some sense as "a failure". The catastrophe of 1940 (like that of 1870) led to a pessimistic appreciation of what had gone before, and, in the light of its ultimate collapse, the history of the Third Republic appeared as one long preparation for disaster. In a book published in 1956 (with ten special copies reserved for General de Gaulle) Charles Morazé listed the contemporary attitudes of Frenchmen which owed their origins to the 19th century:

1. A passion for theory.
2. An aversion to economics.
3. Malthusianism and a taste for luxury (*i.e.* an insufficiency of industrial production partly compensated by the quality of luxury products).
4. Reckless courage (the military character of French foreign policy, and the prevalence of xenophobia at home).
5. Political insecurity.[2]

However agreeable some of these characteristics may be in themselves or in terms of the human qualities they represent, none of them can be said to be positive in the context of a country's political and social development. Professor Morazé's view of the years before 1940 was, in fact, typical of that held by the "productivists" who, immediately after the second World War, were determined that France should be roused from the lethargy of the closing years of the Third Republic when declining population was accompanied by declining industrial production, and an ossified political structure mustered its waning strength to exclude those outside influences which might otherwise have brought about change. Indeed, his book struck a note of special urgency through being written at a time when the post-War industrial expansion of France was not yet apparent even to as close an observer as Herbert Luethy, and when all that could be seen on the horizon was a succession of lost colonial wars and the feebleness and instability of the successive governments of the Fourth Republic.

Since then it has become fairly clear that many of the causes which Professor Morazé championed were already won when *Les Français et la République* was published. Industrial expansion and modernisation, a constant rise in real standards of living, a reaffirmation of the authority of the French state, the ruthless amputation by de Gaulle of the last area of post-colonial gangrene—these facts have changed failure into success, and the problems of 1973 are very different from those of 1955. In this perspective French history over a century-and-a-half may be seen in a more optimistic light. Industrial success can be traced back to the Comte de Saint-Simon and the Second Empire, and even the much-criticised centralisation of the French state can now be seen to have had its good side in the creation of a brilliant and devoted body of officials whose professional ability has been a major factor in France's tardy, but dazzling, modernisation.

Yet the validity of Professor Morazé's "political psycho-analysis of France" remains—at any rate as one fixed pole in relation to which contemporary French history can be judged. It is interesting to compare his critique to that made by Ernest Renan after 1870 in his essay *La Réforme intellectuelle et morale de la France*, a work which can be held to justify the first point in the list quoted above. For, whereas Professor Morazé's analysis depicts a France too much given to an *abstract idealism*, Renan saw the deepest cause of the defeat of 1870 in the *materialism* of French society and looked for a remedy in the systematic cult of the intelligence through appropriate public institutions. For Renan, France was too materialist. For Professor Morazé in 1955 it was not materialist—it would be fairer to say "practical"—enough. Today the students of the Quartier Latin are probably nearer to Renan in their view of French history than they are to Professor Morazé (to the realisation of whose aspirations they nevertheless owe their sports-cars and record-players). A synthesis of idealism and materialism—of a sort—can be attained by proclaiming the virtues of the former, while enjoying the fruits of the latter.

THE RELATIONSHIP OF IDEAS TO REALITY, the divorce between them and the interference of theory and fact are themes of special significance for the history of France. The nature of the French intellect, its claim to universality for the ideas which it produces, has always imparted to its creations an exemplary quality, requiring theories to match themselves against the realities of history. The long and profound enquiry into the nature of man conducted over many centuries of French literature has had its political side. The 18th-century *philosophes*, as well as being the moral judges of the society of the *ancien régime*, played the role of its executioners as well. But the close connection between exemplary theory and political reality has not always been to the advantage of the latter. The dilemma of the revolutionary has never been better stated than by Saint-Just, and the antithesis he established between Virtue and Terror can be applied today in states of four out of five continents. But, on the political level, it might have been better had these

[2] Charles Morazé: *Les Français et la République* (Paris, 1956), p. 33.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

extreme alternatives not been identified with such precision. Politically speaking, clarity is not invariably helpful, and the implacable logic of Saint-Just's position, which led him to establish impossibly high standards of social conduct as one solution to his problem, was bound to carry him to his second choice of terror. Much political discussion in France has consisted of this type of "either/or" reasoning where a gift for acute intellectual analysis is used to set up conflicting alternatives, whose relationship to reality is tenuous and between which compromise is impossible because the process that brought them to birth envisaged them as opposites from the start.

IN THE 19TH CENTURY this type of ideological fortress was constructed both by those who believed that the Revolution must be accepted *en bloc* and by their opponents who agreed with Joseph de Maistre's aphorism: "*La Révolution, c'est le mal.*" But, since neither point of view, whether Jacobin or Ultra, sufficed to explain the course of French history, true believers on both sides were condemned to continual disappointment which easily produced a sense of betrayal or incipient paranoia as they confronted the dismal realities of everyday politics.[3]

Between these extremes there moved uneasily a group of moderate intellectuals who always tended to be considered right-wing by those to the left of them and left-wing by those on the right, but who had the advantage of some systematic knowledge of the society around them gained through observation unclouded by ideological prejudice. Thus Taine, travelling in the provinces between 1863 and 1865, could perceive a truth that was certainly hidden to Victor Hugo, fulminating on the isle of Guernsey, but that was fundamental to the durability of the Second Empire:

> One must admit a sudden rise of public prosperity in this country, like that of the Renaissance or of Colbert's time. This year 3,000 kilometres of railways have been laid. The Emperor understands France and his own time better than any of his predecessors.[4]

However, Taine, while realising the economic expansion achieved by the Second Empire, did not take account of the mortal threat looming over it as a result of the impasse to which the foreign policy of Louis-Napoléon had led (he wrote, of course, before the Prussian victory over Austria in 1866). Two or three years later an early friend of his at the Lycée Bonaparte and the École Normale, the distinguished liberal journalist Lucien-Anatole Prévost-Paradol, saw clearly enough what was to come. In *La France Nouvelle*, published in 1868, he wrote:

> . . . today the question is to know whether France would defeat Prussia. . . .

and his own forecast was not optimistic:

> . . . let us ask ourselves what France will be if it has at its gates a military power of 51 million men, a people not backward in civilisation nor scattered over wide spaces as in Russia, but concentrated, disciplined and armed with all the resources of modern science?[5]

For Prévost-Paradol one of the causes of France's dilemma was the "intermittent and impotent agitation" caused by the clash of ideological extremes, but his clairvoyance, like that of Cassandra, was too late for his country and the harbinger of a personal doom for himself. He was sent as ambassador to Washington and committed suicide there shortly after the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war.

INTELLECTUALS LIKE THESE—a Tocqueville, a Taine, a Renan, a Prévost-Paradol—were concerned to analyse the ills of their own time; but, in doing so, they had to absorb and neutralise an inheritance of myth that had its origin in the terrible events of the French Revolution and had been given renewed life since then by the various revolutionary outbreaks which had brought the crowds into the streets of Paris.

The romantic outpourings of Michelet convey what it felt like to belong to a nation whose armies carried a new gospel over the whole of Europe. Only more lucid observers—those who accepted the fact of the Revolution, but were repelled by some of its consequences and unwilling to regard it as a lasting alibi for political upheaval—could show its effects upon France and, in so doing, transform it from a shibboleth into history with all the ambiguities and ironies that this entailed. Paradoxically, almost the last intellectual to invoke the Revolution in the ringing style of Michelet was the Catholic nationalist Charles Péguy when he declared that "The policy of the National Convention is Jaurès in a tumbril and a roll of drums to cover that great voice . . . ." Here the actors have changed their parts, the Catholic appealing to the Revolution against the Socialist and anti-clerical; and the complexity of attitudes towards

[3] It may be that this is the explanation of the extraordinary prevalence of "conspiracy theory" in the utterances about politics of French intellectuals. Since the theory on which their political beliefs are based must be correct, then the failure of high hopes can only be the result of the secret machinations of the forces of darkness.

[4] H. Taine, *Carnets de Voyage: Notes sur la Province 1863–65* (Paris, 1913), p. 112.

[5] Lucien-Anatole Prévost-Paradol, *La France Nouvelle* (13ème édition, Paris, 1884), pp. 378, 391.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Revolution, *ancien régime*, and Catholic church, which this metamorphosis reveals, was a symptom of the decay that had sapped the old ideological fortifications. The positions around which intellectual battle had been given throughout the 19th century were soon to be abandoned or replaced by new rallying-points, whose contention would be based on the acceptance or rejection of a messianic vision of the future when a liberated *prolétariat* would finally settle accounts with an oppressive *bourgeoisie*. That particular clash of phantom armies is still with us today, albeit in a form that has lost much of the old vigour. Compared with the original devotion to the *République*, indeed, the Marxist myth has shown considerably less staying-power. Powerful as the Communist Party may remain in political terms, Marxism in France now seems to be an affair of competing sects, intent upon the nuances of doctrine that separate them from their fellows, rather than a pervasive myth, for the sake of which its adherents would be willing to accept persecution and death.

IF "Liberty, Equality and Fraternity" and the memory of a Republic dedicated to a ferocious virtue proved durably attractive, there were sound reasons for this in French history.

The centralisation of France and the assertion of its power in Europe, achieved during the 17th century under a series of great ministers, were bought at a high price. The recent work of historians such as Pierre Goubert or Emmanuel Le Roy Ladurie, who have created a social history which hardly existed before, has shown the kind of life lived by the French people under the *ancien régime*—a life of grinding toil interspersed with famine and illness, of pressures from landowners, whether nobles or *fermiers-généraux*, for higher rents, and demands from royal officials for higher taxes. Even in the 1830s, as Mr Zeldin points out, the land cultivated by sharecroppers was variously estimated at between one half and one third of the area under cultivation, and the status of these *métayers* can be judged from a book (*A Practical Treatise on Sharecropping* 1882) in which the tone is set by the uncompromising remark: "The first duty of a sharecropper is to obey." The standard of living of the peasants did not really improve until about 1850–1860—a fact that proves the accuracy of Taine's observations. "The furniture of the peasant of 1850", writes Mr Zeldin, "was hardly any different from what it had been in the eighteenth century." The harshness and bitterness of rural life in France persisted a long time after the political structures of the *ancien régime* had passed away.

Nor were things better in the towns. Louis Chevalier's work on crime in Parisian life during the first half of the 19th century, which has now received a belated, but well-deserved translation, demonstrates overwhelmingly the appalling conditions in which the poor population of Paris lived.[6] The cholera epidemic of 1832 found its victims in over-crowded quarters without air, light, or clean water. To contemporaries the whole city appeared to be soaked in crime and disease. In 1830 two qualified observers, Doin and Charton, could write:

> Paris must change. Its present composition is an unmitigated evil. The crime statistics show that it has twice as many thieves as any of the other royal residences in France. The nearly 900,000 persons thronging it are prey to a corruption twice as bad as that of the 31 millions surrounding them.

Eighteen years later another writer described the

> filthy alleys forever damp from a reeking flood.... A haggard and sickly crowd perpetually throngs these streets, their feet in the gutter, their noses in infection, their eyes outraged by the most repulsive garbage at every street corner.

The whole tone of writing about Paris during this period is reminiscent of contemporary jeremiads about current conditions in the poorer quarters of New York—Hunt's Point or Bedford-Stuyvesant. The plague of heroin has replaced the plague of cholera, but the rest is the same. Reading such passages, it is easy to see the source of the hallucinatory quality in some of Balzac's descriptions of Paris—the first few pages of *La Peau de Chagrin*, for example. And some provincial cities were as bad. In 1848 some three thousand families were said to be living in cellars in Lille, a fact which inspired Victor Hugo to a well-meant, but execrable line of verse:

> *Caves de Lille, on meurt sous vos plafonds de pierre.*

IN THESE CONDITIONS it is not surprising that to some Frenchmen the memory of a Revolution which, as Edgar Quinet wrote, aspired "to make heaven come down on earth in a single day" should have remained as a myth and as a promise.

To the conservatism of the peasants who were for the Republic as long as it guaranteed them possession of their farms and appeared to be directed against *château* and *presbytère*, but against it when it began to take on a Socialist tinge, the potentially violent discontent of the Parisian and Lyonnais working class played a strident counter-point. A recent historian has shown the role of artisans and skilled workers in

[6] *Labouring Classes and Dangerous Classes in Paris during the First Half of the Nineteenth Century*. By LOUIS CHEVALIER. Translated by FRANK JELLINEK. Routledge & Kegan Paul, £5.95.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Revolution of 1830, and, after Louis-Napoléon's *coup d'état* in December 1851, the same class figures largely among the 26,884 individuals prosecuted or arrested.[7] After the Paris Commune the list of those condemned tells the same tale.[8] In Paris at least there was a class obsessed by the revolutionary myth which finally led it to the fearful slaughter inflicted by Gallifet and his troops. One line of continuity in French 19th-century history is provided by the tragedy which began with Babeuf and the *conspiration des égaux* and ended in the creation of a new legend through the Commune.

However, though the fate of the Parisian working men who believed in the myth of the Revolution makes a depressing, if often heroic, story, the dramatic episodes of 1848 or 1871 should not be allowed to conceal the fact that the 19th century in France saw a gradual improvement in the general condition of Frenchmen accompanied by a considerable growth in the amenity of their manners. A slow process of civilisation was at work in both town and country. From the murderous and deformed brigands of *"la bande d'Orgères"* (so graphically described by Richard Cobb), who terrorised the Beauce between 1791 and 1799, to the relative law and order of the Third Republic is a far cry.[9] Whatever may be thought of Baron Haussmann's gifts as a town-planner, he was at least able to ensure that a considerable part of the capital's water supply no longer flowed through cemeteries. Possibly the *douceur de vivre* ascribed to "Paris 1900" is a legend in its turn. The songs of Aristide Bruant with their emphasis on the cutting off of heads "at La Roquette" or their understanding of the splendours and miseries of prostitutes—a theme which seems to evoke more real humanity in France than in other countries—suggest a rough society in which an appreciation of life's harsh realities ran not too far from the surface. Yet the fact that these were sung in night clubs—they were sophistications of the style of the street ballad singer—also indicates that conditions had changed sufficiently for a nostalgic look backwards to be possible.

IN FACT, THE REACTION of the Third Republic to the disasters of the Franco-Prussian War went a long way towards producing that "moral and intellectual reform" of France which Renan had preached.

For all its rigidity and narrowness the French educational system in the last third of the 19th century did bring about a considerable improvement in popular education as well as the formation of an élite which, like Péguy, often ended by denouncing a university without which they would hardly have been in a position to pass such judgments. For it was all very well—and, no doubt, justifiable philosophically—to criticise the elementary positivism of a Littré or a Lavisse; but the belief in improvement through education was one of the nobler and more effective sides of the Third Republic. There was no Méline tariff on ideas. The Marquis de Vogüé might not be able to make his royalist sympathies prevail, but his introduction of the Russian novel to French readers had a lasting effect as the writings of George Bernanos or François Mauriac testify.

It is fair to place to the credit of the Third Republic the extraordinary cultural richness of the years between 1871 and 1914. Renan's prescription of intellectual excellence as an answer to France's plight was adopted. So was Prévost-Paradol's advice that France should build up its empire to compensate for its inferiority to Great Britain and Germany. Whether these were entirely appropriate remedies is another matter. France continued to fall behind economically, but it is hard to see how it could have done otherwise, deprived, as it was, of a sufficiency of the raw materials essential to the first industrial revolution. In the event, the final victory over Imperial Germany was due rather to the careful construction of a system of alliances by the skilful diplomats of the Quai d'Orsay than to any lessening in the material gap between the two countries. And the first World War itself left France, exhausted and deluded, to play the role of the main prop of a European system which was fundamentally unstable and which no amount of effort could have sustained. There followed the stagnation of the 1930s and the collapse of 1940. But the impetus given by the stiff, frock-coated figures of the first generation of Republican politicians after 1871—a Ferry, a Waddington, a Freycinet—cannot be denied.

THE DRAMATIC EPISODES of political history in the 19th century, the street-fighting and the scandals, were accompanied by more constructive developments, the gradual civilisation of larger and larger areas of French life. Some segments of society were left outside this process—in particular the police—but the general trend is unmistakable. Presiding over it was a bureau-

[7] *The French Revolution of 1830.* By DAVID H. PINKNEY. Princeton University Press, $16.00, £7.55; paper $8.50, £4.

[8] 2,664 locksmiths; 2,293 masons; 1,569 carpenters; 1,491 shoemakers, etc. See Edouard Dolléans, *Histoiré du Mouvement Ouvrier*, Vol. I, 1830–1871 (Paris, 1947), p. 387.

[9] *Reactions to the French Revolution.* By RICHARD COBB. Oxford University Press, £4. Anyone who reads history for pleasure as well as information is greatly in Professor Cobb's debt.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cracy whose centralising tradition, already developed under the *ancien régime*, was finally incarnated in the Napoleonic system of administration. It may have been the case that individual officials did not necessarily enjoy very great powers of decision or that (as Bodley noted) the position of the most important among them was "less conspicuous in Paris than in London." Certainly their effectiveness was hampered by illogical administrative boundaries and the sheer ponderousness of the machine they had to operate. What counted however, was the existence of a large body of officials who, over more than a century, had developed their own traditions and ways of thinking, and who do not seem to have been much disturbed by changes of régime. Mr Zeldin quotes Viollet Le Duc as writing in 1863:

> If a project appears from which new ideas might emerge, it is submitted for examination to persons who are by conviction or rather by lack of conviction enemies of all innovation.

He himself adds: "The civil service had become a sort of Frankenstein"; and there may be truth in this. But there was also more than a paradox in the opinion of the foreign diplomat who said to Bodley that the *huissier* at the Quai d'Orsay was the representative of continuity of policy at the French Foreign Office. Continuity might be assured at a low level; but, with the rise and fall of régimes and politicians in France between 1815 and 1914, this may have been better than no continuity at all. And of recent years the high quality of the products of the *Ecole Nationale d'Administration* has served France well. Bureaucratic centralisation can be seen to be an evil—the treatment of an area like Brittany is a case in point—but it is hard to imagine what system could have replaced it in a country where making themselves obeyed was a major preoccupation of governments.

In considering the history of 19th-century France, it would be tempting to oppose steady administrative progress to the instability of political life, the measures of practical men to the obsession with revolutionary myth. But this would not be an entirely accurate analysis of a complex situation. The frantic idealism which presided over much French political thinking after 1789 resulted in action creative for the future as well as the impassioned contemplation of past mythology. Renan's insistence on intellectual improvement as a means to the regeneration of France would hardly have existed had the Revolution not taken place, though the *philosophes* certainly provided him with a precedent. During the first Republic, and the Empire which succeeded it, there were planted the seeds of civilisation which were to bear fruit in the later years of the century. But from the same years arose phantoms which were to haunt French political life for many decades, carrying the terms of debate towards extremes and leading idealists to destruction.

> The French Revolution [wrote Prévost-Paradol] has founded a society, it is still seeking its government.

France, however, is a country which seems to rely less on a workable political system than Great Britain or the United States, and it is arguable that the positive social effects of the Revolution were more important than the rapid disillusionment with successive régimes which utopian nostalgia created throughout the 19th century. At least, French history during this period is an instance of how independent of the contingencies of politics the vital forces of a country can be.

It is understandable that in 1940 many Frenchmen should have considered their more recent history as a failure. But when one contemplates the extent of French historical experience during this period, the words "success" or "failure" seem singularly inappropriate. The intellectual debate about the most profound issues of human society, the individual destinies of remarkable men, the achievements of a patient and laborious people—these things were lived in the consciousness, brought about by the French Revolution, that the history of France was of profound significance for the rest of mankind. And the exemplary drama played out before the rest of Europe had as its inevitable result the deepening of rifts within French society.

France and Frenchmen suffered their historical experience with a residual belief that it might be of service to humanity. Something of this aspiration is expressed in the term *la grande nation*—a national ambition realised finally on the cultural level. Reading France's history now, it is almost shameful to become so painlessly a little wiser.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"CHRISTMAS A BORE..."

It can be, of course, if you let it. But it needn't be. Suppose you knew exactly the right present for your intelligent friends. Suppose you knew that you wouldn't have to go shopping for it. Or lug it home. Or pack it. Or post it. Suppose it was as easy as that. Christmas wouldn't be such a bore, would it?

A Christmas gift subscription to ENCOUNTER has all these advantages—**besides saving you up to 25% on the rates you'd usually pay.** All you have to do is fill in the order form overleaf and post it to us as soon as possible. From then on, we look after everything—not just once but for twelve months. Twelve months of solid, trouble-free pleasure!

All we ask is that you should not include any friends who, as far as you know, are already buying ENCOUNTER regularly. And please note that these reduced rates are not intended for the renewal of previous gifts or for your own subscription. It will help us greatly to have your instructions well before Christmas.

This offer closes on 7th January 1974.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM

REDUCED RATES FOR NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS

Gift subscriptions will start with the January 1974 issue, posted shortly before Christmas. Time permitting, a specially designed card announcing your gift will reach the recipient by Christmas day. This special offer, which is not intended for your own subscription or the renewal of previous gifts, closes on January 7th, 1974.

YOUR NAME

My name and address are as follows:

YOUR GIFTS

Please enter Christmas gift subscriptions for the following:
BLOCK LETTERS THROUGHOUT PLEASE

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Sign Gift Card from.....

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Sign Gift Card from.....

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Sign Gift Card from.....

Name .....
Address .....
.....
.....
Sign Gift Card from.....

Extra gifts can be ordered on a separate sheet of paper

PAYMENT

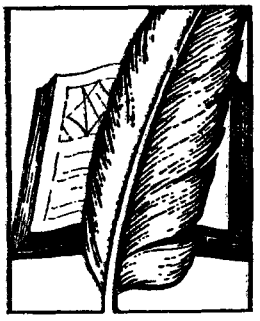
Enclose payment with this form

The cost of each subscription is £3.0.0 or $10.50 by surface mail. A subscription air-speeded to the U.S.A. or Canada costs $12.00 (please mark order "AIR" if this is required). Dollar cheques, sterling cheques and postal orders, can be accepted; if you can only pay separately by money order or bank transfer, please give details of the arrangements you have made. A receipt will not be sent unless requested.

Encounter · 59 St. Martin's Lane · London WC2 · England
NOV.

To avoid damaging your magazine cut out along this line

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Column

THE GHOST of Watergate still haunts the White House, and may never be entirely exorcised. But now President Nixon wants to apply himself again to the policy which has already produced a significant relaxation of tension between the Soviet Union and the United States, and if it prospers may lead to still closer relations between them. It is a policy which, because it promises to strengthen the prospects of world peace and security, undoubtedly commands the support of the great majority of the President's countrymen. If it were successful it would offer him his greatest single chance of restoring his rather tarnished reputation. He hopes to go down to history, not as a shabby conspirator, but as the architect of a new world order in international relations, "a Machiavelli of peace" (in Conor Cruise O'Brien's phrase about Dag Hammarskjöld); and if he succeeded in such an aim perhaps even his bitterest enemies would agree that his sins should be forgiven him.

And yet, just as there is something incalculable, shifty and ambivalent about the President's personality, so there is about the policy of *détente* with the Soviet Union which he and Dr Kissinger now wish to pursue further, and despite its superficial attractions there are some who suspect that, for the United States and its friends, it may have as many dangers as advantages. Such suspicions rest, not so much on the immediate effects of their policy, as on what its underlying meaning and significance may turn out to be.

There are perhaps two general considerations which may help to explain the suspicions and apprehensions which President Nixon's policy inspires in some of his critics in the United States itself, and in China no less than in Europe. The first is the interpretation which Soviet commentators and propagandists derive from it. There are, of course, the Soviet Union's publicly admitted need of the technological aid and assistance, and the financial credits required to absorb them into the ailing Soviet economy, which the United States is in a position to supply. In the United States itself this is regarded as a characteristically American act of generosity towards a state which she hopes to transform from an enemy into a friend; and it is believed, or assumed, that it cannot fail to be followed by increased understanding and cooperation between the two countries.

This is not how it appears in Soviet eyes, at least so far as its own propaganda is concerned. There the technological aid and assistance which the Soviet Union hopes to gain from the United States is represented, not as a basis for peaceful and friendly cooperation, but as a means to strengthening the resources which the Soviet Union can apply to the struggle against "world imperialism and aggression," of which the United States is the foremost representative. Peaceful co-existence between the capitalist and the communist worlds is only a "temporary phase" in the unending struggle between them, which the Soviet Union must exploit in order to achieve the means of bringing it to a final and triumphant conclusion. *Détente* is only a name for the continuation of war by other means.

IT MAY BE that such a view of the situation is only a way of reconciling official Soviet ideology with a policy with which, on the surface at least, it appears to be in contradiction, and is only intended, as a kind of sop to the faithful, for the internal consumption of the communist world: a form of reassurance to the Soviet Union's friends and allies that she is not abandoning them for the fleshpots of capitalism. And no doubt Dr Kissinger has carefully considered, if only to dismiss, the possibility that Soviet apologists for the policy of *détente* are telling the truth when talking to their friends rather than when making professions of friendship to their enemies. One must assume that he has come to the conclusion that in the first case they are merely paying the tribute of vice to virtue in the particular form which hypocrisy takes in the Soviet Union.

There is perhaps an analogy between the policy of *détente* with the Soviet Union and the fatal policy of appeasement which, in the 1930s, Great Britain adopted towards National Socialist Germany. In Great Britain, appeasement rested on the belief, stubbornly adhered to in spite of all appearances to the contrary, that it was possible to reach a dependable agreement with Hitler which would at the same time satisfy both his aspirations and our own aims; though Hitler had made it perfectly plain both by word and deed that they were irreconcilable. The belief was only abandoned when it was already too late to find any other reliable basis for British policy. One must hope that President Nixon and Dr Kissinger are right in their calculations and have not made the same kind of error as Britain did with such fatal results.

THERE IS ANOTHER ASPECT of the policy of *détente* which bears comparison with the situation in the 1930s. There were many people at the time who

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

opposed Neville Chamberlain's policy of appeasement, not out of cool political calculation, for which most of them were not very well equipped, but out of a kind of moral instinct which told them that there could be no genuine basis for agreement between Britain and a state which, like National Socialist Germany, had deliberately abandoned even the pretence of conforming to the normal rules and conventions which are the basis of civilised life; which indeed positively affirmed, and gloried in the affirmation, that in German eyes barbarism was preferable to civilisation.

In the same way, today, there are many people who cannot bring themselves to believe that any genuine basis of cooperation can be found with a state which, like the Soviet Union, systematically violates the constitutional rights of its own citizens, persecutes its writers, artists and intellectuals, uses terror and brutality as accepted instruments of state policy, condemns millions of people for trivial or non-existent offences to years of inhuman suffering and degradation, and recognises none of those fundamental liberties which belong inalienably to all human beings. One might as well believe that it was possible for a human being to negotiate a meaningful agreement with a gorilla.

Who is to say that those who are sceptical of the value, and apprehensive of the dangers, of a *détente* with the Soviet Union are any less aware of the "realities" of the situation than Dr Kissinger, with his exclusive preoccupation with *raisons d'êtat*, any less responsive to the lessons we can learn from the past, to the facts of the present, or to what we know of the probabilities of the future. And so long as there can be no certainty in such matters, who can blame any one for having doubts, if not positive distaste, for the policy of *détente* and, even more, profound misgivings about what the position of the West may be if after all it meets with failure?

The conventional answer to such misgivings is that President Nixon and Dr Kissinger are playing for such high stakes, which mean nothing less than the Bomb-free peace of the world, that they cannot avoid taking great risks. But the trouble about playing against the odds is that there is a mathematical probability that you are more likely to lose than to win; that is why the odds are so high. I wish Mr Nixon didn't always gamble for such high stakes. I'd much rather that he occasionally placed a modest bet and thought himself lucky if his horse got a place. He has already gambled with the Presidency of the United States and lost disastrously, at not only his own expense. I wish he didn't gamble with the peace of the world, even with Dr Kissinger at his elbow.

★

I SHOULD LIKE TO ADD my congratulations, even though belatedly, to all the others which have been offered to Cyril Connolly on his seventieth birthday. After all, Mr Connolly edited, in *Horizon*, the best literary magazine that has appeared in England in my lifetime and every issue of it was a memorial to Mr Connolly's taste and judgment. For this alone he deserves our lasting gratitude and admiration, but there are many other reasons also.

When I was an undergraduate at Oxford, some years after Mr Connolly, dons who lingered on there still spoke of this fabulous creature who had lent lustre to the university by his mere presence and then had departed to make his name in the literary world. They used to shake their heads rather over such a decision, because dons on the whole manage to unite a devotion to the higher learning with a firmly materialist view of the world, in which they regard no career as worth pursuing unless it holds out the prospect of both financial security and fairly rapid success.

The literary life fulfils none of these conditions. No sensible person, however brilliant, should take to it until he is already dead and his works have received the seal of immortality which make them worthy of the attention of the learned. Serious journalism, of course, is another matter. It may lead to the corridors of power or even to the editorship of *The Times*, now that All Souls no longer enjoys that monopoly of the position which it exercised for so long under Buckle and Geoffrey Dawson. But literature should be left for the dead.

So his old friends were apt to be disapproving of Mr Connolly, serving a literary apprenticeship under Logan Pearsall Smith, or writing ephemeral reviews in the *New Statesman*, or wasting his time with an enchanting wife in the South of France. And from their worldly point of view they were perhaps quite right. No good can come of a genuine and obsessional passion for literature, which A. E. Housman once said was the last thing one had any right to expect in combination with profound scholarship. For Literature and Learning are incompatible until Literature has assumed those officially approved forms which make it a proper study for scholars. Poor Connolly, his friends were apt to say: all that cleverness, all that knowledge, all that sensibility, all that wit and malice which could have been employed in setting every common room in a roar—all, all wasted in the pursuit of a fatal will o' the wisp called literature.

In the excellent September issue of the *London Magazine*, which took the form of a kind of *Festschrift* for Mr Connolly's birthday, our much beloved Poet Laureate, Sir John Betjeman, has said that Mr Connolly was the only person who,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

by word and by example, persuaded him that there were better things than being a don and so seduced him into the dangerous paths of literary life. I hasten to add that this is said by way of gratitude and not of reproach. I have no doubt that Oxford, in my time and later, would have been a much more amusing place if neither Betjeman nor Connolly had listened to the siren's voice and both had adopted academic careers which, I feel sure, would in the case of two such gifted people have led to comfortable chairs of Classics or Eng. Lit.; and both would have enjoyed lives of much greater security and ease than they have had at certain times.

But I do not think that either life or letters would have benefited as a result. We should never have known Miss Joan Hunter-Dunn (who made her first appearance in the pages of *Horizon*), the bells of country churchyards would not have held that particular note which Sir John has made us hear, and we would not now have these welcome re-issues of Mr Connolly's earlier works,[1] or this collection of his journalistic writings which Mr Connolly has, rightly, thought worthy of preserving.[2] Taken together, they make us realise more clearly what we have long suspected, that no one in our time has done more to promote and encourage the love of literature for its own sake, and that his own writings are lasting memorials to that love.

★

VAT PRESENTS many problems to writers, and I fear that many are as ill-equipped to face them as I am. Recently a difficulty arose, concerned with what is humorously known as "self-billing", which I found quite insoluble. As I usually do in difficulties, I turned for help to my wife, who is far more competent than I am in such matters, regarding them as a challenge to her intelligence and ingenuity and not, as I do, devilish devices for wasting one's time and making one pay heavily for it into the bargain.

Her normal approach is to deluge and bewilder whatever authorities are involved with a torrent of polite enquiries, helpful suggestions, feminine appeals for enlightenment and assistance, all couched in such terms as to introduce a maximum of confusion into the situation, until such time as the enemy is reduced, as by nerve gas, to a condition in which he can only offer token resistance. It is an approach which over the years has had remarkable success with many public authorities; but it is one which, I think, only women can employ effectively, and even for them it involves abandoning any women's lib prejudices they may have. The attitude must be strictly that of a member of the weaker sex faced by the difficulties of a man's world; it is essential that the intended victim should be a male.

On this occasion he turned out to be the excellent representative of H.M. Customs & Excise who in my borough discharges with exemplary patience the task of answering enquiries about the new Value Added Tax. I was unable to follow all the details of my wife's telephone conversations with this admirable official, but I recognised a characteristic gambit in her opening remark that her husband was a writer and she was having great difficulty in filling up his forms and could she please ask him for his help.

The negotiations were protracted even by my wife's standards, but I realised that she was in a position to move in for the kill when she rang off with the words: "Thank you very much. You've been so very kind. It's all quite clear now."

She looked like a cat which has been offered a saucer of cream. I asked what she was so pleased about.

"He's explained it all," she said. "As a writer you come into the same category, for purposes of VAT, as persons like rag-and-bone men, or totters, who sell their goods to scrap-metal merchants, and all the relevant information is in their handbook. I've got the reference."

"It can't be true," I said. "Do you mean to say that publishers and editors are scrap-metal merchants?"

"I know it sounds odd when you put it like that, but that's what they say."

"In any case, I don't see how it helps."

"Oh, it does. I haven't looked at the regulations yet but they're bound to have something nice and complicated in them. Besides, now I know exactly what you are and that's always helpful. After all, what's a writer? A rag-and-bone man, that's what you are. And scrap-metal merchants—that's what your publishers are. Now I'm going round to Shepherd's Bush to ask the totters there what they do about VAT. They'll put me on to something. The Customs & Excise won't know where they are by the time I've finished with them. . . ."

I offer this story for the benefit of any writers who may be having similar difficulties about VAT or have any illusions about the marginal and precarious position we occupy on the fringes of society. No wonder we need a Public Lending Right for all our books in the libraries. But will rag-and-bone men get one too? I must ask my wife.

R

[1] *Enemies of Promise*. André Deutsch, £2.75. *The Unquiet Grave*. Hamish Hamilton, £2.

[2] *The Evening Colonnade*. David Bruce and Watson, £4.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Mole

Battlegrounds

1
The scene: a military institution.
Soldier, lady guide, a squad of kids in scouting uniform,

a treat of sorts. "This is the Bomb Room"
as one might say "Our President slept here."

The lady, shrill in tones of Sunday School—
"We call this little fellah Big Boy. Who

can tell me why we call him Big Boy?"
All hands up at once but one—

Again "And who can tell me why we call him Big Boy?"
It is important to get straight about bombs.

A small voice stumbles amongst peers
"Because, because. . . . " CORRECTION.

"What the kid means. . . . " The soldier hesitates
then slaps the tonnage like a stallion's flank.

2
Lines for a B52

Tonight, I watch your load unfurl—
the ghostly patterns of a piano-roll.

What bright saloon, what double doors
could hold the stranger in his tempered fury?

There where the music played, no fingers:
there while they shot it out the tempo could not change

and now the hidden children dance to ragtime,
babies cake-walk as you ride for home.

3
The scene: bereavement in another country.
One small coffin clutched to a father's chest like the groceries.

Stunned faces above dark suits: a violent grief
processing royally. The soldiers are discreet—

discreet, too, the cameras minding their business,
the shops closed. Mainly, it is the men one notices

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and not O'Casey's stricken women, the flickering votive—
Something has passed beyond that, crossing borders

into the present. This is a different place
with the same tactics—the shattered pram, the journey home from school

and the child's voice answering "Because, because. . . . "
to questions raised by his own dying.

Slowly, without tears, he goes to a toy grave.
Meanwhile, the strategic placement of cordite.

Michael Hamburger

Two Photographs

1

At an outdoor table of the Café Heck
In the Munich Hofgarten
Six gentlemen in suits
And stiff white collars
Are sitting over coffee,
Earnestly talking.
The one with a half-moustache
Wears a trilby hat.
The others have hung up theirs,
With their overcoats, on hooks
Clamped to a tree.
The season looks like spring.
The year could be '26.

On a hook otherwise bare
Hangs a dogwhip.

No dog appears in the picture—

An ordinary scene.
Of all the clients
At adjoining tables
None bothers to stare.

2

The year is '33.
The gentleman in a trilby
Is about to board a train.
Behind him stand
Four men in black uniforms.
"For his personal protection"
The Chancellor of the Reich
Carries a dogwhip.

No dog appears in the picture.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Educational Disputes

On the Polemical Use of "Tradition"—By JACQUES BARZUN

WE LIVE IN A PERIOD of controversy without debate. Opinions clash without meeting. On a hundred issues, persons and groups repeat standardised invective and denunciations, with no forward movement resulting from the application of so much heat. Everyone has at command ammunition in the form of received ideas and familiar names that are felt to be potent, conclusive. So numerous are these ideas and names propagated by general culture that they exceed the power of partisans to inquire what they mean or might mean; there is no time for doubt or subtlety about them. They are absolute, like a hand-grenade: release the pin, hurl the thing away from yourself, and it will score against the enemy.

One issue discussed in this military-industrial way is Education. Most of the arguments about it nowadays use either a political or an historical terminology, both acceptable in themselves, if only they did not remain in the realm of ballistics, of indistinct objects flying overhead and to be dodged when they approach one's position. In this as in other wars, words and their intentions defy analysis: radical and romantic, reactionary and progressive, pragmatist and traditionalist—all points of reference for these classifications have disappeared.

As for ideas, some are damned as mediaeval or praised as classical—or the reverse. Rousseau, Dewey, William James, Mme Montessori, John Locke, Ortega, Albert Schweitzer, Plato and Aristotle, and others are invoked, with some virtue or sin attached to the name—Reason, Experience, Feeling, aesthetic perception, intellectualism, rigidity, artificiality, anti-intellectualism, real life, scientific method, creativity, and what not.

All these names, all these terms as now used, are but noises in the mêlée, uttered in hopes of rallying troops in the darkness. If there is to be debate in Education and if some points are to be made—and made good—for the benefit of the bewildered and anxious teachers and parents (let alone the children), there must come about some self-policing on the part of those advocates on either side who are not merely out to win but to win on the merits of their case.

That self-policing should begin by recognising that Tradition—that is to say, all past theory and practice—may be used in two ways, general and particular. When we speak of "the Western Tradition" and intend to take it generally, we probably have in mind a certain residue or tendency or common denominator of thought and action since the Greeks. But we are bound to add what we think that single composite tendency is. If instead we say: "The great tradition of Reason starting with Plato;" and then go on with: "The fatal heresy of Romanticism beginning with Rousseau"—or "The modern pragmatic fallacy of James and Dewey"—we defeat our first intention of appealing to Tradition generally. We are only playing with history. We are not debating or discussing anything, but sending signals to Pavlov's dogs so as to make them bark.

FOR IF THERE IS a general European tradition of thought and feeling—I say, if—then it is continuous to the present day, and it embraces every development and digression. There can be no fatal deviation or heresy; since: *first*, by definition we are talking about *all* that Europe has thought and said which is memorable; and, *second*, every idea and system in that great tradition has roots in previous systems and ideas. What we know as the very beginning itself has such roots, even though we are unable to find them. Therefore in taking "the Western Tradition" for strength or backing in current debate we cannot play the game of excommunication. All we can do is try to summarise—and to summarise fairly.

WHAT, THEN, DOES the European tradition say? One could improvise more than one brief answer. For example, our tradition says that man is capable of reason; that reason develops out of natural wants; that knowledge and justice, the fruits of reason, form the high

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and indispensable goal toward which a good education should tend. Beyond this point, tradition perhaps utters certain cautions: Do not repress nature and emotion too much; do not forget the uniqueness of the Soul and the Self; do not undervalue action; do not neglect the process of becoming; do not take verbal abstractions for real entities; do not fall into reductionism, making the soul a product of matter or matter a creation of the soul. From such principles, modified, combined, or refined, come most of the systems of European thought—systems of education, systems of ethics, politics, and aesthetics.

It will be understood that I have not been exhaustive but merely indicative; that is all a *general* view affords. The test of it is that a person familiar with the great Oriental philosophies would recognise in my imperfect sketch a large tendency alien to that other tradition when similarly taken as a whole.

But in order to see a tradition in something like correct perspective and venture to generalise it as polemics seems to demand, one must repeatedly refresh one's acquaintance with it, not in general but in particular. The very point of historical argument, as against platform effectiveness, lies in exact comparison or contrast, which permits an appeal to reason and precedent combined. Hence the need to trace ideas in their original form and context, their purpose and application, and their distortion in action.

To do all this means hard work. We cannot rely on our memory of undergraduate studies; and we must be on guard against ourselves. The reason for this is that modern culture is less and less at first hand. To the normal and natural distortion of ideas as they pass from mind to mind is added the distortion and fragmentation and falsification resulting from our means of diffusion. About every great idea or doctrine or thinker there is now a conventional error, journalistically fixed. I have called these "thought-clichés"; and they serve the mass media as a handy substitute for truth. It saves thinking, it fits the universal wish to know and learn with normal inattention, it serves advertisers when making their highbrow appeals for luxury products. Think of Plato, Dante, Rabelais, Leonardo, Machiavelli, Hobbes, Rousseau, Goethe, Byron, Shelley, Nietzsche, Spengler, and a hundred others about whom something is generally known, and you can without effort summon up in set phrases what that prefabricated knowledge is.

EVERY SERIOUS BOOK painstakingly denounces and destroys that "knowledge," yet it survives. It is more convenient; it is the staple of the makers of so-called objective multiple-choice tests (as Professor Banesh Hoffmann has demonstrated). The tests reinforce the clichés, so that one must class multiple-choice tests among the mass media through which our Tradition is losing its meaning and savour and becoming an old wives' tale. The cliché is one of the ways by which we are liquidating the culture of our era, the modern era begun in the Renaissance.

With that historical evolution preparing a new epoch, I am not here concerned. I mention it to show the need for a *particular* acquaintance with Tradition if we still care to debate current issues, especially educational issues, with inherited ideas and recorded experience. There is not much choice: on the one hand, name-calling supported by the clichés and ending in stalemate against other groups similarly employed; on the other, bare appeals to this or that idea—freedom, individualism, self-expression, the life of action or contemplation or social service—all of which are inherited ideas, not new ones. By the very working of Tradition-in-general, we are all—regardless of our opinions—simultaneously radical, romantic, reactionary, progressive, pragmatic, and the rest. Western civilisation has not given birth to an original idea in fifty years; so, as I say, the choice is slim. While waiting for the new genius to give us a new thought, we might as well dip into our old treasure-chest and see if we cannot at least think afresh about the old ideas which are still bandied about.

I AM NOT SUMMONING hot partisans to a chill encyclopaedic effort. When one takes Tradition in its particular embodiments one usually comes to prefer one sub-tradition, one colouring of thought. This inclination is a natural result of temperament acted upon by the style or reasoning found in particular thinkers. But then one must not simply pair that enriched knowledge with the collection of anaemic clichés masking other philosophies. By way of illustrating what can be done on a given subject within normal limits of time and attention, I want to make a cursory sampling of historic ideas in the light of the educational proposals and prejudices we see at grips today. All but one of my authors belong to the half-millennium since the Renaissance, the inescapable time of our intellectual formation.

THAT ONE EXCEPTION IS Plato, a notable theorist of education, who is still kicked about freely as the author of our woes or as the source we should return to for salvation. Both views depend on the belief that Plato preached Reason. Some tell us we perish from "too much intellectuality"; we must go back to sensation, feeling,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and instinct. Others say "madness" surrounds us because of the Romanticist tradition of feeling and will, from which only sober Reason can save us. This pseudo-debate is a good example of the cliché habit. Both sides assume that a thinker worth hearing simply "preaches Reason" or "preaches Unreason." The circumstances out of which a system is elaborated, its numerous aims, parts, and supports, which a true thinker has to assemble for the satisfaction of his own mind, are entirely ignored, for they won't "cleesh".

Before looking at one word of Plato, then, we can say that any educational theory must first be read in the light of its ulterior purpose. Not one of my ten exemplars wrote an educational theory for the fun of it; all were deeply troubled about something in the world, the school being but a reflection of the world—or a tool to tinker with it.

What bothered Plato was the restless, unstable political life of Athens, its addiction to getting rich, enjoying luxuries, and indulging effeminacy through the sophistication of both life and art. Alive today, he would denounce the bourgeois for materialism and cultural élitism. Things in Athens must have gone from bad to worse in a short time, or else Plato grew depressed while writing *The Republic*, because in the early part of the work he sets forth an educational scheme by which he hopes to reform bad institutions; whereas in the later part he proposes a much modified education and calls it as unworkable as the institutions it would replace.

His first assumption is that the evils of society are due to ignorance, itself due to a bad environment which warps a fundamentally good human nature. Here the detractors of Rousseau might take a few notes: Plato, the supposed ethical rationalist, begins with a belief in the essential goodness and rightness of nature. One might interpose that any educational theory must make this same assumption, or there is no point in taking the trouble to teach: the gardener wastes no time on a diseased plant.

Plato's teaching aims at making citizens, that is, men able to discharge the military and political duties imposed by the state. It is a non-technical education, which is to continue till the age of 20, when those duties begin. Its two elements are Gymnastics and Music; the first for the body, the second for the soul. Gymnastics, divided into wrestling and dancing, is to begin four or five years before any intellectual instruction. As in Rousseau, reading does not start till about ten years of age. And till manhood, gymnastics continues to occupy several hours a day, increasing as the youth reaches military age. As for Music in Plato's sense, it is something to which we have no analogue. It is obviously one discipline, yet seems to us a composite rather hard to understand. It means poetry *and* music, and poetry includes the religious myths and national legends that are to train the soul in all the virtues. The pupil is to become a moral being and a just man, so ethical in his habits as to be incapable of evil, cowardice, intemperance, or other failings. The product aimed at is to us as strange as the method.

This use of art for morality entails a severe censorship. Poets and dramatists and musicians cannot be allowed to do as they wish, for the growing soul imitates what it sees and hears, and hence must not see things evil or ugly.[1] For Plato, in short, the knowledge that will reform society is moral knowledge turned into habit—an ancient Puritanism which trusts the schooled emotions a good deal more than the reason. *Character* is the object of education, which is why in the early years there is no compulsory or systematic instruction in subject matter. For one thing, Plato says that a person who is to grow up free should never be compelled; for another, there is something about systematic work which, by its association with slavery, he shied away from—just as he distrusted the written word as superficial: education was dialogue with a master, not school drudgery.

The great Plato scholar, Richard Nettleship, refers several times to "the extreme simplicity and even crudity of Plato's language, and the difficulty of translating it to suit the complex conditions of our modern civilisation. . . ." So we must be cautious about drawing parallels. It would appear that Plato envisaged a state in which each man had a part to perform and had been reared to do it well: one man, one trade—and no amateur politics. To this end, he was willing to promulgate "one noble lie," according to which men were born out of the earth in a four-fold ranking of types—men of gold, silver, brass, and iron—qualities of the soul, of which only the gold (if kept eugenically pure) were fit to serve as governors (if properly brought up).

The second, later version of this proper upbringing is that which has given rise to the notion of Plato the incarnation of Reason—as if men could simply decide to be reasonable. Plato knew better. What he outlines in the later books is a still more stringent censorship of Greek drama, a closer binding of imagination and emotion with morality through "Music." It is then that he says: "Musical style never changes without fundamental changes in the laws of the commonwealth." He urges—again like Rousseau

[1] The plastic arts are considered important only in the last Book of *The Republic*, almost as an afterthought. Perhaps they had not achieved wide popularity at the time Plato began writing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—a simplification of life, less luxury, less art, even less medicine. He reproves the craving for excitement and instant gratification and he begins to look for some means of attaining an immutable order.[2]

> "In a democracy, the schoolmaster is afraid of his pupils and flatters them and the pupils despise him. The young expect the same treatment as the old and contradict them and quarrel with them, while the elders flatter their juniors so as not to be thought old curmudgeons."

Recognising two elements in the mind, the spirited and the philosophical, and recognising also that the spirited is useful for active life and military defence, he proceeds to build his new order by developing the philosophical in some few elect natures who shall rule the rest. Between the ages of 17 and 20, all pupils do gymnastics, without much mental work, and most stop there. The "gold" intellects go on till the age of 35, using the dialectical method to grasp eternal truths. That method rests on the contrast between the crude, shifting aspects of things and their unchanging concepts or forms—mathematics being the model of this relationship.

Those who rise to this pure vision of the universe, in which all the sciences are harmonised, prove themselves "the true sons of philosophy, instead of its bastards." With some 15 years more of service in public affairs, about the age of 50, they are fit to be the philosopher-kings.[3] That they are called "guardians" and exercise a paternal, protective power over the rest, citizens and slaves alike, suggests the role of Dostoevsky's Grand Inquisitor. Neither type of governance goes with a democratic access to Reason—or to education.

THESE DETAILS FROM PLATO will help us to deal more quickly and selectively with the others. We may take it for granted that educational reformers invariably work with three elements, whether stated or not: *(1)* a psychology, usually related to the contemporary state of natural science; *(2)* a view of the good society—free or hierarchial, static or mobile—related to the evils of the day; *(3)* a method of governing—loose or tight, deliberative or customary—related to the temper of the reformer. The rearing of children is in itself governing, and any better rules for the home or the school must resemble directly or progressively the rules outside.

These things being so, it becomes a delicate matter to transport educational ideas from one age and one place to another. We may love Reason with the same unbridled passion as Plato, but are we willing to accept his definition and limitation of it? To establish his one noble lie and then pick out an élite of golden youths for philosophic training till the age of 35, leaving the rest morally "musical" but quasi-illiterate? Are we ready to censor the arts, especially the theatre, and prohibit fashions in popular songs and rock music for the sake of the Constitution? Lastly, do we want an immutable order? And if we do, where shall we find that harmony of all the sciences in one system which is prerequisite?

WHEN WE JUMP two thousand years and take up educational theory in the Renaissance, we find the reformer more cheerful than Plato. Rabelais thinks the universities full of useless dolts and pedants, but he is confident that the new learning is flooding in everywhere. Learning, he says, has been *restored*. It is new and ancient, classical and exuberant all at once: all you have to do is dip your pail in the great stream. As Gargantua tells his son Pantagruel, he of the older generation (though reputed most learned in his day) "would have difficulty getting a place among the little schoolboys in the lowest class. . . ."

Rabelais's first advice, given in what became Book Two of his work, is simply "Drink deep," and we may take as an allegory to the same effect the oracle of the Divine Bottle at the end. Learn all the languages and all the sciences. Printing, the new device which he praises as "both elegant and accurate," makes everything possible; by it, robbers and hangmen nowadays know more than preachers and doctors formerly. (This is an early form of computer-euphoria: everybody can know everything without drudgery.) So "let me find you," says Gargantua, "a veritable abyss of knowledge." Of course, Pantagruel must learn virtue as well, and chivalry and warfare, "to defend our house" and also because "knowledge without conscience is the ruin of the soul." This paternal advice is in a letter dated *"From Utopia, this 17th of March."*

In these jolly circumstances, the chief reform needed is to give access to the abundance of good things. Eudemon, brought in as teacher, is an attractive young man, "more like an angel than a man." He says: "This child is 12—what

---

[2] (*Rep.* 8, 563A.) It is worth recalling that all these judgments and proposals are Plato's, not Socrates' despite his presence in *The Republic*. In Xenophon's account of Socrates and in Plato's earlier dialogues, Socrates appears as a teacher of prudence and utility, rather suspicious of science and mathematics.

[3] At the very end of *The Republic*, Plato seems to turn on himself again and in the story of Er he points out that those accustomed to order and reason unalloyed by suffering make wrong choices. Experience, not philosophy alone, is necessary to the good life hereafter.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

relation is there between those old pedants and this lad?" So by making things pleasant, courtly, and joyful—by discussion instead of harangue, by including games and physical exercises—the adolescent is brought to love learning to such an extent that he spends every available moment in study or exercise. On rainy days, he and his tutor make the rounds of shops to learn how everything is made, what roots and drugs the apothecary sells, and such other things as befit the original field-trip.

For Rabelais, it is clear, curiosity makes the student, and joyful learning makes the happy, sensible man; or, in modern terms, the open classroom, the acknowledgment of the generation gap, and the real-life curriculum will usher in the March 17 Utopia, the ideal society of the Abbey of Thélème, where *"Do as thou wilt"* is the only rule. For it turns out that the inmates are so well reared that all enjoy doing the same things at the same time.

HALF-A-CENTURY LATER, Montaigne is forced by history to entertain more complicated views. He urges the same uses of pleasure and curiosity as Rabelais, but he sees that the flood of learning can be a menace, especially in a time of civil and religious wars, when everybody argues, 20th-century style, from printed doctrine backed up by the sword. We are taught badly, says Montaigne: we fill our memories, leaving our understandings empty. We should be made better, not more learned. Too much lumber is carried over from the past; we parrot the ancients and do not exercise our judgments. Like Rousseau after him and Seneca before, he says: "Since the professors have come among us, the good and the able have fled. . . ." Thus Montaigne looks with disfavour on the brains trust, and particularly on the opportunity it affords to the low-born of making a living by becoming experts. He also thinks that this excess of learning reduces courage and martial strength. The net result is: universal bookishness, lack of the critical spirit, and the highest places held by the least capable.

How is this parlous state to be corrected? Consider the plasticity of the child's mind. Think of the dignity of man, the son of Mother Nature in all her majesty. You, the parent or tutor, are bringing up a soul: don't harden it by punishment; don't narrow it by provincial views. The tutor must be affectionate and observant, must teach virtue by judicious comment and example, suited to age and temperament. School is now a jail where all prisoners are mistreated alike. Rote learning is useless: only he learns who is able to do, not merely say. Greek and Latin cost too much pains to acquire—speak rather in the simplest vernacular, after learning how to think clearly. Montaigne himself learnt Latin at home by the direct method, which he recommends, since it worked on the lazy and sleepy child he was. At school he lost it all, and he would have acquired instead a hatred of books—"as all our young nobles do"—if it had not been for his delight in Ovid's fables. He concludes that there is nothing like desire and affectionate guidance to make a boy study. Without these,

> "one only turns out asses trundling a load of books. Whip them and fill them with learning if you want, but knowledge is not something one gives house room to—one must be married to it. . . ."

BY THAT TIME, which is the end of the 16th century, the main themes of modern educational theory are set. They are—the importance of curiosity and desire (in our jargon: "motivation"); the possibility of pleasurable learning; the primacy of thinking and critical judgment over factual accumulation; and the goal of learning for and by doing, rather than by memory and for repetition.

This quartet of ideas actually forms two pairs. Motivation and pleasure go together and imply each other as soon as learning comes to be considered a part of individual self-expression, an aspect of humanistic individualism. And the critical spirit and a pragmatic pedagogy go together and imply each other as soon as the invention of printing makes it unnecessary to produce learned men as mere carriers of information, or data banks on two legs.

The next step, as we might expect, is the elaboration of these principles in detailed form. It comes to us from that extraordinary man Comenius—Jan Komensky, the Bohemian Protestant who travelled and suffered so widely during the Thirty Years' War and after.[4] His influence is mysterious, for he was in great demand, and one of his books at least was translated into 12 languages, including Arabic, Turkish, Persian, and Mongolian. But the rest did not come out till the 19th century, and as late as 1957 our contemporary Jean Piaget cites him in his own researches.

Komensky was a practical man who set up a school in Poland and was brought to England by

[4] Between Montaigne and Komensky, at the turn of the 16th century, a number of theorists acquired the name of "Innovators" (a term of abuse) for systematising the educational tendencies of Renaissance thought. Wolfgang Ratichius (originally Radtké) is the outstanding figure among these proponents of teaching with the aid of concrete things, in the vernacular, and in accordance with "nature." Physical education and instruction in one subject at a time were part of this new programme, of which Komensky saw a digest in 1612.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Samuel Hartlib, Milton's friend, to impart the new methods, which Hartlib published and Milton approved. Komensky was then almost persuaded by Governor John Winthrop to head Harvard College.[5] Having had his library and manuscripts twice destroyed by invading armies, Komensky had as his ruling idea the establishment of "universal peace." His pedagogy to that end required a life-long education in seven stages, one kind of school for each phase of life.

The general principles are: Teachers must teach less and learners learn more. Schools must be less noisy and chaotic, and no longer the scene of deep aversion and useless labour. The school of infancy—which anticipates Froebel's kindergarten—has the child learn by playing, in a setting of affection and joy. In the later grades leisure, enjoyment, and ego-building continue. Words are taught with pictures keyed to the text. Komensky did not merely suggest visual aid; he wrote the textbook and argued the psychology of it. Later still we find the project method and the use of school plays to review quarterly achievement.

With proper schools not only peace would ensue but a universal religion, a coordinated science, and a common education. We have here the premises of the Age of Reason—political order and the good society through *light*. It is worth our notice in passing that the "softer pedagogies" of which we may complain today do not come from the Romanticist objections to Rationalism: they precede and form part of nascent Rationalism itself. In Komensky's *Schola ludus* (or "school is a game") all learning is designed to be dramatic, interesting, and stimulating. In surroundings purposely made pleasant, nothing should be uncongenial to the age and nature of the learner. The creator of this enlightenment was wise enough to know that if music and games, foreign languages taught by direct method and improvised plays to ease adolescence, were to serve as he planned, enormous skill was required of the teachers. Nor did his forward imagination stop at the ideas of the 18th century, which he did not live to see; he was also a feminist and co-educationist. He called for pre-marital clinics and marriage counselling, and he had a school ready for the aged, with geriatrics laid on.

THERE IS LITTLE LIKELIHOOD THAT Rousseau read Comenius, since only the language method had been published. Rousseau's *Emile* (1762) must therefore be regarded as yet another attempt to work out what I may call the Renaissance principles, derived from individualism, naturalism, and the freedom given by the printing press.

The gaps in time or place between reformers do not disturb the continuity. Locke had certainly written at length about education before Rousseau, and his views too were intended to meet an external situation, that of the gentry after the Revolution of 1688. But after Komensky, Locke's concern seems parochial: it is that the pupil shall grow into a man able to manage his property and, by extension, the government. This is achieved by addressing one's efforts to the child's six instinctual drives—once again manipulating nature to develop character. Lust for pleasure, power, and possessions is to be frustrated. Curiosity, desire for approval, and love of variety are to be played upon to build self-discipline. As an environmentalist, Locke argues against any schools. "Vice is infectious and is caught from the Herd." Only a tutor can properly educate. That situation leads of course to the maxims now familiar: learn by doing, do not teach rules, do not stuff the memory, educate girls like boys, and let both enjoy the outdoor life. For the children of the poor, Locke has a simple formula: compulsory vocational education. (In the 1970s we started to call it "career education.")

Rousseau's outlook is obviously much wider and deeper than Locke's. Class considerations do not enter. It is a man capable of spiritual contentment and social self-respect anywhere that Rousseau hopes to develop. If, at the end, Emile chooses carpentry as a trade, it is because a man must work and the probability of political revolutions suggests the need of a permanently useful means of livelihood. Rousseau's situation and animus are precisely Plato's: the state of things makes him want to contrive a simpler and more moral existence, which should also be a happier one. Rousseau is not incapable of artistic pleasure, any more than Plato was; but both see snobbery, misery, despair, affectation, effeminacy, indolence, and vice resulting from an over-ripe civilisation. They, accordingly, ignore the products of that civilisation and try to discover where a teacher might begin dealing with a child —any child—if the purpose was not that of making it as soon as possible into a contemporary adult.

THE STEPS AND DEVICES Rousseau proposes are supposed to be so well known that I shall not review them, although a rereading of *Emile* might instil verisimilitude into some of the current declarations about it. As we saw, many of Rousseau's innovations were present in his predecessors. I would only draw attention to the

[5] It is entertaining to imagine what the later Harvard would have been like if one of its earliest presidents had been named Komensky.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equally familiar errors about Rousseau, which come from assuming that "he laid down the programme of the American progressive school."

Emile's tutor does *not* coddle the child or refrain from teaching moral values; he makes them come out of the child's own experience if possible. When Emile breaks a window, he sleeps in a cold room. The child does *not* arrange the sequence of his own education, nor is he left exposed to physical or moral dangers. The child is *not* to be moulded, as in Locke, simply by manipulating the environment; that device in Rousseau has a closely restricted application. The child is, on the contrary, seen as a bundle of innate propensities that propel him and unfold *his* character by stages. It is only the last phase that discloses the "goodness" we call maturity. Here Hegel, Freud, and Piaget side with Rousseau, who continually speaks in botanical metaphors. Botany was a science he knew well, and he had no use for what is called "forcing." When Froebel coined the word *kindergarten,* this botanical imagery became a literal and working part of all Western education. Finally, Rousseau's treatise is not a handbook; it is pure theory, like Boyle's law. Rousseau repeatedly disavowed the attempts to "carry out" the tutor's methods.[6] With our use of models in social science, we ought at last to have an inkling of what *Emile* is.

The other great perception we owe to Rousseau is that childhood is not a disease to be cured or an incompleteness to be made up. It is a type of life in itself, of which Reason (or what in our pride we call reason) is—in Rousseau's words—"the last and *choicest* growth." Rousseau was, therefore, not an anti-rationalist. He was only against the "bad habit of pretending to understand what one doesn't," a habit he rightly attributed to ordinary schooling. The religion with which he topped his moral and intellectual education was itself an outgrowth of empiricism. He wanted at once to avoid the anthropomorphic aspects of common Christianity and to reunite in a passionate theism the warring Jansenists, Jesuits, and innumerable Protestant sects.

BETWEEN *Emile* and our century comes the work of two of Rousseau's disciples, Pestalozzi and Froebel. Both re-invent and amplify. Despite their desperate unpracticality and boundless hopes of social regeneration, they wrote voluminously and set up schools that provided models of teaching before they failed. Pestalozzi influenced Horace Mann and George Bancroft and the followers of Robert Owen in New Harmony. Froebel's *"Kindergarten"* was the symbolic inspiration, the stroke of genius by which modern society was finally convinced that young children were not little devils to be cooped up and intimidated into silent or parroting obedience. I call it inspired, because Froebel's original word for the same thing was *Kleinkinderbeschäftigungsanstalt.* The Muses are not naturally kind to the German-speaking peoples.

The kindergarten came to America in 1855, when the wife of Carl Schurz, the émigré German-American statesman, and her sister (both trained by the master) started a school of their own in Wisconsin. The kindergarten marks the advent of "Learn by Doing" systematised. Clay, wooden blocks, paper-cutting and the like are the instruments of an education answering to the perennial demand initiated by Plato. Use all the senses and muscles, as well as the brain: the intellect is the least important; reason comes last; health, character, and capability come first.

The next phase of this long evolution and the last I want to sketch was provoked by the new biological science and the upheaval of machine industry. After these it seemed more than ever necessary to counteract artificiality and to use our knowledge of psychology and physiology. The number of searchers and schemers since 1860 is immense. I take only two, in the reverse order of their births and for symptomatic ideas only.

First, Maria Montessori, physician and philosopher, whose discoveries came out of teaching retarded children, a new enterprise in the 1890s. *The Montessori Method,* published in 1912, was a world best-seller in what the feminist Ellen Kay had previously called "the Century of the Child." The Montessori principle is that of programmed materials for the child's self-education throughout. The child is conceived as a unique, self-formed person, whose earliest years must be protected from traumas. Only clear defects of behaviour must be interfered with. This is, again, Rousseau's "negative education." Physical well-being is fully provided—diet, resident physician, exercises. Surroundings are carefully controlled. "Impressions," says Maria Montessori, "do not merely enter the mind, they form it." In short, a world is created to feed and develop the senses and prevent dependence on adults. Nor is subject-matter neglected in the process. Touch leads to writing, sight to reading. Maps, models, vocabulary games, child-like repetition, concentration, love of difficulty overcome, sense of domain (thanks to a little carpet which is still with us)—all are

[6] There is good authority for the incident of the father who told Rousseau that he had brought up his son according to *Emile.* Rousseau stared at him for a moment and said: "It's too bad, sir, too bad for you and your son. I did not write a method but a preventive against the current ills of education." Gaberel, *Rousseau et les Genevois* (Geneva, 1858), p. 144.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

brought into play. The system is a kind of extrapolation in minute and prepared detail of what Emile's tutor was supposed to improvise by genius from moment to moment.

One curious point: the method swept the world, became a cult, which led to doctrinal splits, then suffered eclipse as progressive education diluted and democratised some of the principles. As a result of this dissension, reinforced by the confusion of two World Wars, the creator of this strongly scientific system grew mystical and ended by seeing the child as the sole redeemer of the world.

HER OLDER CONTEMPORARY, G. Stanley Hall, also drew his light from biology and evolutionary theory and also fell into undeserved oblivion. In his heyday, between 1880 and 1920, Hall was the American educational leader *par excellence* He founded two flourishing journals, published 400 works, lectured to infinity, twice headed the American Psychological Association, and put forth ideas both congenial and unwelcome to the great American public. It was Hall who incurred the odium of inviting Sigmund Freud to Clark University in 1909 and forced him on the attention of psychologists. But Hall's urging of sex education was as futile as his hope of eugenics. No matter; his ideas still interested Piaget in 1962, and the two-volume work on *Adolescence* (1904) is still a landmark in psychological research.

Hall compelled the world to think of research and educational theorising as inseparable. He followed Rousseau in believing that intellect emerges late, but he had biological evidence to prove it (or so he thought). He believed the stages of child development recapitulate those of evolution, and he was therefore ready to allow for selfish or aggressive behaviour among the young in their early years. Anti-social acts, then, are a catharsis forestalling aggressiveness later. "Nature is right" was his motto; hence do not force mental training—"Neither impede nor hasten." At the same time, require obedience to adults, give no explanations till they are wanted and understood—and stop co-education at adolescence; for it is (quoting Rousseau) "a second birth" and introduces the disturbances of sex and religion.

Hall saw the high school of his day, then relatively new, as a "people's college" in itself, giving all the general education necessary for the great majority. The few self-selected, dedicated men of science and learning would go on to discover and contemplate truth and thereby push forward the evolution of man. A reform of the state would follow, by which the chief reason for the existence of the state would be education itself, the higher life of man. Hall had begun with Plato, as I have done, and he ended with a Platonic vision of man thinking. But it was not to be a static order of fixed truths; Hall's evolution was an emergent evolution in which creation was forever possible.

IT REMAINS for me to suggest a few conclusions. If what I have said is true, there is a notable coherence in this tradition, a similarity amid the variety of schemes and external situations.

All the reformers want character first, learnedness second. All want self-reliant individuals, in greater or smaller numbers, depending on the type of state they know or imagine. All—and this is what strikes me as the most important conclusion—are very demanding, demanding of the pupil and the teacher alike. They demand performance, the ability to do well and to know accurately, to resist self-indulgence and reject the path of least resistance.[7] On his side, the teacher (poor fellow!) has to possess all the powers and talents of mankind to keep up with the super-activated little god entrusted to his charge.

These facts are, to my mind, enough to prove certain propositions:

1. Whatever we have had to endure for the last half-century in the form of slovenly, chaotic, ineffectual school innovations is but a caricature of these ideal systems.

2. The conception of the child as such is, in these systems, that which we all share and which no one suggests replacing by the image of the premature adult, much less that of the imp or limb of Satan.

3. The failure of these systems to go very much farther than establishing this view of the child is

[7] This statement applies in full to the thought and writings of John Dewey, despite all allegations and superstitions to the contrary. Anyone who reads even one of his books on education—say, *How We Think* (1910)—will admit (if he is candid) that the distressing realities of the American "progressive school" or the English "open classroom" cannot be imputed to Dewey's intention and influence. He made it clear again and again that schoolwork should never degenerate into play, that truth does not come out of confusion, that freedom is not caprice, and that the curriculum is not something a child can design for himself.

I happen to disagree with much of Dewey's doctrine, preferring the better balanced views of William James, which are also more comprehensive. It would never have occurred to James to reduce all thinking and learning to the pattern of scientific inquiry into "problems." But dissent from Dewey and vexation at his having been taken up by loose-minded followers do not warrant his denigration by present-day advocates of "Tradition" or "Reason" or "classical standards" that never existed except as slogans for educational rabble-rousing.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

due to the unintelligent application by simple minds of very delicate principles; or in other words, to the insufficient number of born teachers, to whom much of these tutorial doctrines comes by the light of nature and is instinctively applied.

4. The legitimate complaint we now have against loose education is, in addition, the effect of a chronological displacement. The proposals made in these systems for the earliest infancy have been gradually extended from grade to grade until nowadays we find them invading the colleges. This shift means the postponement of study proper, which is to say the destruction of learning, hard work, self-discipline and self-reliance, in the name of the procedures originally designed to initiate the first little habits leading to those powers.

5. The reason for the delay and dilution of study proper has nothing to do with the preceding theories of education and everything to do with social, political, and cultural forces not yet recognised in any comparable theory. The current proposal of "de-schooling society" is a restatement of the difficulty—and a response by retreat—rather than an explanation. Explanations will have to be sought in a larger sphere than that of education, where the decay of institutions at large will be referred to the exhaustion and transformation of a whole era.

Meantime, when we engage in educational debate, let us concentrate on the particulars of both practice and theory. If we invoke past theory, let us first ascertain what it said. About past, present, or future, let us forgo name-calling and indiscriminate praise or abuse. Throughout, let our judgments be guided—as all our reformers were—by a sense of what was probable and is possible in the connected but distinct worlds of thought and action.

Remember, Remember

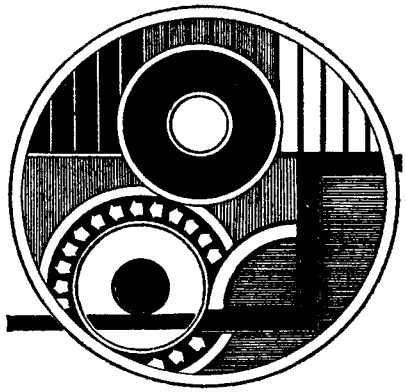
A ritual observed, a pledge to fire,
With all the generations round the blaze:
For some the rockets joke their spent desire,
Others join hands inside their duffle coats;
Both old and young are coaxed to make displays,
The little warmth which comes from burning boats.

A bedstead flares upon the pyre, the Guy
Has long since fallen into general red;
The moon has pierced the clouds, and now we try,
Assembling diamond fondness and hard words,
To match the things the alcohol has said
By rushing into unisons like birds.

Time excites us; we watch the firework cases
Fall black and blown upon the trampled ground.
The hundred doors are letting in bright faces
Refreshed by clamorous bleeding in the sky,
Our ancient selves are woken by the sound
Of fear as the fire gardens die.

Peter Porter

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



University of California Press

2-4 Brook St., London W1

THE BUREAUCRATIZATION OF THE WORLD

Henry Jacoby
Translated by Eveline Kanes
In this book, originally published in Germany as *Die Bürokratisierung der Welt*, Henry Jacoby offers a sweeping analysis of the growth of bureaucracy in the world. He brings understanding from history, political science, economics, and especially sociology to bear on the rise of the modern state and other bureaucracies in Europe, Russia, the United States, and elsewhere in the world. His central concern is to explore the Janus face of bureaucracy: the efficiency we need versus the stultification it produces. 300 pages £6.15

SISYPHUS, OR THE LIMITS OF EDUCATION

Siegfried Bernfeld
Translated from the German by Frederic Lilge with a Foreword by Anna Freud
Siegfried Bernfeld (1892–1953), a highly regarded member of Freud's inner circle, moved in 1927 to San Francisco, where he continued his career as analyst and teacher. In this book, published originally in 1925, he projected the outlines of a future science of education which he conceived as broader than behaviorist conditioning and embracing individual responsibility for growth. 144 pages £3.25

TO IRRIGATE A WASTELAND

The Struggle to Shape a Public Television System in the United States

John W. Macy, Jr.
This study comprises a capsule history of American public broadcasting, an inside account of recent developments, and consideration of the issues of how public broadcasting might be supported—while preserved from partisan political control. It will be a useful introduction for any citizen concerned with television's impact on society. 100 pages £1.90

PORNOGRAPHY AND SEXUAL DEVIANCE

Michael J. Goldstein and Harold S. Kant with John J. Hartman
This book deals with both the psychological effects of exposure to erotica and with the legal implications of censorship of pornography. It is based on a major study attempting to correlate early life exposure to erotica with the development of sexual attitudes, values, and behavior. 225 pages £3.30

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SOUVENIR PRESS
CONDOR BOOKS

A library for those wishing to discover more about the world they live in – and about themselves

Jorge Luis Borges
Dreamtigers
Other Inquisitions 1937-1952
Extraordinary Tales
Conversations with Jorge Luis Borges – Richard Burgin
'A set of books which will make this intriguing writer known to a wider audience in this country' *Times Higher Education Supplement*
'A fine writer, a fascinating writer . . . a true poet . . . his flavour is sharp and unique as that of a lime . . . his central aim as a writer : to undermine the order of the all-too-predictable modern world' *Colin Wilson/Books & Bookmen*
£1.75/£2.50/£2.00/£2.00

Utopias & Utopian Thought
Edited by Frank E Manuel
'The contributors are highly intelligent observers . . . produce some revealing answers' *Michael Foot/Evening Standard*
£3.00 cloth/£1.50 paper

Albert Einstein
Ideas & Opinions
'Fascinating . . . a book for dipping into' *William Cooper/Sunday Times*
'Puts the Einstein myth into perspective . . . he comes across as a passionate humanist and commentator' *Time Out*
£3.00 cloth/£1.50 paper

Knut Hamsun
Mysteries
A remarkable and revolutionary novel from Nobel Prize for Literature winner who is one of the century's greatest novelists.
'This book is closer to me than any other book I have read. Hamsun is the author I deliberately tried to imitate' *Henry Miller/New York Times*
£3.00 cloth/£1.50 paper

Joseph Campbell
Myths To Live By
The foremost authority on world myths and proponent of the theory that myths are necessary for the way we see ourselves, examines the need for a new set of myths for the 20th century
£3.00 cloth/£1.50 paper

Condor Books
on Psychology and Psychoanalysis, Philosophy, Mythology, Poetry, Anthropology, Education and Literature
Souvenir Press (Educational & Academic) Ltd.
95 Mortimer Street, London W1N 8HP

A

Making the World Safe for Pornography
AND OTHER INTELLECTUAL FASHIONS
E. J. Mishan £3.75
A collection of essays by the Reader in Economics at the L.S.E. dissecting the foolishness of our conventional wisdom on pollution, pornography, University reform, the environment, and economic growth. "A brilliant prophet coming out of the wilderness"—
New York Times

The Concept of the Avant-Garde
EXPLORATIONS IN MODERNISM
John Weightman £3.75
"Learned and lucid . . . direct yet capable of subtlety . . . informed, economical and lively"
Frank Kermode in
The Listener
". . . a constantly sane critic, picking his way through the true and the false, imaginative yet level-headed . . . we are grateful for his defence of culture"
Cyril Connolly in the
Sunday Times

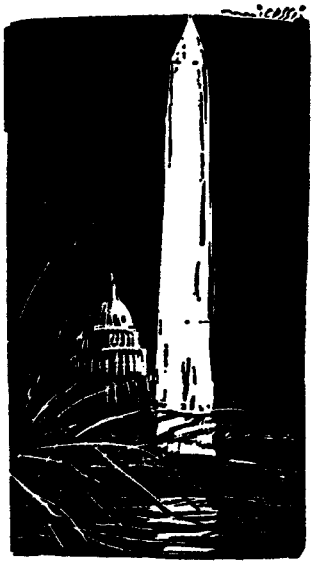
Alcove Press
59 ST MARTINS LANE
LONDON WC2N 4JS
Tel: 01-836 4194

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN CHRONICLE

Bohlen's "Cold War"

By Max Beloff



WESTERN foreign services are generally hostile to the idea of specialisation. They regard the techniques of handling diplomatic questions as more important than the knowledge of particular countries or regions, and find it hard to devise career patterns that make full use of particular expertise or training. The American State Department was amply rewarded, however, for its initiative in the 1920s, at a time when the Soviet régime had not even been recognised by the United States, in deliberately encouraging a small group of foreign service officers to learn Russian and to fit themselves in other ways for the close study of the Soviet scene. Not only does their own record of interpretation of Soviet policy show up very well by comparison with those of their political chiefs and of the services of some other Western countries, but they have also contributed by their writings to the more general understanding of the Soviet phenomenon. Historians have an especial reason to be grateful. After George Kennan's two impressive volumes of memoirs, we now have those of his friend and colleague, Charles ("Chip") Bohlen.[1]

[1] *Witness to History 1929-1969*. By CHARLES E. BOHLEN. With the editorial assistance of ROBERT E. PHELPS. Norton, $12.50; Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £6.50. See my review-article, "The Conscience of George Kennan", ENCOUNTER, April 1973.

It must be said at once that the two works bear little resemblance to each other except in the subject-matter. Kennan writes with feeling and elegance; he is as much man of letters as diplomat (Bohlen regrets Kennan never wrote his once-promised life of Chekhov). Bohlen with an allegedly illegible handwriting and an inability to use a typewriter has had recourse for his memoirs to a dictating machine and to editorial assistance in getting the result into a manageable and readable book. All things considered the outcome is more satisfactory than in the case of most contributions to "oral history." The interest is sustained, and the voice of the man comes through.

IT IS THE VOICE of a very different person to Kennan. Bohlen lacks Kennan's imaginative flashes and also his occasional urges towards Utopian prescriptions. He is more down to earth—more at home with the coarser aspects of one side of the Russian character—with none of Kennan's mid-western puritanism. At the same time he is more cosmopolitan—one cannot imagine Kennan finding the Paris Embassy as attractive a final assignment as did Bohlen any more than one feels that Bohlen would have developed Kennan's affection for the Yugoslavs. Bohlen is a man for whom the graces of life have their importance; his judgments on those who are without them can be severe. "As for Khrushchev", he writes "whatever admiration some of his policies deserve, he could hardly be considered a cultivated or a civilised human being. Even less could be said for Leonid Brezhnev and Alexei Kosygin. . . ." On the other hand, Bohlen lacks some of Kennan's sensitivity to morally contemptible behaviour in the political arena. As the brother-in-law of one of the State Department victims of the McCarthyite purge, as someone whose nomination to the Moscow Embassy was bitterly opposed on McCarthyite grounds, as an admirer only this side of idolatry of General Marshall, Bohlen has place for neither John Foster Dulles nor General Eisenhower in his private pantheon; yet there is nowhere in the book the same sense of personal outrage as one gets from Kennan. Finally, and most important of all, Kennan's contempt for most of the political institutions of the United States, for Congress and the political parties, his inbuilt aristocratic prejudice, is lacking in Bohlen. Indeed where he refers to his differences with Kennan, he accounts for them by emphasising his own insistence on the fact of the United States being a democracy. The necessity to take account of what its public opinion will demand, or at least stand, are as much elements in the shaping of its foreign policy as its interests abroad

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or the strength of its position.

Bohlen prints, for instance, large sections of a letter he received from Kennan (then in Moscow) when he arrived in Russia for the Yalta Conference. In this letter Kennan argued that the Russians had shown a determination to extend the area of their control in Eastern and Central Europe which was wholly incompatible with the position taken by the Western allies. Since the United States would not be prepared to use armed force to thwart the Russians it should in any event refuse to appear to condone their actions or to take part in guaranteeing the territorial results of their outcome. The plan for the United Nations Organisation should therefore be abandoned; the Americans should write off Eastern and South-eastern Europe and "accept as an accomplished fact the complete partition of Germany." The Americans could then begin with the British and French the construction of a Western European federation including "West German states."

Bohlen's reply, while not fundamentally disputing Kennan's analysis of Soviet policies and motives, was adamantly opposed to Kennan's solutions for the problems they posed:

> "The 'constructive' suggestions that you make are frankly naïve to a degree. They may well be the optimum from an abstract point of view. But as practical suggestions they are utterly impossible. Foreign policy of that kind cannot be made in a democracy. Only totalitarian states can make and carry out such policies."

Yet it is true that in the long run Kennan's insight proved correct in that what he recommended for action had largely been allowed to happen by default. The United States had "written off" the areas of Soviet control in the sense of being unwilling to intervene. If the United States had gone along with the creation of the United Nations, this was not an organisation of the kind that could command the services of American armed forces without the consent of the United States government; if there was not much progress towards a "federation" in Western Europe, American policy was at least committed to some kind of "united Europe" in which West Germany as well as France and Britain should take part.

IT IS NOT, HOWEVER, because of Bohlen's views about American policy alternatives in the past that Bohlen's memoirs most deserve study but because of three other aspects of them: the testimony of one who stood close to great events and great men—there are few more intimate accounts of the Teheran, Yalta, and Potsdam Conferences than Bohlen's, and they are particularly important for the former two meetings since as Roosevelt's interpreter he was privy to the President's meetings with Churchill and Stalin and with Stalin alone; Bohlen's general way of approaching the specific problems that Soviet policy presents to Western governments; and some suggestions either explicit or implicit about the future. Even in the brief time since the book was completed, there have been important developments to which some of Bohlen's reflections are relevant.

Those who are responsible for framing American policy must realise the vital importance of "the ideological element of Soviet policy." And that means in turn that "there can be no harmonious relations with Moscow in the customary sense of the word." This fact also explains the nature and significance of the Soviet Union's relations with the two heretical members of the Communist world, Yugoslavia and China. But it also explains why American diplomacy cannot hope to use the Sino-Soviet split to achieve its own aims in the way in which countries have traditionally made use of fissures in the opposing camp:

> "while the dispute is real it would be sheer madness for the United States to count on a permanent split between Moscow and Peking. In case either country became involved in a controversy with the United States, I believe the other would side with its sister communist state."

'A masterly exposition of the current disillusionment with aid'
International Affairs

FROM AID TO RECOLONIZATION
Lessons of a Failure
Tibor Mende
Professor at the Sorbonne & former UN official

From Aid to Recolonization is a study of the failure of the aid policies of the advanced industrial nations, and a powerful plea for a complete re-examination of the assumptions which have guided development and trade policy for over two decades.

£3.00

Harrap Books

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Although Bohlen's work is not a polemic against the "revisionist" historians, he provides them with little comfort. Whatever errors Western diplomacy may have made before, during or after the war, the "Cold War" was not of their making:

> "What caused the cold war? My view is quite simple. The cold war can be traced to the seizure of power by the Bolshevik wing of the Russian Social Democratic Party in 1917."

In other words, so long as Russia is ruled by a party that regards the non-Soviet part of the world as irremediably hostile and that looks to the ultimate disappearance of capitalism as the goal towards which all history is moving, the régime cannot and will not compromise on what it regards as fundamentals so that periods of *détente* must be treated as purely tactical. Bohlen thus found himself constantly critical of those Americans like Roosevelt who failed to give proper weight to the ideological element in the Soviet make-up, and to those in politics and journalism who shut their eyes to the evidence that piled up as the end of the war drew near as to the real aims of the "Soviet ally."

Yet Bohlen was equally critical, and rightly so, of those who, while emphasising the ideological aspect of Soviet policy, did so at the expense of realism, who failed to observe the extent to which the prescriptions of ideology were affected by the priority attached to the security of the Soviet régime itself. As a member of the U.S. embassy in Moscow in the summer of 1939 he was kept informed by a German colleague (Hans von Herwarth, later German ambassador in London) of the progress towards what became the Nazi-Soviet pact. (According to Bohlen, a warning from him *via* Washington to the British was prevented from reaching its destination by a Communist in the British Foreign Office.) He was thus well acquainted with the flexibility of Soviet *realpolitik*.

In 1950 this understanding of the way in which the Soviet Union saw its position made him, along with Kennan and the German authority on the Soviet system, Gustav Hilger, highly sceptical of the view that analogies could be drawn from Soviet-backed aggression in divided Korea with the likely course of events in divided Germany; he was opposed to policies which assumed that a Red Army thrust towards the Channel and Atlantic could now be expected.

THE DIFFICULTY IN A DEMOCRACY—and Bohlen does not deny that democracy has its difficulties where foreign policy is concerned—is the tendency to rush too readily from one kind of extreme to another. After a period in which an "Anglo-American guilt complex" about the fighting load carried by the Russians made everyone far too ready to give the Soviet Union the benefit of the doubt on all contentious matters, there was in the United States a headlong rush to the other extreme. But the excesses of McCarthyism then produced yet another revulsion. Bohlen himself pointed out in 1952 to an American Senator who had said that Joe McCarthy's ways, while crude and unfair, were needed to "awaken the American public to the dangers of Communism", that on the contrary "eventually McCarthyism would be so discredited that it might not be possible to win public support for valid cases where Communist action threatened American security. . . ." Now, in the 1970s, he concludes, "it is difficult to get many Americans to pay any attention to the perils of Communism where they do exist." It is curious to note that Bohlen could still write a year or two ago that British policy since the War had been too timid in the face of Russian demands because of the extreme vulnerability of the British Isles in the event of war. Today it would seem that it is the British rather than the Americans whom the Russians regard as excessively rigidly attached to a "cold war" posture.

What the argument comes to in Bohlen's view is that "the main Bolshevik aim is to protect the Soviet system, above all in Russia and secondarily in the satellite countries. The extension of Communism to other areas is a theoretical and secondary goal", but emphatically not one that we can afford to forget about.

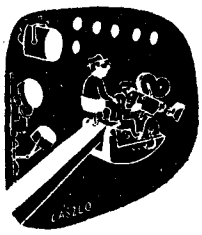
As with all memoirs dealing with Russia except those of the obtuse, one ends up with a feeling of pity for the peoples of the Russian prison-house whose talents are so wasted by their rulers and for those foreigners whose duty it is to sojourn among them. In giving one this feeling both Kennan and Bohlen show themselves to be considerable human figures and a credit to a diplomatic service whose merits are so often neglected in favour of its more obvious defects.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION

Words & Pictures

Reflections of a Broadcaster—By LUDOVIC KENNEDY



A FAMOUS ENGLISH teacher of speech and drama, Miss Elsie Fogarty, used to make her pupils sit on the stage and declaim some suitable passage while she went to the far end of the room to judge the effect; and on one occasion she shouted at a young lady whose speech was somewhat indistinct: "Uncross your legs, dear, I can't hear what you're saying."

There are many things that prevent us from hearing what others are saying, and crossed legs and crossed lines and too many people shouting different things at once are but a few of them. It also helps if whoever is doing the speaking has something to say. "We are in great haste", said Emerson, "to construct a telegraph between Maine and Texas. But it may be that Maine has nothing to say to Texas." Eric Partridge went further. "Most people", he said, "have nothing to say and keep on saying it"; and if you doubt him, drop into any pub or café this evening on your way home.

My subject as it has been set reads: "the diminishing quality of speech nowadays, the influence which television and radio have had on it, and what can be done by education and other means to raise the standard." This I take to be a polite way of saying, "the diminishing quality of speech nowadays, the fact that it's all the fault of telly and radio, and what can be done to stop the rot short of blowing up all the transmitters in the country."

Now, there are conservative streaks in all of us, and I am sure that view strikes a sympathetic twang in many breasts, as it did in mine when I first heard of it. And yet the more one mulls over the proposition, the less convincing it seems. Consider. Twenty years ago, if a Trades Union leader was asked in an interview, "Is the strike still on?", he'd reply like this: "My committee and myself have fully considered the question in the light of all the prevailing circumstances, and our unanimous verdict is that the answer must be in the affirmative." Ten years ago he'd have said, "I think you can say so." But today his answer would be "Yes"—even on very rare occasions, "No". That surely is an improvement. Twenty years ago at garden fêtes and in village halls up and down the country politicians were indulging in all sorts of empty rhetoric, exploring avenues, leaving no stone unturned, standing shoulder to shoulder against the oncoming tide. They would not dare to carry on like that today. Churchmen, too, at that time, were addressing us in tones of insufferable condescension, as though only they had the key to spiritual content: that attitude too has now almost vanished. Twenty years ago the dialects of some people heard interviewed were so thick you could barely follow them. Today, with very few exceptions, that is no longer so.

Now credit for much of this improvement must, in my view, go to two sources. First, to Mr R. A. Butler's Education Act of 1944 and all that followed from it; and secondly, to that organisation which since the War has been, in the broadest sense, the greatest single educative force in this country. I refer to television. Not only to the barriers it has broken down, the horizons it has opened up, the information it has made available, the high quality of language of so many of its contributors; but also to the fact that it has rid much of public speech in this country of humbug and cant. Largely as a result of television we are, I believe, more honest in our public communications than we were before.

TELEVISION has had another effect. When those placed in authority over us—Princes, Prime Ministers, Archimandrites—were first invited to address us "on the box", and found that we did not consider the occasion the privilege their high office had led them to expect, they had to make a choice whether to return to Olympia where for so long they had dwelt and pontificated, or to come down from the mount. Wisely they chose the latter course—in the end it was inevitable—

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

though not without much soul-searching and suffering. There was a tendency among early novitiates to address the viewer as if he were at the back of the Albert Hall, and Mr Harold Macmillan's efforts to master the autocue put one in mind of a walrus having trouble with a fishbone. The Queen's first Christmas Day television broadcast was, believe it or not, hailed as a "major breakthrough," and the first interview given by the present Archbishop of Canterbury made banner headlines. Such appearances are now commonplace, and judged entirely on their merits.

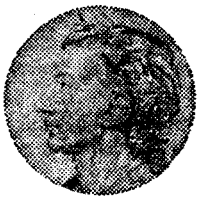
Television, then, has been a great leveller and nowhere has the levelling been more marked than in the changes in the broadcasters themselves. In the middle of the War, George Orwell could write:

> The first sign that things are really happening in England will be the disappearance of that horrible plummy voice from the radio.

That wish was granted a long time ago, not because of some conscious decision by the BBC to make its presenters more democratic, but because of a simple invention, the tape-recorder, which meant that a reporter could get a first-hand eye-witness account of an event instead of it being filtered through one of the plummy voices. From there the idea spread that authority in imparting information did not depend on having a plummy voice, and so today the broadcasting organisations speak with a multiplicity of voices. There are times, I confess, when I find the theory somewhat overdone, especially when listening to radio news. No one is impressed any more by the fact that for on the spot details we can be taken over live to our man in Wagga Wagga, especially when the gremlins along the road to Wagga Wagga make it almost impossible to hear what he says. On these occasions it is very much more restful to have the information filtered through the man in London. There are others who resent the disappearance of the plummy voice on social grounds, but they should remember that when it monopolised the BBC, as it did in pre-War days, there were millions to whom it said *nothing*.

And so, with the coming of television, many of us old dogs in the communication business had to learn new tricks. The old ground rules still applied—short words and sentences, concrete not abstract nouns, active not passive verbs, fresh metaphors not clichés, the pruning of superfluous words wherever possible—but they had to be presented in a new way.

When I speak to a live audience, I speak to them collectively. I watch their faces to see if I am amusing or boring them, I can vary the pace of what I am saying, I can even stop in order to



WRITERS AND THEIR BACKGROUND

Alexander Pope
Edited by PETER DIXON

Contributors: George Rousseau, Norman Callan, Duncan Isles, J. P. W. Rogers, A. J. Sambrook, A. R. Humphries, H. H. Erskine-Hill, John M. Aden, Donald Fraser. *320 pp. Plates.* ISBN 0 7135 1665 8 *£5.25 net*

John Dryden
Edited by EARL MINER

Contributors: Earl Miner, John Loftis, Eugene M. Waith, Jean H. Hagstrum, Arthur W. Hoffman, George deF. Lord, Michael Wilding, William Frost, K. G. Hamilton. *288 pp.* ISBN 0 7135 1726 3 *£5 net*

S. T. Coleridge
Edited by R. L. BRETT

Contributors: Basil Willey, Dorothy Emmet, John Colmer, George Whalley, R. L. Brett, A. R. Jones, R. H. Fogle, J. A. Appleyard, John Beer. (R. L. Brett, Professor of English at the University of Hull, is the series editor.)
320 pp. ISBN 0 7135 1900 2 *£4·40 net*

Tennyson
Edited by D. J. PALMER

Contributors include: J. L. Madden, J. D. Jump, John Killham, Dr. John Dixon Hunt and Sir Charles Tennyson.
280 pp. ISBN 0 7135 1744 1 *£4.50 net*

6 Portugal St London WC2A 2HL

BELL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gain their attention; there is a constant give-and-take between all of them and me which makes speaking to a live audience so rewarding. But in television when I am speaking not to 400 but 4 million people, I can see nobody, though I must *pretend* I am talking to somebody. There is no dialogue between any of the 4 million and me, and if I were suddenly to stop people would think either that the autocue had broken down, or that I had had some sort of seizure.

Speaking to the camera on television is the least rewarding form of communication there is. Nor is it one that calls for the finely-turned phrase or carefully chosen word—which in any case one rarely has time to find. One tries to speak with the same informality as one does to a friend on the telephone. Those who yearn for the baroque periods of Winston Churchill should remember that that kind of language and that kind of delivery, great as it sounded at the time, belonged to a pre-television age.

WHAT THEN, has the levelling process meant? It has meant, I think, that we all speak now a more common tongue than we used to—even the accent of the upper classes (almost the only group of people to think they have no accent) is less marked than it was. And if the common speech is commoner in the sense that it is generally flatter and less distinctive, it is also commoner in the sense of being more widely shared. If the object of speech is communication, then it is surely undeniable that more elements of our society are communicating with each other more than before. (Whether, like Maine and Texas, they have anything to say, is of course another matter.)

Now this levelling process has not been reached without a price, and one of the prices we have had to pay, and I do not wish to baulk it, is the arrival of disc jockeys. Now before I say what I must about the disc jockeys, let me first say this. When Parliament decided to shut down the so-called "pirate pop stations"—in my view a foolish decision, they were doing an excellent job which they were well suited to do—what was the BBC to do? Were they going to deprive millions of this country's more moronic citizens of the sort of fare they so clearly wanted, presented to them in the way they wanted and to which, moreover, they had got accustomed? They decided (and for a public service broadcasting organisation it must have been an agonising decision) that they were not, and so the disc jockey on BBC's Radio 1 and, to a lesser extent, Radio 2 came into being.

There are many (and I am one) who do not feel that the BBC's disc jockeys have been an unqualified success. One reason, I think, is the *persona*, the very nature of the BBC itself, which—and people have not forgotten it—before and during the War built up a reputation for integrity that was world-wide. Now it is possible—and here, of course, I exaggerate—it is possible to set up a bawdy-house in the wing of a nunnery; but there are better venues to choose and the image of the old place is likely to suffer. Yet having made the step, the next thing surely to do was choose the best talent available, and this I cannot help feeling has not been done. One or two disc-jockeys are certainly admirable, having ease and warmth as well as sharp professionalism. Some others are passable, but the worst—and there are too many of the worst—are beyond all words. They have no respect for the English language, which they constantly mispronounce—I heard one speak the other day about the boase of a ship—they have no vocabulary apart from grunts with which to narrate or describe, no critical armoury with which to praise or condemn, and they seem wholly contemptuous of anything they do not understand, which in the case of most is a very great deal. I note in the press that Mrs Rosemary Driscoll of the Professional Association of Teachers is so convinced of the disastrous effect these morons must have been having on the written and spoken English of young children that she has persuaded her Association—and I don't imagine they needed much persuading—to set up an inquiry into it.

But let me indicate the way to a secret garden where the flowers are not scheduled to bloom for very much longer. If you twiddle the knob on the medium wave-band of a radio in London you will, sooner or later, pick up a voice of great melancholy—I think it is that of an engineer—who says something like this: "You are listening to a test transmission of the Independent Broadcasting Authority in preparation for the opening of its station in the autumn, in London." There then follows—before the announcement is repeated—some fifteen or twenty minutes of music, mostly popular, but entirely uninterrupted, indeed unsullied by the human voice. I cannot tell you the joy of it, and I urge you, as the poet Hopkins said, to get, have, hold before it cloy, before autumn comes with yet another blight of brash D.J.s.

I do not wish to do myself out of a job, but sometimes I ask myself; do we need the endless verbiage that flows out on the public airwaves night and day? Do we need to have repeated to us, every hour on the hour, and often on the half-hour too, tidings of some fresh disaster that has befallen our fellow travellers on this creaking planet? And will anyone join with me in making application for a radio station in which for 24 hours a day the human voice is never heard?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I mentioned the matter of mispronunciation which seems to me to be increasing, particularly in television; and I have jotted down some of the words that are most consistently mispronounced, and often by those who should know better. Firstly, the English words on which the stress should fall on the first syllable but which is placed instead on the second; i.e. con*tro*versy instead of *con*troversy, hos*pit*able instead of *hos*pitable, mis*chie*vous instead of *mis*chievous, sub*stant*ive instead of *subs*tantive, ex*quis*ite instead of *ex*quisite, har*ass*ment instead of *har*assment. An English Professor tells me that those without a grounding in classics and the structure of words simply find it easier to put the stress on the second syllable than the first.

Then there are words of two syllables which are similarly treated, *viz.*, As*cot* instead of *As*cot, ad*ult* instead of *ad*ult, hos*tess* instead of *hos*tess. There is a growing tendency to pronounce the word "absurd" as though spelt with a "z", the "d" in Wednesday is left out more often than left in, so is the "th" in months. And in case anyone thinks that I am blameless, I am told that I frequently pronounce the word that spells itself "EXILE", as though it were an island on which you can buy eggs.

IN ALL THE TIME I have worked in television and radio—which must be nearly twenty years—no producer of any programme I, or my close colleagues, have taken part in, ever took us to task for words we mispronounced. It could be that we never mispronounced any (which seems unlikely) or that the producers never noticed it (which seems more likely) or that they did notice it but thought it didn't matter (which seems more likely still). Whatever the reason, the disease is increasing daily and calls for a remedy; and it so happens that there is a remedy to hand. In the BBC there is a thing called the "Pronunciation Unit", and if you are uncertain whether it's Chumley or Chomley, quagmire or quogmire, or even bows or boase, this band of sisters is happy to advise. May I make a plea for their functions to be extended, for anyone in broadcasting or out, to inform them when they detect faulty pronunciation, and for them to inform the producer of the programme concerned what the correct pronunciation is? If some action of this kind is not taken soon, then the pronunciation of many words is going to alter permanently for no other reason than some people find it easier to stress the wrong syllable instead of the right one.

We must also be careful about how we use words. When I was an ITN newscaster at the time of Suez in 1956, I was shown a memo from

FASCISM

Paul Hayes

Clarifying the nature and origins of fascism in the 1920s and 30s and in today's Greece, Latin America and Africa, Paul Hayes places this political phenomenon in its historical and theoretical context.
£4.52: paperback £2.25

EDMUND BURKE

Frank O'Gorman

Burke's political thought developed out of the historical and political circumstances of the late eighteenth century. Dr. O'Gorman eschews hero-worship, offering instead a mordant, stimulating critique of Blake as a political thinker.
£3.50: paperback £1.90
Political Thinkers Series

GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some Government press office asking us not use the word *"invasion"* in connection with the affair. I refused, on the linguistic grounds that when troops, uninvited and fully armed, wade ashore on someone else's territory, and then go charging off into the interior yelling and shouting, there is no other word that describes their activities so precisely.

There is also a modern tendency to inflate words, like the phrase popularised by President Kennedy and now used increasingly by those being interviewed: "*In my judgment*" they say, as though they were God or Solomon, at least, when all they mean is "I think." Then there is the phrase "gunshot wounds" which until a few months ago meant exactly what it said, *i.e.* wounds from a shotgun, a gun that fired a cartridge containing pieces of shot. But today there is hardly a reporter or news commentator in Belfast or elsewhere who does not use the phrase, to describe not wounds caused by shot from a gun but wounds caused by bullets from a rifle. How this came about I do not know, but until the distinction is once again made clear, we have no means of knowing how much of the war in Northern Ireland is being fought on the level of shotguns, and how much on the level of rifles.

THE GREAT BROMIDE ABOUT TELEVISION, bruited about year after year until one could scream, is that it is "the most powerful and influential channel of communication in the world." Now if it were the only one—if there were no radio, newspapers, books, films, theatres, telephones, public meeting-places and all the other means of communication that exist in a democratic country —there might be some truth in the suggestion. As it is, there is none. I said earlier that to the extent of enlarging horizons, of showing people things they did not know before, it has been one of the educative forces of our time. But to suppose, as some do, that if once a thing is said often enough on television, people will come to believe it, is to confuse influence with size. Those who hold this view believe, in the same way as those who thought pornography would deprave and corrupt believed, that no one else but themselves has a mind of his own: they have not yet discovered what I call Ludo's law which is that the readiness to reject a given view is as great as the readiness to accept it; that most views simply reinforce existing prejudices.

If you doubt it, consider the *Express* newspapers in Britain which, ever since I can remember, have expressed with much passion and a readership of many millions political views which the electorate has consistently rejected. If Mr Edward Heath or Mr Harold Wilson were allowed on television to plug a certain policy unchallenged for month after month, year after year, we should all be horrified, not to say annoyed; yet in terms of votes cast I doubt if it would make the slightest difference one way or the other. Does anyone know of anyone who has been converted by a Party Political Broadcast —even including the ones I did for the Liberal Party in 1964 and 1966?

IT IS ALSO CLAIMED by the television-is-the-most-powerful-medium-in-the-world school that television creates its own violence, that *Black September* groups would not blow up aeroplanes in the desert or massacre athletes at Munich if they did not believe that the sight would make a fine spectacle on television and draw attention to their cause. But here, again, the assumption is that our reaction must be favourable, that the world will say: if these people are prepared to go to these lengths, they must have a just cause. A few have said this, but many more have said the opposite: that here is a bunch of dangerous lunatics against whom we must protect ourselves and with whom we will have no truck at all. Who thinks that Arab terrorist activities of the last few years have by one single inch advanced their cause?

It is claimed by the same school that pictures of the Viet Nam War, shown in American homes night after night, sapped the will of the American people to fight. But the will of the American people to fight had already been sapped by the growing belief that it was an immoral and unjust war which they couldn't win anyway, and the pictures they saw of it merely endorsed that belief. People forget that during the Second World War cinemas all over America showed night after night newsreels of the war in the Pacific; and far from these sapping the will of the American people to fight, they strengthened it, because that war, unlike the one in Viet Nam, they saw as a just and moral war, on the outcome of which depended their survival.

THE NEW SERVICE SOCIETY
Russell Lewis
A refreshing interpretation of society which runs counter to the intellectually fashionable doctrine of the so-called 'new industrial state'.
Publication: October 15th £3.25
Longman

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I BELIEVE THAT THE VIEW that television is not the monster people once feared is growing, that there is less hysteria about it, that people are watching it less promiscuously but more selectively. I have noticed over the years that viewers' letters have diminished in number and become less strident in tone; and all that, surely, is extremely healthy. I think that viewers have come to accept those of us who are professionals in the medium as being there simply to put the sort of questions they would want to put if they were in our places and had the sort of briefing that we have. And I would claim no more for any programme I took part in than that it had succeeded if it had made a handful of people better informed than they were before.

I am sorry politicians have not made better use of the medium. Mr Richard Crossman thinks that television "trivialises" politics; but he forgets that most of politics itself is trivial. There are few great issues left any more; politics today is about means not ends, priorities not issues, and these do not make for sparkling television.

Nor do I think the television studio at all suitable for political discussion. The broadcasting organisations in Britain continue to invite politicians to take part in current affairs programmes from time to time (though less than formerly); but this is more to keep in their good books than anything else. Differing views on management and trades unions, industrial affairs, inflation, economics, are best learnt from newspapers, even radio, rather than television. The tedium of listening to what is being said is enhanced by having to watch it as well, and after such a programme it is usually impossible to recall a word anybody said. Television is above all a medium of impressions, and its most useful contribution to politics is to show viewers what their legislators are *like*. But this tends to wear thin pretty soon, and politicians who consistently give an impression of not believing a word they say, like Mr Wilson and President Nixon, should ration their appearances on the box to the bare minimum.

One partial remedy lies in the politicians' own hands. It is to allow the cameras or, if that would upset them too much, the radio microphones into the only area of public debate in Great Britain where they are still forbidden. Historians of the future will think it extraordinary to learn that in 1973 while the representatives of any respectable (or even unrespectable) newspaper could be granted entry to Parliament to report its proceedings, cameras and microphones were still forbidden. It is fear that prevents Members of Parliament from making the experiment, fear that the semi-private, semi-mystical nature of their proceedings will have to undergo

500th

The 500th University Paperback is

The Complete Barrack-Room Ballads of Rudyard Kipling

Edited by Charles Carrington

This is the first collection ever to be published of all Kipling's 'barrack-room ballads'. The original title-volume contained, in fact, only a third or so of the total number. First published in 1892, it was for two generations the most popular folk poetry in the English language and was re-printed more than seventy times in Britain alone; favourite pieces were set to music, sung in the music halls and recited. In 1896 *The Seven Seas* appeared with further 'barrack-room ballads' and a third series – about the soldiers of the Boer War – was included in *The Five Nations*.
The collection is edited by Charles Carrington, Kipling's biographer, who includes a lucid introduction and explanatory notes.
£1.00; Hardback edition (Methuen): £2.00

From Methuen

Methuen's Handbooks of Archaeology

Egyptian Religion

Siegfried Morenz

Egyptian art, together with the cultural and political life of Ancient Egypt, reflects the influence of religion. This link between the human and the divine is the focal point of this thorough study, in which Professor Morenz introduces the gods and their worshippers, and the many ways in which they relate to Egyptian society and culture.
£7.50

French Tragic Drama in the 16th and 17th Centuries

Geoffrey Brereton

An acute and revealing survey of the history of French tragedy and tragicomedy from their origins in the sixteenth century to the last years of Louis XIV's reign.
£3.50; University Paperback: £1.90

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

too painful a change. Who can persuade them that their fears are groundless, that after the cameras and microphones have been installed a few months, they will forget there was a time when they were not there? Who remembers now that until only 15 years ago, no cameras or microphones were allowed to cover elections for fear of influencing voters? Who today remembers the absurd 14-day rule when television and radio could not discuss any issue within 14 days of it being debated in Parliament?

So for the moment we are to be denied seeing our politicians in Parliament where they are at their best, and must continue to put up with them in the studio where they are at their second-best. There they will continue to give predictable answers to predictable questions in a predictable way. Mr Heath will shake his shoulders and bare his teeth and continue to pronounce *our* as if it were spelt *air*. Mr Roy Jenkins at some juncture will say, "*I'm bound to say*", which he isn't, and Mr Jo Grimond at some other juncture will say, "*It simply isn't true*", which it may well not be, and Mr Harold Wilson will continue to have speech with his friend "Bert". Mr Wilson's friend "Bert" (who incidentally spells his name *But*), is an invisible man at the back of the studio, and when Mr Wilson has run out of breath in answering part of a question, he slips in with a quick "*Bert*" to give himself time to draw breath, think what he's going to say next, and prevent the interviewer from slipping in with a quick supplementary. Next time Mr Wilson is interviewed on television, do watch out for his friend Bert.

I BEGAN BY CALLING attention to the levelling effect the mass media have had, to the fact that we now share a more common language than we used to, and suggesting that on the whole this has been of beneficial effect. Let me end by suggesting that what has been happening nationally is beginning to happen internationally too. Basic English is becoming—if this is not a contradiction in terms—the *lingua franca* of the world.

Those of us who travel abroad for television have known for some time (and I cannot tell you what a godsend it has been) that to whatever remote and sweltering spot one is sent, someone speaking some kind of fractured English will be waiting at the end of the trail to explain who is doing what to whom. We are very fortunate. I often wonder how my colleagues in, say, Albanian or Finnish television get by, combing the streets of Londonderry and Salisbury and Phnom Penh for those who can sum up the situation in passable Albanian or Finnish.

And the extremes of basic world English are all the time narrowing. From 1776 or thereabouts American English and English English went their own ways. Today, thanks to satellites and jet travel (and perhaps even Mr David Frost), they are touching hands again. Thirty years ago the voice of an Englishman in America was inevitably the subject of inquiry and comment; today it is barely noticed. Mark you, there is still room for improvement. In New York the other day the Editor of *The Sunday Times* (London), Mr Harold Evans, said to a man behind a counter there, "Thank you for the ticket", to which he got the unexpected reply, "You say sumpen, wise guy?"

India, too, has its problems, for since the departure of the *Raj* a new generation of Indians has grown up whose English is clear to each other, but incomprehensible to any Englishman. Wales is also having difficulties, a situation foreseen 500 years ago by Mortimer when Shakespeare put into his mouth:

"*This is the deadly spite that angers me,*
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh."

On the European continent restaurateurs and hotel managers are doing their best to master the intricacies of our tongue, not always successfully. Gavin Maxwell found on a menu in Majorca the dish, "*Balls, Catalonian style*", which, wisely you may think, he avoided. Another visitor to Spain was offered for pudding: "Tart with rubber dog." A Swiss hotel warns its guests: "If you stray from the path, you risk a deadly fall or glide", while in Italy the other day Mr James Laver found at the bottom of a menu the word, "*C.I.S.*" He asked the waiter what it was, and the waiter said "Is what he says. Is *Chees*."

THESE ARE BUT little local difficulties, teething troubles that every advance in human development must in its early stages suffer. When the British Empire has long been forgotten, joined the Persian Empire, Roman Empire, Napoleonic Empire and all other dead Empires in history's attic, the English language will live on, Britain's most important and enduring legacy to the world. Its practitioners may no longer speak in the tones of Burke and Bunyan, Wesley and Gladstone, Churchill and Lloyd George, but they will at least—disc jockeys apart—have a fair idea of what they are saying. Just now it all seems a long way off, and as one moves the dial of one's transistor through the short-wave band and listens to its babel of voices, one remembers the words of Morse's first test transmission from Washington to Baltimore. "What hath God wrought" he sent. What indeed? But they do say that the darkest hour of the night comes before the dawn.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOTES & TOPICS

Letter from Germany

"Der Gastarbeiter"

By Theo Sommer

THERE ARE PROBLEMS which creep up on us and almost overwhelm us before we are quite aware of them. One of these is the problem of foreign workers in the Federal Republic of West Germany. Suddenly everyone is talking about our *Gastarbeiter*; President Heinemann, Chancellor Brandt and his cabinet have been expressing anxiety; four ministries in Bonn are tinkering with model solutions. Everyone who is not kidding himself or allowing himself to be deluded senses that the problem is far larger than the bureaucrats who are trying to deal with it.

Shamefacedly and mendaciously we call them "guest workers"—the false label is designed to avoid reawakening painful memories of the "foreign labour" compulsorily herded into Hitler's Germany in the Nazi days. The degree of hospitality afforded them, however, is modest in the extreme. They work hard but they never get something for nothing. This does not mean that they are badly off—but neither are we. Without them (according to the German Industrial Institute in Cologne) our production would be smaller, our exports lower, and our trade balance less favourable. Put more simply: we should all be worse off, our standard of living would fall, and our growth rate would not be so dynamic.

The problem has arisen comparatively recently. Initially West Germany had ten million deportees from the East and then three or four million refugees from the Russian zone of occupation. For the first fifteen post-War years this provided a full reservoir of labour for the "economic miracle", our *Wirtschaftswunder*. The massive influx of foreign workers only began when the late Walter Ulbricht made the frontier between the two German states watertight by building the Berlin Wall. In 1960 there were only 300,000 "guest workers"; by 1965 there were over a million, and by 1971 over two million. Since then the figure for legal foreign immigrant workers has risen to 2·4 million and by the end of 1973 it will be between 2½ and 3 million. In addition there are 100,000 illegal immigrants and approximately one million dependants.

Already this means that of those employed in Western Germany today a good 10% are foreigners. Since the figure has doubled in the last four years, it is perfectly possible that, unless a stop is put to this process, by the end of the 1970s the proportion will be 20%—a percentage already reached in some of the more densely populated areas. In Baden-Württemberg, for instance, 17% of those employed hold a foreign passport; in that area today every fifth baby is a foreigner and in five years time the same will be true of every first-termer at school. The situation is similar in Munich; in the Kreuzberg district of Berlin one inhabitant in three is a Turk, and in Wolfsburg one in eleven an Italian.

Our German situation is still not as critical as that of Switzerland where there are one million foreigners out of 6.2 million inhabitants. But we are well on the way towards it. In Turkey alone 1.2 million men are waiting for a West German work-permit. Workers from all countries are piling into the Federal Republic—22% are Turks, 20% Jugoslavs, 18% Italians, 11.5% Greeks, 8% Spaniards, along with some Tunisians and Moroccans. Now and again one hears it said that we shall soon have to import Africans and Asians if we are to keep up the perpetual motion of our economic growth.

ALTHOUGH PEOPLE in the Federal Republic have not yet realised it, the problem of these *Gastarbeiter* is our Number One social problem today. It is not so much that of the disgraceful (and criminal) manifestations associated with this modern migration—the exploitation methods used by the wily sharks who cheat on the payroll for foreigners, crowd them into shacks unfit for human habitation while charging them exorbitant rents or hold them in semi-peonage, profiting from their innocence, gullibility, and ignorance of the language. The real problem is their treatment by the respectable elements of society and the official governmental agencies. These immigrant workers still remain barred from our opulent social democracy. Politically too they have little contact with our liberal legal order. In their day-to-day existence all it produces for them are social handicaps and arbitrary decisions. These people are needed but not really wanted.

This is the only explanation of our West German pretence that we are not really a

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

country for immigrants. Since we need our "guest workers" not only to raise our standard of living but to maintain it, to empty our dustbins, assemble our motor-cars and build our roads, we cannot and ought not to prevent the people who do all these things for us from obtaining their civic rights. At present 13% of foreign workers want this, and this proportion will rise.

On the other hand our absorptive capacity is not, in fact, limitless. Surely we will be forced to take steps to check, or at least to canalise, the further influx of foreign workers—if we are not to run the risk, with our eyes open, of seeing more and more overcrowded areas in more and more of our ancient cities culminating in the establishment of foreign ghettos in more and more of our villages. Who would wish to see a depressed proletariat living in hopelessly out-of-date conditions, which we should regard as unworthy of human beings? More than halfway through the 20th century our egoism should not lead us to hold foreign workers prisoner like casual coolies or semi-serfs in pre-capitalist 19th-century conditions. This has nothing to do with insistence on *Deutschtum*, on German race and nationality. It is not a question of a nationalist, even racist population policy but of human rights and social progress. Do we want a "nigger" population in an under-privileged no-man's-land, or do we want fellow-citizens?

Overall demographic calculations also suggest the necessity of immigration control. Previously it was taken as axiomatic that the employment of foreign workers could only lead to advantages. Today a large question-mark must be placed against this line of argument. Almost half of all the "guest workers" are married and have spent more than five years in the Federal Republic. Their effective assimilation—and the setting-up of the necessary infrastructure—leads to considerable social expenditure which one day soon will quite outweigh the gain in economic growth —expenditure on housing, schooling, vocational training, health service, transport, and so forth.

This much is surely obvious: if there is to be no direction of labour market policy, the problems of social infrastructure, difficult enough already, will become completely insoluble. In Munich alone provision of council houses for the 220,000 foreign workers would cost four thousand million marks in addition to the maintenance of 1,500 social workers and 800 interpreters. The investment costs of maintaining one "guest worker" on the lowest and most miserable standard of living are estimated to be about 30,000 marks; if he is fully integrated and entitled to use all "infrastructure facilities" this figure rises to 150,000–200,000 marks.

As a result of calculations like this Germans, particularly in Bavaria and Schleswig-Holstein, have hit upon the idea that the foreigners should simply be packed off home as soon as the difficulties begin to mount—at the latest after five years. What is this but an example of pure administrative inhumanity? The catchword "rotation" is mere camouflage for the cynical view that problems are best solved at the expense of the weak and the injured.

This will not do. Instead of rotation we should admittedly have some check on any further influx—but, on the other hand, we should integrate all those who wish to assimilate: they must become fellow-citizens. Both socially and legally the doors of our country must be opened as wide as possible to those who wish to integrate. In doing so we should reflect that we shall be carrying out a secular process analogous to that of the American 19th-century "melting-pot"—it could just be that a new European human being will emerge from the melting-pot of a new age.

Why do we have no open-ended labour agreements with the normal safeguards against cancellation? Why are foreigners still subject to ill-defined, enervating, authoritarian regulations under which they can be packed off home without more ado—merely because they want to settle permanently in our midst (this, according to the Bavarian Administrative Court, is supposed to be "prejudicial to the interests of the state")? Why, even if they have been with us for five years, do we deny to people originating from non-Common Market countries the privileges we allow to nationals of Common Market countries? Why do we not allow anyone who has been here ten years and can produce certain qualifications to opt for German citizenship? Why has no one ever investigated whether the foreign 10% of our population could not be given some proxy representation in parliament (the *Bundestag* already includes deputies with proxy voting rights from Berlin)? Why has there been no enquiry into the foreign worker problem which at least would at last provide some reliable statistical data? Why has there been no major debate in the *Bundestag*, no governmental commission to devote itself to our major social problem with the intensity which the "protection of our environment" or our defence structure is considered to merit?

There will be no easy or simple solution; it is too late for that. The recent wildcat strikes in the Ruhr which based themselves on Turkish "masses" suggested the inherent dangers. (The *Juso* militants approved, Willy Brandt's official SPD disapproved.) Already the foreigners in our midst are rebelling against inequity at the production line, the drudgery of our modern sweatshops. In Cologne and elsewhere they have recently risen up against the indifference of Trade Union leaders and the callousness of establishment politicians. The wildcat strikes they instigated should provide a sombre warning of worse to come—unless we rise to the challenge. The *Gastarbeiter* problem has caught Germany unawares; nevertheless we must not succumb to it.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Andrey Sinyavsky arrives in Paris

By Hélène Zamoyska

"LITERATURE IS MORE IMPORTANT than life itself. . . ." This was in the year 1947. The Russian student walking with me through the snowy streets of Moscow spoke with passion, as if every word affected his very existence. I didn't know very much of him; I merely knew that he was in the third year of his philosophy degree, that he belonged to the KOMSOMOL (the Communist youth movement), and that he talked continuously and incessantly about Communism, Russian literature, and religion. Once he confided to me that his father had come of an aristocratic family but had broken with it in order to become active in the Social-revolutionary party; and also that his father bequeathed to him two overriding ideas: poverty was a virtue, and one should be first and foremost of service to other people.

Years went by. I can still remember the room stuffed full of books and ikons in which, about 1957, Sinyavsky and his wife would welcome me at any time of the day or night. Andrey had meanwhile become a professor at the university. At the same time he was working at the Research Institute for international literature. He still expressed himself with the same vehemence. But there was a new credo which he kept on repeating: "Our era and our life are fantastic—the universe is fantastic—literature must therefore be fantastic too. . . ."

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO a short agency report announced that Andrey Sinyavsky, the Russian poet, had arrived in Paris. The journalists went after him but he evaded them. He is now living, with his family, in the house of Hélène Zamoyska north of Toulouse. It was Hélène Zamoyska who first called attention to Sinyavsky over twenty years ago. She was then Mlle. Peltier, the daughter of the French Military Attaché in Moscow, and was studying Russian literature at the university there. It was she who first made Sinyavsky's work known in the West. ENCOUNTER *first published his work in English ("The Trial Begins . . ." January 1960; "The Icicle: A Winter's Tale", February 1962; "Pkhentz", April 1966; "On Boris Pasternak", April 1966; "On Evtushenko", April 1967). Mme. Zamoyska reports the poet's surprising arrival in the West and of his first steps in a world new to him.*

10 August 1973. In the concourse of the Gare du Nord in Paris the heat was stifling. Up to the very last moment I kept asking myself: Is he really on the train? What could be more inconceivable than that this man, coming from another world, should turn up here in the West? The fact was that he had indomitable determination and that he had decided, once and for all, to sacrifice everything else in order to be able to write. Everything else stemmed from this one decision. From the moment that decision had been taken there were for him no other political or aesthetic rules. He kept writing the truth as he saw it. His manuscripts, which had little prospect of seeing the light of day in Moscow, were sent regularly to France. In February 1959 an unsigned article on Socialist Realism appeared in *Esprit*.[1] Only later was it learnt that Andrey Sinyavsky was the author. Other pieces followed, although at this time there was still no "market"—if I may use the word—for Soviet underground writers. Those who published in the West stories written by Sinyavsky and his friend Yuli Daniel, knew more or less nothing about either of them.

They only learnt who the two men were when both were arrested in 1965. They were placed on trial and steadfastly refused to admit that they were guilty. In their eyes it was no "crime", as the indictment put it, that they should wish to write freely, under no form of coercion, and should send their manuscripts to be published abroad under pseudonyms. In the West their heavy prison sentences aroused considerable indignation, admittedly ephemeral but genuine nevertheless.[2] Who are these men, people asked, who in the midst of this vast unknown world called Russia, were trying to write as they please, to record what they consider to be true?

The answer was not long in coming. Sinyavsky and Daniel had a taste of life in a labour camp and two years after his imprisonment the Soviet authorities offered Sinyavsky his release—but he refused unless his friend Daniel was released at the

[1] Abram Tertz, *On Socialist Realism*. Introduction by Czeslaw Milosz. (Tr. George Dennis. Pantheon, New York 1960.)

[2] See *On Trial: The Case of Sinyavsky (Tertz) and Daniel (Arzhak)*. Edited by Leopold Labedz and Max Hayward (Collins and Harvill Press, 1967.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

same time. Sinyavsky was ultimately freed five years and nine months after his arrest. He immediately applied to be permitted to leave Russia with his dependants. He received no answer. Months passed. Relationships between the Soviet intellectuals and the authorities were becoming daily more strained, and Sinyavsky did not think that he would ever be given permission to go abroad. And then, in a mysterious way, he got it overnight. To this day he does not know why. Up to the very last moment he wondered whether it really could be true.

I saw them on the platform coming towards me and was surprised that they looked like any other passengers. Neither he nor his wife had changed, although it was ten years since we had seen each other in Russia. His eyes were still the same, strange and somewhat distant; he still laughed somewhat shyly but nevertheless merrily. Maria, his wife, had hardly taken ten steps before she was telling of all the minor obstacles and vexations associated with their departure and the journey; and soon everyone around within earshot was laughing. I looked at Sinyavsky's eight-year-old son whom I had never seen. Mathilda, their little dog, who was also with them, apparently sensed nothing unusual in the whole scene.

DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS I showed Andrey round Paris. He looked at everything with the quiet passionate interest which has always characterised him. "How odd it is," he said, "that everything seems as if I knew it well. I had always dreamed of this city, never believing that I would ever come to know it. And now the imaginary and the unattainable had suddenly become reality. With my own eyes I'm seeing things which were only names to me, which rang in my ears like music, places which I only knew from treasured books. What I like most are the *bouquinistes* and the *quais* along the Seine, these trees and this light which is new to me. And yet I do not have the impression that I am discovering all this now, at this moment. It is as if I had returned to my childhood. One thing is certain. You and I are not children of the same culture, this culture which everybody simply inhales here though he may not realise it. . . ."

In the train on the way to Toulouse he registered similar astonishment. "Good God, there are still woods and uninhabited areas here. I was so afraid that you had . . . [and he searched for the word] become a little too civilised here." His eyes followed the countryside, the houses and people's faces with passionate interest. Behind the humdrum features he was trying to detect in the faces the secrets which he suspected lay hidden there. Suddenly I too was looking at France through different spectacles. In a mysterious way, for me it had somehow changed. I sensed that in Andrey's eyes this country too was part of a "fantastic universe," like the Russian forests or the Siberian labour camp huts.

As far as I remember Andrey had always looked at the world in this way. How could it have been otherwise? He lived in a world without laws, a profoundly irrational and arbitrary world concealed under an ostensibly rigid monolithic structure. His choice of a pseudonym, *"Abram Tertz"*, had been a deliberate one. It was the name of the "hero" in a song about a robber band. From the outset he had decided that, as an author, he would live under this name, the name of a man who was outlawed because he was a Jew and a bandit. His choice was well calculated to enrage the well-meaning experts of socialist realism.

His first stories and novellas described a disjointed, grotesque world, almost Picassoesque. But his concept was not, literally, absurd. His world is only ostensibly topsy-turvy; he is indomitably determined to see things clearly, for his is an almost fanatical quest for the significance of the life of the individual, a meaning which could restore to his world its cohesion and its indestructibility. As time went on Sinyavsky's style changed. He had discovered that, behind the apparent rigidity of the Soviet system, human beings were surviving and acting as they have done from time immemorial. In his "Lyubimov, Beloved City" he followed the tradition of popular Russian story-telling and applied it with ice-cold logic to the present-day Soviet world; a sort of secret humour began to appear.

During these years, moreover, he had been moving around a great deal. He discovered his own passion for old Russian culture, the source of which he considered to be the art of the mediaeval churches and ikons. Who can say what was happening to his inner life during this period? One day he allowed himself to be baptised. He is still silent on that subject.

When his *Pensées impromptues*[3] appeared in France, he was still in prison. Now he says: "I was really happy there because I found something which had always attracted and excited me: the world of outlaws and a world of faith. In a labour camp a man's character is laid bare, free of all superficialities and reduced to its essentials. It emerges in wordless clarity. . . ."

"Everyone does not react like you," I said. "After all you would not maintain that labour camps were something good in themselves, would you?"

Through a little window he looked out on water-lilies in a pond: "Of course not. I have

[3] *Unguarded Thoughts*. Tr. Manya Harari. (Collins & Harvill Press 1972.)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nothing to add to what I have already said about the camps. A labour camp injures and mutilates, sometimes forever. Everything there is an extreme, both the evil and the good. What I want to say is that, in the last analysis, anyone who can stand up to it must be an exceptional being. . . ." He proposes to discuss this in his next book, *The Voice of the Heart.*

THERE IS NOTHING about which he refuses to talk, neither the living conditions nor the day-to-day brutalities of the camp. Many of his fellow-inmates had been arrested twenty-five years ago, some on a charge of "Nationalism", others simply because of their Christian faith. He even met one old man who confided to him one day how long he had been in the camp—forty years! Sometimes Sinyavsky chuckled as he told a story. "The prisoners often formed little groups according to their national or literary inclinations. . . ." He was silent for a moment and then added: "We could then argue interminably about the significance of Pushkin. . . ."

He did not, of course, paint a rosy picture of life in the camp nor of his fellow-prisoners. The latter included men of all sorts of political views—Communists, monarchists, fascists, liberals, war criminals. He described them with cool common sense but never quite dispassionately. As best he could, he had tried to understand them—every one of them.

His voice took on a serious tone when he referred to a man whose name is quite unknown, a very young orthodox priest named Boris Salyvako. "He was the very incarnation of a priest. He lived only for his faith and for prayer." I asked what had become of Salyvako. Calmly Andrey replied: "He is dying in Vladimir prison." A shade of sadness and fear clouded his eyes and, turning to me, he said: "Is there any possibility of saving him? Could one try to rouse public opinion?"

Public opinion. What is public opinion? Andrey is in process of discovering it. He was extremely surprised by the excitement caused by his arrival in the West. The significance of news in a Western society was something quite foreign to him. He was not prepared for it. He would merely have been amused by it, had he not himself been the object of this stormy curiosity. After a hot hectic day during which the house had been besieged by journalists and photographers he quoted with wry humour Boris Pasternak's line: "Fame is not an attractive thing. . . ."

He sensed, however, that the interest taken in him was not mere superficial newsiness. On the second day after his arrival we emerged from the *Conciergerie* after a long walk round the Ile de la Cité. Two young tourists, Polish students from Katowice, recognised him and spoke a few words to him in Russian to "thank him for his books." Sinyavsky was thunderstruck—this was the first time in his life that unknown readers had accosted him. Since his arrival he has been receiving letters from all over the world, and he is overwhelmed. He never thought for a moment that other people actually knew of his existence, for he knew more or less nothing about what was going on "outside." But none of this goes to his head. He knows that an author is no film-star and that people can only base their opinion of him on his writings; and now he proposes to devote himself to his new books.

Sinyavsky stands, needless to say, on the threshold of a new existence. He is under no illusions about the difficulties which await him. He is too clear-sighted to look at France through rose-coloured spectacles. Above all he knows that he will have difficulties with his freedom, the sole obstacle which he has not yet met. "When one writes in secret, whether one is actually free or in a labour camp, danger imparts excitement to the process of writing. Since the mind is wonderfully concentrated, one gets down to the essence of the subject. Under these circumstances writing is living. Words produce an ice-cold detachment down to one's very bones. Writing becomes a matter of life or death. . . . Here it will all be quite different."

He is not anxious, for he has only one purpose: "I have not come here to amuse myself but to work. Freedom is too precious a possession to be squandered."

He will try to speak for those who will remain for ever in his memory: the prisoners in the labour camps, his friends, the landscape of his native country. He has only left that which is officially called Russia: the real Russia is inside him, and he wants nothing better than to testify to her immortality.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAVISTOCK

World of Man Series

The Birth of the Clinic

MICHEL FOUCAULT

Translated from the French by A. M. Sheridan Smith

Two years after the publication of **Histoire de la Folie**, Foucault followed with **Naissance de la Clinique** in which he examined the origins of modern clinical medicine, focusing on the rapid and total transformation of the epistemological basis of thought that occurred at the turn of the eighteenth century. Here he indicates the way whereby medical theory and practice responded to this change. **£4.20**

Radical Psychology

Edited by **PHIL BROWN**

Psychology, like other areas of enquiry, is a subject which may be used and manipulated to specific social and political ends. This volume gathers together a body of writings which represent a tradition of disaffection with the orthodox aims of psychology. Contributors include R. D. Laing, Thomas Szasz, Wilhelm Reich, Frantz Fanon and Erving Goffman. **£4.25**; Social Science Paperback: **£1.40**

Support, Innovation and Autonomy

Tavistock Clinic Golden Jubilee Papers

Edited by **ROBERT GOSLING**

A collection of studies – arising from the Tavistock Clinic's Golden Jubilee Conference in 1970 – of how human independence and enterprise develop, and how these qualities can best be managed within a framework of security and support. **£4.60**

A New Social Science Paperback

Behavioural Worlds

The Study of Single Cases

P. G. HERBST **£1.50**

METHUEN

The Behavioural Physiology of Animals and Man

Selected Papers Volume I

ERICH VON HOLST

Translated by Robert Martin

Von Holst, a founder of behavioural physiology, was a brilliant experimentalist. The papers presented in this volume – few of which have been translated into English before – will be welcomed by all students and researchers in the field of human and animal behaviour, biology and neurology. **£6.50**

Logics and Languages

M. J. CRESSWELL

A detailed and original attempt to show that methods developed for the semantics of systems of formal logic can be successfully applied to problems about the semantics of natural languages. **£4.90**

A Treatise on Time and Space

J. R. LUCAS

An important and comprehensive study which discusses in considerable detail the philosophical, mathematical, physical, historical, logical and theological aspects of our understanding of time and space. **£7.00**

An Introduction to Confirmation Theory

RICHARD SWINBURNE

This book seeks to develop a coherent approach to the subject and to solve some disputed questions while introducing the reader to major writings in the field of the last twenty years. **£3.90**

An Objective Theory of Probability

D. A. GILLIES

This book presents a new philosophical theory of probability which takes as its starting point von Mises' view, regarding probability theory as a mathematical science and probability as an objective, measurable concept. **£3.50**

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Special Book Section

Philosophy & Psychology

Anglo-Saxon Approaches

Reforming our Philosophical Positions—By BEDE RUNDLE

IF YOU ARE UNWILLING to take the trouble to work out what, if anything, is distinctive of recent philosophical practice in the English-speaking world, simply identify that practice as "linguistic philosophy" or "philosophy of ordinary language", think of some of the more unfavourable connotations of these labels—*e.g.*, "a concern with mere words"—condemn this philosophy as accordingly bankrupt, and offer, perhaps, some sociological reflections on how this degeneration of a great intellectual tradition has come to flourish in our time. If you are prepared to descend to the level of the particular, group together philosophers as different as Wittgenstein and Austin, but treat them identically. Above all, be sure that any shortcomings in the arguments of any individual philosopher are represented as fundamental failings of an entire school or movement.

Perhaps no single account of contemporary philosophy has conformed to this pattern in all respects, but the component manoeuvres are as familiar as they are misconceived. When, in particular, a common denominator is sought in the writings of the leading figures of the last few decades, the prospects of a useful characterisation seem, to anyone familiar with the works of these men, exceedingly remote. Certainly, given the important differences which separate these figures, it is obscure why anyone should suppose the advantages to lie with a general rather than an individual approach. The craving for generality which Wittgenstein saw as underlying the distortions of traditional philosophy is, regrettably, as much in evidence in descriptions of what is going on in the subject.

On the other hand, if we leave aside the major figures and look at the general run of articles and books which make up current Anglo-Saxon philosophical literature, we do find that there is to some degree a uniformity of aims and approach, and while anything we may identify here as typical is unlikely to be very specific, what emerges is not so broad that it fails to mark a difference with philosophy in other traditions. As has often been observed, the uniformity is not one of theses being defended, but lies more in an acceptance of the necessity of clarity and accuracy to the attainment of philosophical understanding. A less sympathetic analysis might suggest that these requirements have been recognised throughout the history of the subject, and that what is more typical of present-day philosophy is its pedantry and triviality. It is certainly true that clarity and accuracy are not recently discovered virtues, and it is not difficult to find current writings with the vices mentioned. However, there is nowadays a more conscious concern with the virtues and a greater standard of rigour demanded with respect to them. Furthermore, the defects encountered in much philosophising reflect, I would suggest, limitations in individual abilities and the sheer difficulty of the subject, rather than defects in any general programme of philosophical analysis.

DISILLUSIONMENT with contemporary philosophy is often a matter of unwillingness to accept that a traditional position is as confused or groundless as it has proved to be, a matter of wanting the subject to yield results which would run counter to anything which can rationally be asserted at this time. Philosophers have learned only too often that writing which gives an initial impression of excitement and profundity reveals when dissected a dependence on a pretentious and obfuscating use of language to achieve this effect; stripped of its verbiage, it is found to harbour

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

no more than obvious, unexciting truths and plain falsehoods. Where philosophers could be of more general service is in exposing like deficiencies in other areas. It is seldom realised outside the subject just how devastating criticism of the basis of religious belief has been, and there is scope for a similar treatment of sociology, psychology, literary criticism, and several other subjects.

The way in which the demand for clarity and accuracy has transformed philosophy is seen in the consequent breakdowns and reformulations of philosophical positions, and the degree to which problems have thus become more manageable is a measure of the progress made in various branches of the subject. As an illustration of this point let us consider a question in "ontology", a question, that is, concerning what exists. In reading many older philosophers, for instance the Russell of *The Problems of Philosophy,* we find that philosophical issues are presented very much as highly general empirical issues in which the meanings of the terms defining the problem are clear enough, the question being essentially one as to the truth-value of a certain proposition. So, we ask, do universals exist? Some philosophers think they do, others think they do not. Still others are uncertain how to answer. But at least we are, it is supposed, presented with a sufficiently well defined question for there to be the possibility of a dispute with respect to the answer, for one party to be right, the other wrong.

To take Russell's example, the proposition "Edinburgh is north of London" is said to present us with a universal, the relation "north of." We can say of Edinburgh and London that they exist, but can we say the same of the universal? At this stage Russell answers Yes, following with the observation that such a universal, while something, is neither in space nor time, neither material nor mental. He does give some attention to the crucial question, what is meant by saying that the universal exists, but not nearly enough, given the unintelligibility of "does *north of* exist?". As it stands, this does not have a meaning; it has to be given one. So, we might suggest, for the relation to exist is for it to hold in at least one case—for Edinburgh to actually be north of London, or for something or other to be north of something else. Or, we may not require that it actually hold, but that it *could* hold between two places or things, that something should count as one thing being north of another. This is by no means the end of the issue, since these possibilities in turn call for closer examination, but at least we now have a number of propositions which we can understand. Similarly, it would be premature to leap to the defence or attack of such pronouncements as "time is unreal", "colours are in things", and "the English language is inconsistent." So far no clear issues have been presented.

THE CONCERN with preliminary clarification represents one of the most important features of contemporary philosophising. Unfortunately, it is not a feature which is as yet universal, but, especially in the Russellian tradition, there is a lingering tendency to be impatient with such preliminaries, to think of philosophical questions concerning existence, say, as just like more general versions of ordinary queries, such as "do moas exist?". Indeed, much "ontologising" among philosophers in this tradition seems to be based on something like the following recipe: you subject ordinary language to gross distortions, reading your own confusions into its innocent idioms; you then dismiss these idioms because of what you claim to have found them to imply, and you replace them by a formulation in which deviant uses of English expressions are coupled with the symbolism of formal logic, presenting the result as a significant technical advance over the incoherences of ordinary language. A good example here is the way in which events are sometimes dealt with. The question, "are there events?", would surely mean no more than "does anything ever happen?", a question which can only have the answer Yes. However, there is a shift to an interpretation along the lines of "are events entities?", and not surprisingly the semi-technical term "entity" presents us with an issue whose sense is no longer clear and leaves the way open for a semi-formal version which retains these obscurities, or alternatively, an explicit rejection of the ordinary notion of an event. In similar fashion it is supposed that talk about the meaning of a word must be talk about some kind of entity, and since the nature of that entity is deemed to be obscure, our normal use of "meaning" is rejected or severely qualified.

It is not generally considered a great loss if ordinary language is thus crippled, since the philosopher's concern is supposedly with something far grander: a language for science. However, while a semblance of scientific exactitude may be conveyed by the use of symbolism, this is frequently a cover-up for confusions, poverty of thought, and a refusal to take the task of analysis seriously. Similarly, the appeal to (supposed) scientific procedures, such as that of "postulating entities" for the sake of a fruitful "theory", is often misconceived—as if postulation, rather than outright assertion, were sufficient acknowledgment of the unclarity infecting an existential proposition, when, clearly, we are not in a position to consider any such postulation until the terms in which it is couched are understood.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This movement in contemporary philosophy, more popular in North America than in Great Britain, is often contrasted with so-called "Oxford philosophy" or "ordinary language philosophy"; and rightly so, given the low value which, in practice, it attaches to the virtues mentioned above, though the description "ordinary language" is not altogether satisfactory, since the concern has been predominantly with the language in which a problem is stated—which does not of necessity mean ordinary language—rather than with an analysis of ordinary language for its own sake. Although I believe that advances in our understanding of difficult philosophical notions must precede the formalisations which are offered as the goal of philosophical enquiry, this does not mean that such formalisations have nothing to offer. We may be sceptical of the contribution of formal logic to the resolution of philosophical questions, outside the philosophy of mathematics, but in time something may well emerge from this pursuit. Indeed, much of the work done here, such as research in modal logic or tense-logic, is potentially, if not actually, a useful supplement to philosophical analysis of the relevant notions, and even when its relevance in this connection is not obvious, it has a fascination in its own right.[1]

THE APPROACH to philosophical problems which leans heavily on formal logic and which sees the construction of artificial languages or the formal reconstruction of natural languages as a major goal is in some respects quite close to the approach to language found among those who are concerned with the grammar of natural languages. As is well known, there has been an extraordinary ferment of ideas on the nature of languages and grammar, largely as a result of the work of Noam Chomsky. The ideas which have developed here, still very much in a state of flux, lend themselves to a formal approach, and to some extent an approach which makes use of technicalities already available from logic. Once more, however, the extent of the benefits to philosophy is a matter for the future to decide. Modern linguistics has been offered as a cure for many of the philosophical ills which have proved resistant to other

[1] W. V. O. Quine's *World and Object* (M.I.T. and Wiley, 1960), is the best known text in which the programme of translation from English to logical symbolism is pursued. Logic itself may be studied in Wesley C. Salmon's *Logic* (Prentice-Hall, £1.55). A. N. Prior, *Past, Present and Future* (Oxford University Press, 1967), and G. E. Hughes and M. J. Cresswell, *An Introduction to Modal Logic* (Methuen, 1968), provide introductions to tense-logic and the logic of possibility and necessity respectively.

Sarah Ferguson

A Guard Within

Sarah Ferguson's exploration of the peculiar pain and dilemma, and isolation inflicted on human beings through suddenly not knowing what they are about, was not written to be read yet is an unforgettable book—an undisguised document of human suffering. £2·50.

Published by The Hogarth Press in association with the Institute of Psycho-Analysis:

J. Laplanche and J.-B. Pontalis

The Language of Psycho-Analysis

translated by Donald Nicholson-Smith

The authors have compiled this reference work, which consists of more than mere definitions, in order to clarify the technical terminology of psycho-analysis which has arisen from Freud's distortion of language for it to yield the meanings and insights he required. IPAL 94. £6·50.

John Bowlby

Separation, Anxiety and Anger

Volume Two of Attachment and Loss

'As usual his presentation is at once lucid and scholarly. Whether the reader agrees with the view he takes or not the treatise is well worth studying.'
Brian Kirman *B.M.J.*
'It is difficult to exaggerate the importance of Dr Bowlby's work as a whole.'
Anthony Storr *Sunday Times*

IPAL 95. £4·50.

Chatto & Windus

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treatments, but so far nothing very definite has crystallised, and there is often a strong suspicion that redescription and terminological innovation are mistaken for genuine explanation. Furthermore, the framework in which the proposed solutions are presented is itself an obvious candidate for philosophical scrutiny. To take just one example, the conception of grammatical rules as "theoretical constructs", descriptive, perhaps, of the "structure of the mind", provokes the same urgent demand for elucidation as talk elsewhere of postulating various entities as explanatory constructs. However, whether or not they should owe much to the efforts of generative grammarians, I would expect grammatical researches to be in time a fruitful source of philosophical illumination, much more than the researches which take formal logic as their starting-point—though I would expect the returns to come from the accumulation and analysis of linguistic data, not from the speculative psychologism with which this analysis is sometimes interwoven.[2]

AN ASPECT OF THE PHILOSOPHY of language which is closer to the interests of the grammarians than the logicians is to be found in the work of J. L. Austin. Austin wrote on a range of topics, and his general influence is still much alive in the concern for detail and accuracy, but at present it is his work on speech acts which is the object of greatest attention, as in recent writings of J. R. Searle and P. F. Strawson which take ideas from Austin's *How to Do Things with Words* as their starting-point.[3] The study of speech acts connects not only with questions concerning truth and other central notions in the philosophy of language, but it also ties up with issues in moral philosophy. I think it is true to say that moral philosophy is rather quiescent at present, with less of the vigorous debate which was apparent when R. M. Hare's *The Language of Morals* defined the main position which philosophers were bent on attacking or defending. Perhaps, as is sometimes suggested, the subject waits upon developments in the philosophy of mind, though I would myself think that the most pressing problems concern the dispute between utilitarians and non-utilitarians. This seems to me, both in practice and in theory, the most fundamental divide.

I MENTIONED ABOVE that the breakdown of traditional philosophical questions into a number of separate and clearer issues gave a measure of the degree of progress which has been made in some areas, but another yardstick, though one less widely recognised, would in many cases be that of the extent to which progress has been made on certain basic questions concerning knowledge, meaning and truth. As already indicated, earlier philosophy often exhibited an unreflecting treatment of such questions as "do universals exist?", these being envisaged as on a par with ordinary requests for information, rather than as containing their solution in their appropriate analysis: it is hard to see how one could both clarify the question and still be perplexed as to its right answer, or at least as to where it was to be sought. A similar naïvety is evidenced in a certain picture of the world which is accepted uncritically by many even though it defines what should be regarded as a fundamental problem.

Before explaining this claim, a few observations on the philosophy of mind are in place. This is an area in which the influence of Wittgenstein is almost entirely dominant, the one exception being on the question of physicalism, the identity of mental events with events in the nervous system. We are still too close to Wittgenstein to be able to give a balanced assessment of his philosophy, though as more and more of his work is published and assimilated it is becoming easier to appreciate its scope and the extent of his development from the *Tractatus* period through the *Philosophical Investigations* to the final work, *On Certainty*. The *Investigations*, the major work of his later period, proved difficult to understand initially, and even now many of his ideas are only beginning to be grasped. We may notice here a comparable development with his *Remarks on the Foundations of Mathematics*. This received a lukewarm reception on its publication in 1964, but if the history of the *Investigations* is any guide, it may prove that the ideas which were dismissed as the unfortunate lapses of a great mind will in time receive a more sympathetic response.[4]

Wittgenstein's treatment of topics in the philosophy of mathematics goes hand in hand with his approach to the philosophy of mind to the extent that questions of meaning and truth are

[2] A readable account of his ideas with a bias towards the philosophical issues is Chomsky's *Language and Mind* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1968), and a useful supplement is John Lyon's *Chomsky* (Fontana, 1970).

[3] See J. R. Searle, *Speech Acts* (Cambridge University Press, 1970), and Sir Isaiah Berlin *et al.*, *Essays on J. L. Austin* (Oxford University Press, £3). Strawson's essays on a range of topics are usefully collected in his *Logico-Linguistic Papers* (Methuen, 1971).

[4] Three valuable, though very different accounts of Wittgenstein's work are P. M. S. Hacker, *Insight and Illusion: Wittgenstein on Philosophy and the Metaphysics of Experience* (Oxford University Press, £4.25), David Pears, *Wittgenstein*, (Fontana, 1971), and Anthony Kenny, *Wittgenstein* (Allen Lane, £3).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Philosophy from Oxford

The Sense of God

Sociological, Anthropological, and Psychological Approaches to the Origin of the Sense of God

John Bowker

How do human beings arrive at their sense, or senses, of God? The author suggests a new way of understanding religions and concludes that the behavioural sciences, so far from dissolving the possible reality of reference in the term 'God', seem to demand that possibility if sense is to be made of their own evidence. £5 paper covers £1·75

A Theory of Justice

John Rawls

In 'the most substantial and interesting contribution to moral philosophy since the war' (Stuart Hampshire, *New York Review of Books*) Professor Rawls sets out the principles of justice that free and rational persons would accept in an initial position of equality. £1·25
Oxford Paperbacks

The Liberal Theory of Justice

Brian Barry

Dr Barry's book is a critical exposition of the theory of justice put forward in John Rawls's monumental work. It can be read independently, but a concordance is provided to help those wishing to read the two books in conjunction. 7 text figures £3·25 paper covers £1

Objective Knowledge

An Evolutionary Approach

Karl R. Popper

'Sir Karl Popper is the Joseph Conrad of the English philosophical world. He writes in his second language with a grace of style and a gift for forceful expression that most of us find impossible to achieve in our first; and never more so than in his new book. . . . The importance of these discussions extends far beyond the professional concerns of academic philosophers of science.' – Alasdair Macintyre in *The Listener* £4·50 paper covers £1·50

Essays on J. L. Austin

Sir Isaiah Berlin and others

The emphasis of these philosophical essays is on the important contributions of J. L. Austin to the philosophy of language. With two exceptions they are published here for the first time and were specially written for this book. £3

Democracy and Disobedience

Peter Singer

'*Democracy and Disobedience* is a splendid little book. It ought to be read with pleasure not only by students of philosophy but by anyone who doubts whether philosophers have anything useful to say about practical issues. . . . Although as the author says, "it is easier to suggest moderation than to practice it", it is something to have moderation suggested in such clear and sympathetic terms as these.' – *T.L.S.* £2 paper covers 90p

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

very much to the fore in both. One of the main preoccupations in the latter is the rebuttal of the sceptic who claims that we can never know anything about the mental life of another person, that we can never, for instance, have any certainty as to whether another is in pain. One way of trying to combat such scepticism would be by amassing data, behavioural and physiological, which would be reckoned good evidence on which to base a judgment about another's psychological state, but it would generally be felt that, unless we are prepared to embrace behaviourism, any data of this kind would inevitably fall short of what is required for certainty.

THIS IS NOT WITTGENSTEIN'S approach, but we can give a rough indication of his resolution of the problem in the following way. It is clear that, however natural it may be to try to meet the sceptic's challenge by arguing to the problematic conclusion from the given data, there is really little hope of success from this strategy: anything strong enough to yield the conclusion will go beyond what the sceptic is prepared to allow as a statement of known fact. But then why should we not take the plunge at the outset and offer the proposition in question as a fully warranted description of the situation? There surely are circumstances in which we would normally assert with complete confidence that another is in pain; perhaps on reflection we would allow that, in view of general human fallibility, doubt is abstractly conceivable, but there may be no concrete grounds for doubt which we are able to take seriously. The sceptic will allow that this characterises our attitude in real-life situations, but hold that our failure to doubt is of mere psychological interest: logically, there is always room for doubt whatever the extent of the evidence at our disposal. However, the claim that our judgment is fully warranted can be sustained to the extent that we can appeal to the proven reliability of such a judgment made in the circumstances in question. In these terms, our certainty that, say, a scalded man has experienced pain is not in the slightest misplaced. When have we ever had cause to retract such a judgment? When have we found that it is not confirmed by the judgments of others? But might not the man be anaesthetised, a very good actor feigning pain? If such circumstances have been acknowledged as constituting grounds for doubt, then they do of course define a state of affairs to which our attitude should be different. The claim is not that the judgment is equally justified in all circumstances, but what is crucial is that there are cases where doubt does not get a foothold. This is how the form of words is enabled to get a secure place in the language.

This rough sketch gives only the briefest of indications of how Wittgenstein fits doubt and certainty into a rational framework, hingeing around his notion of a criterion, but it will suffice to indicate one of the areas of lively interest in this branch of philosophy, and it also leads us to a more difficult line of thought, for we are now naturally led to ask whether the possible truth of an assertion actually *requires* the possibility of circumstances which we could recognise as warranting us in making that assertion. It is a mark of naïvety in much philosophising that it remains totally unaware that there is such a question, seeing nothing of significance in the absence of recognisable assertability-conditions, even though in the case of our ordinary everyday propositions, such as those relating to the mental states of others, it would seem wrong to try to divorce our understanding of a proposition from our ability to recognise when we are entitled to assert or deny it. Neglect of this question is perhaps due to the belief that it presents a problem only for a discredited positivism, but there surely is the risk of an illegitimate extension of language when, hoping perhaps to put forward very general propositions about the universe, we are forced to impose upon our words an interpretation which cannot be sustained by consideration of the kinds of circumstance in which we were trained in the use of these words.

IT IS SOMEWHAT SURPRISING that, while it was sensitivity to this kind of consideration that led Einstein to his analysis of simultaneity, something very like the naïve conception which he rejected is commonplace in much philosophy of science. A good example here is that of Sir Karl Popper. Popper recognises that if the truth of a general proposition requires the truth of an infinite number of its instances, then there can be no such thing as verification of such a proposition, if by this is meant a case-by-case checking of the particular instances. He then concludes, and makes much of this consequence, that it is only appropriate to ask for falsification of such propositions. So far, however, one crucial question has remained untouched, the question whether it is right to understand generalisations in such a way that this conclusion follows. It is supposed that unrestricted generalisations, thus understood, are the stuff of which science is made, but it is difficult to see how we could have much use for forms of words whose distinguishing characteristic lay in their unrelatedness to possible human knowledge. To restore such propositions to their rightful place, we should consider not a use of "verify" in which it is inconceivable that it should apply, but the sense

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

which we commonly employ with respect to generalisations: these are constantly being verified by the finding of particular satisfying instances. The alleged asymmetry between verification and falsification has vanished, but at any point of time we have the two possibilities: *H* has been verified and *H* has been falsified. "But you cannot *really* verify the hypothesis, since you cannot say in advance how all the particular cases will turn out." Not only can we not say it in advance, we cannot say it at any time; but then it does not define a possibility which we should take into account in specifying a coherent interpretation of the hypothesis.[5]

Obviously, a brief paragraph can hardly do justice to either side in this dispute, but I mention it as an example of the kind of issue which should be given more attention than it has so far received, and which will, I hope, receive such attention as more note is taken of the constructivist tendencies to be found in Wittgenstein's later philosophy. So far, the most important work in this area has come from Michael Dummett, with the promise of more to come in the second volume of his monumental treatise on Frege. The first volume[6] gives further support to something that is gradually becoming clearer, namely, that the main line of philosophical development leading to the issues which are now of greatest importance goes from Frege through Wittgenstein, and only secondarily via Russell. Recognition of this, with the appropriate redirection of research, could well lead to a blossoming of the philosophy of language, with Dummett's book, one of the richest and most powerful works in philosophy ever published, playing an invaluable role.

[5] Popper's major work on the philosophy of science is *The Logic of Scientific Discovery* (Hutchinson, revised ed. 1968), and a simple, if totally uncritical, introduction to his ideas is Bryan Magee, *Popper* (Fontana, 40p).

[6] *Frege*. By MICHAEL DUMMETT. Duckworth, £10.

Social Virtue & Blind Justice

On John Rawls' Theory—By ANTONY FLEW

WRITING IN *The New York Review of Books* Stuart Hampshire has described this work of John Rawls as "the most substantial and interesting contribution to moral philosophy since the war. . .".[1] Certainly, for better or for worse, all serious discussions of the principles of social justice will for years to come refer to, and be by action or reaction shaped by, his ideas.

For Rawls "justice is the first virtue of social institutions," and he has "tried to present the theory of justice as a viable systematic doctrine so that the idea of maximising the good does not hold sway by default." The master concept, which Rawls revives and refines, is that of a purely hypothetical social contract:

> . . . the principles of justice for the basic structure of society . . . are the principles that free and rational persons concerned to further their interests would accept in an initial position of equality as defining the fundamental terms of their association.

The justice with which Rawls is primarily concerned is, thus, social rather than corrective; and it is, at least in the first instance, a virtue of social institutions rather than of individual people. Hampshire refers to books by Douglas Jay and Anthony Crosland, and then commends Rawls for rationalising and developing "the model of social justice that has governed the advocacy of R. H. Tawney and Richard Titmuss, and that holds the Labour Party together. . . ."

More needs to be said about the final clause of Hampshire's judgment. But first we have to appreciate one major and immediate consequence of the hypothetico-contractual approach of Rawls. It precludes any pure utilitarianism:

> These principles rule out justifying institutions on the grounds that the hardships of some are offset by a greater good in the aggregate. It may be expedient but it is not just that some should have less in order that others should prosper.

Rawls rightly makes a great deal of the theoretical, and often very practical, differences: between, on the one hand, his conception of a society governed by "justice as fairness . . . a scheme of cooperation for reciprocal advantage"; and, on the other hand, the classical utilitarian ideal of "the efficient administration of social resources to maximise the satisfaction of the system of desire constructed by the impartial spectator from the many individual systems of desire accepted as given."

[1] *A Theory of Justice*. By JOHN RAWLS. Oxford University Press: Clarendon Press, £5, Harvard University Press, $15, paper $3.95. Since it is a massive book (pp. xvi + 607) the author has done well to provide his own Skipper's Guide (pp. viii-ix).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSICAL UTILITARIANISM has always been theoretically embarrassed by the need to accommodate the claims of justice. J. S. Mill, for instance, was not happy in the fifth chapter of *Utilitarianism* (1863). Despite this intractable difficulty such a system still remains better fitted to serve as a guide to public policy than as an account of, or a recipe for, private morality. Its deficiencies even in this more appropriate sphere begin to emerge when it appears that it must generate some positive obligation to maximise population. But how disastrous the implications of not putting justice first may be becomes fully manifest if we contemplate those archetypal utilitarian bureaucrats, the Webbs. For they were willing, on the promise of (supposedly) more than compensating future benefits for others mostly still unborn, happily to accept and to excuse—as Tawney surely never could have done—the enormous and in peacetime never equalled cruelties and massacres of Soviet collectivisation and Stalin's Great Terror.

SO FAR, SO very good. The first of the two passages quoted in the last paragraph but one then continues: "But there is no injustice in the greater benefits earned by a few provided that the situation of persons not so fortunate is thereby improved." Later Rawls states "the two principles of justice", which he believes "would be chosen in the original position." These are:

> First: each person is to have an equal right to the most extensive basic liberty compatible with a similar liberty for others. Second: social and economic inequalities are to be arranged so that they are both (*a*) reasonably expected to be to everyone's advantage, and (*b*) attached to positions and offices open to all.

Rawls emphasises strongly that these principles are arranged in an order of priority: "This ordering means that a departure from the institutions of equal liberty required by the first principle cannot be justified by or compensated for, by greater social and economic advantages." Such an insistence upon the absolute priority of the basic liberties will ensure that Rawls is by some denounced, and dismissed, as a "bourgeois thinker." Although he is in fact careful to point out that his theory is neutral as between private or public ownership of the means of production (p. 258), Rawls will no doubt bear this charge from such a source with equanimity.

It is nevertheless worth stressing that this despised "bourgeois liberal" order of priorities also provides a touchstone of the sincerity of fashionable radical pretensions. For what sort of de-alienation of labour can be provided by employment in even the most immaculately nationalised industry, when there is no possibility of criticising and perhaps changing policy from below? In what sense of "ownership" can you honestly speak of public ownership, where the putative owners have no say in deciding how their alleged collective property is to be used? And where (as a matter of Marxist-Leninist political principle) every legal organisation is supposed to act as a transmission belt implementing whatever policies the tiny directorate of the monopoly party may determine? Even given a full meritocracy and a narrow spread of incomes, what kind of ideal of human equality has been achieved if new Tsars are now irremovably installed in absolute power, whereas the ruled enjoy no "freedom from arbitrary arrest and seizure as defined by the concept of the rule of law" (p. 61)?

SINCE RAWLS IS SO EMPHATIC that his two principles are arranged in order of priority, we might expect that *2(a)* would be prior to *2(b)*. But it emerges much later that any tolerable "social and economic inequalities" are required first to be "attached to positions and offices open to all", before any question may be put as to whether they can "reasonably be expected to be to everyone's advantage." For Rawls recognises that it is far from obvious that aristocratic institutions can never be to everyone's advantage. Thus, for instance,

> Burke believed that the great familes of the ruling stratum contribute by the wisdom of their political rule to the general welfare from generation to generation. And Hegel thought that restrictions on equality of opportunity such as primogeniture are essential to insure a landed class especially suited to political rule in virtue of its independence from the state, the quest for profit, and the manifold contingencies of civil society.

So, if such aristocratic offences are to be ruled out as unjust, it seems that the demand for *equality of opportunity* has to be given priority over considerations of general advantage. It looks, however, as if Rawls himself, when he treats inheritance, has either forgotten or not yet realised this: "The unequal inheritance of wealth is no more inherently unjust than the unequal inheritance of intelligence" (p. 278). For, even allowing that the two cases are in other respects comparable (and some would say that both are equally unfair), still the former is flagrantly incompatible with that "fair equality of opportunity" which on the same page Rawls again demands. Being the first-born son and heir of Mr J. Paul Getty is, surely, a paradigm case of an office or position *not* open to all!

Suppose here that we recall again the overriding commitment to a free society. Suppose too that we recognise that to have the State as the

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

only employer and as sole owner of all the means of production must constitute a formidable threat to free institutions. (Is it not to a clear appreciation of these possibilities that we must attribute the enthusiasm of Sr Vaskovic in Chile and of M. Marchais in France for their projects of wholesale nationalisation?[2]) Suppose, now, thirdly, that we want to give equality of opportunity the priority which Rawls gives it. Then consistency could still be saved if we specified that all legacies, or all substantial legacies, must be made either to private associations or else to individuals who are not blood relations of the testator.

So much for questions of priority between the Rawls principles. The one which needs most attention in itself is what he calls the Difference Principle:

> Assuming the framework of institutions required by equal liberty and fair equality of opportunity, the higher expectations of those better situated are just if and only if they work as part of a scheme which improves the expectations of the least advantaged members of society.

All this is supposed to be derived from the social contract. Of any fictitious individual in this hypothetical situation Rawls says: "Since it is not reasonable for him to expect more than an equal share in the division of social goods, and since it is not rational for him to agree to less, the sensible thing . . . is to acknowledge as the first principle of justice one requiring an equal distribution." From here it is easy to get to the rejection of any pure utilitarianism.

> Offhand it hardly seems likely that persons who view themselves as equals, entitled to press their claims on one another, would agree to a principle which may require lesser life prospects for some simply for a greater sum of advantages enjoyed by others.

Fair enough. It also appears unexceptionably sensible to go on: "If there are inequalities in the basic structure that work to make everyone better off in comparison with the benchmark of initial equality, why not permit them?" Why not indeed? So Rawls concludes: "Inequalities are permissible when they maximise, or at least all contribute to, the long-term expectations of the least fortunate group in society."

What Rawls never, I think, makes clear is why the consequent inequalities have to be affirmed not to be *unjust* at all—instead, that is, of being admitted to be, albeit not ideally just, tolerable. To those who complain that the inequalities of the natural distribution of talents are unfair Rawls replies: "The natural distribution is neither just nor unjust; nor is it unjust that men are born into society at some particular position. These are simply natural facts. What is just and unjust is the way that institutions deal with these facts." But this properly philosophical answer does nothing to meet the present objection. For the inequalities which Rawls is here proposing to tolerate as not unjust are functions of social institutions.

THERE IS A SECOND OBJECTION to the Difference Principle as formulated by Rawls. There seems to be no argument to warrant the insistence that for any social or economic inequality to pass as not unjust, it must not merely not disadvantage but also positively benefit the less or the least fortunate. To appreciate this objection it is essential to take account of certain stipulated peculiarities of the hypothetical contracting parties.

One is that they make their commitment behind "The Veil of Ignorance." To avoid all biases "no one knows his place in society, his class position or social status; nor does he know his fortune in the distribution of natural assets and abilities, his intelligence and strength and the like" (p. 137). Presumably too, though Rawls is here understandably reticent, even one's sex must be an unknown. The fictitious signatory to the hypothetical contract is thus what F. H. Bradley and other Hegelian political thinkers of an earlier generation used to dismiss with contempt as "a mere abstraction." Anything like the Rawls approach must be totally unacceptable to anyone who (in the tradition of Plato and Aristotle) takes it that some of the actual differences between flesh-and-blood men and women in their particular reality are what in large part give purchase to ideas of distributive justice. And, of course, like its utilitarian rivals the Rawls approach typically regards societies not as "organisms" but as human creations; and, as such, subject to unlimited technical manipulation.

Another stipulated peculiarity is that this ideally rational assessment of one's own advantage is not to be soured or distorted by envy. "He is not ready to accept a loss for himself if only

---

[2] For they (if not their would-be Social Democratic allies) must have taken to heart the authoritative teachings. For example: in a document entitled *The Falsifiers of Scientific Communism*, published early last year, the Institute of Marxist-Leninism in Moscow sketched a programme for the seizure of total and irremovable power by Communist Parties following "united front" tactics:

> "Having once acquired political power, the working class implements the liquidation of the private ownership of the means of production. . . . As a result, under socialism, there remains no ground for the existence of any opposition parties counterbalancing the Communist Party." (See *The Economist*, 17 June, 1972, p. 23.)

Could it be that Mr Lawrence Daly, Mr Hugh Scanlon and those other leaders of the extreme left, who after years in the Communist Party have since made the Labour Party their chosen instrument, also relish the same possibility?

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

others have less as well." For "A rational individual is not subject to envy, at least when the differences between himself and others are not thought to be the result of injustice and do not exceed certain limits."

Rawls never attempts to explain precisely—or even vaguely—where envy thus ceases to be a deadly sin, or why. The problem which does worry him is "that the inequalities sanctioned by the difference principle may be so great as to arouse envy to a socially dangerous extent." He also notices: "A person who is better off may wish those less fortunate than he to stay in their place. He is jealous of his superior position and begrudges them the greater advantages that would put them on a level with himself." But we do need some examination of *how* what are pretentiously paraded as ideals of social justice may in fact be determined and corrupted by envy and jealousy. We need this especially if we are citizens of what has been described as "The Envious Society."

When he praises Rawls for providing a rationale for the drive for "social justice that has governed the advocacy of R. H. Tawney and Richard Titmuss, and that holds the Labour Party together," Stuart Hampshire is being a little starry-eyed.[3] If we look not at the intellectuals but at the owners we shall often have a less shining vision. The old A.E.U., for instance, regularly offered as one ground for its annual wage claim the fact that the farm workers had been given an increase. ("Those hayseeds," one can almost hear them saying under their breath, "should keep their proper place; and that place is a very long way behind us.") Again, had the Warden of Wadham ever humbly attended meetings of his local Co-op, he would surely have seen there the strength of objections to paying "the rate for the job" to managerial and other full-time professional talent. ("That," one used so often to hear in my day, "is far more than we have ever got ourselves.") Raising the *relative* position of the lower paid has not, with very rare exceptions, been the most conspicuous demand of the organised labour movement.

WE SHOULD NOTE that Rawls is deliberately confining himself to social justice within a single society: "I shall be satisfied if it is possible to formulate a reasonable conception of justice for the basic structure of society conceived for the time being as a closed system isolated from other societies." As a matter of business-like and systematic procedure this may be all very well. But if anyone wants to present the pursuit of social justice as a moral ideal, then it has to be equipped with somewhat greater universality. Also, this kind of egalitarianism and the non-organic view of society—which are both essential to the fundamental contractual conception of Rawls—must co-exist badly with any purely parochial application.

The uncomfortable crux emerges clearly in a recent comment on A. B. Atkinson's *Unequal Shares: Wealth in Britain*. The reviewer remarked that "there is no more reason to expect the lucky inheritors of fortunes to give them away than to expect left-wing intellectuals voluntarily to reduce their standard of living to that of the citizens of Upper Volta or Bangladesh. . . ."[4]

So long as the word "expect" is read in a purely factual and descriptive sense this is notoriously true. Left-wing intellectuals are no more willing than the rest of us to make more than token transfer payments to the citizens of poor countries. But from this hard and uninspiring fact we cannot infer that such willingness is not in consistency required of all those intellectuals on the Left (and non-intellectuals too) who claim that their egalitarianism is a moral demand—rather than, say, a hypocritical expression of their alignment with an understandable but unlovely collective greed.

Mr Runciman continues: "Atkinson quotes from Isaiah Berlin to the effect that departure from the principle of equal division calls for special justification where adherence to it does not. . . ." If, therefore, we are to be told that it is in deference to this egalitarian moral principle that large fortunes must be taxed away, then we have to press the nasty question how it can consist with that principle that only our compatriots should share the resulting booty. What, in a word, is the "special justification" which makes it moral for one lot of people to seize for their own benefit the fortunes of those who are in their eyes offensively rich, while not requiring that they in their turn should share out this booty, and everything else they already have, with those too numerous foreigners in whose eyes they themselves are nearly all rich?

Since in fact—whether rightly or wrongly—no one is inclined to propose the transfer of more than a token one per cent of our own wealth to poorer countries, it would surely be more decent,

---

[3] He cannot have noticed one implication of social justice as construed by Rawls:

> "Political parties cannot adjust boundaries to their advantage in the light of voting statistics; districts are defined by means of criteria already agreed to in the absence of this sort of information" (p. 223).

For was it not this party whose M.P.s recently rushed as one man into the lobbies to vote down orders to implement uncongenial recommendations from the Boundary Commission—a body itself originally established, with all-party agreement, under the more honourable administration of Clement Attlee?

[4] W. C. Runciman, in *The Listener*, 14 December 1972.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Macmillan selection

Four established classics by a major thinker now available in paperback

Probability and Evidence
A. J. Ayer
£3.50 paperback £1.50

Metaphysics and Common Sense
A. J. Ayer
£2.90 paperback £1.50

The Concept of a Person and Other Essays
A. J. Ayer
£3.00 paperback £1.50

Russell and Moore: The Analytical Heritage
A. J. Ayer
£3.90 paperback £1.50

A valuable title in the **Modern Studies in Philosophy** series

Aquinas
Edited by Anthony Kenny
£1.80 paperback 90p

Recent highly successful titles include

A new title in the **Philosophy of Religion** series

The Self and Immortality
Hywel D. Lewis
£3.95

A further study in the **New Studies in Practical Philosophy** series

Crime or Disease?
Antony Flew
£2.25

The latest book in the **New Studies in Ethics** series

Utilitarian Ethics
Anthony Quinton
95p

Essays in Philosophical Psychology
Edited by Donald F. Gustafson
paperback £1.60
Open University set book

Many more interesting and valuable titles are to be found in the Macmillan series

Controversies in Philosophy
Modern Introductions to Philosophy
Modern Studies in Philosophy
New Studies in Ethics
New Studies in the Philosophy of Religion
New Studies in Practical Philosophy
Philosophers in Perspective
Philosophy of Religion
Problems in Philosophy
Royal Institute of Philosophy Lectures

further details of these and other titles can be obtained by writing to the Sales Manager, The Macmillan Press Ltd., Little Essex Street, London WC2R 3LF

Macmillan

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and indeed more honest, if advocates of populistic soak-the-rich proposals were to put them forward simply as election-winners, rather than as the requirements of basic morality. If we are going to follow Rawls (but further than he himself is as yet prepared to come), then we shall have to try to justify any tolerable inequalities between the per capita wealth of nations by reference to the advantages to the less—and even to the least advantaged—of that unequal distribution. This would, I suspect, be an ungrateful task; and I do not propose to attempt it. Presumably it would have to begin with the very unpopular affirmation that almost all scientific discovery, technological innovation, and cultural achievement too, is still coming from a comparatively few, relatively rich countries.

RAWLS, AS WE HAVE SEEN, holds that it is incorrect to characterise inequalities or equalities of natural talents as either just or unjust. What raises the question of justice or injustice is what a society does about these. Egalitarian ultras, who abhor even those differences of status and reward which are based upon and correlated with such inequalities of talent, must (if they accept the Rawls framework—or even if they do not) try to show that such inequalities of status and reward are not to the general advantage; and, in particular, that they do not benefit the least fortunate.

This is, perhaps, another unpromising assignment. But the challenge will never be taken up with the energy and audacity which it demands, so long as nearly all those inclined to wish that it could be met persist in their muddleheaded assumption that their preferred egalitarian norms logically presuppose that in fact there are not, and cannot be, any significant differences in natural endowment. This false assumption has in the last year or two been most prominent in the campaign against Jensen and Jensenism.[5]

What *should* not be cannot possibly be. In this special form, what must *not* be thought is: not that there are in fact such differences between *individuals*, but that there may be (at least on average) differences between some racial groups. This is not to be thought, or said, or investigated, mainly because it is falsely taken that any such average difference would justify discrimination.

Not one but two fallacies are involved in this special case. The more particular fallacy is that of deducing conclusions about individual members of some group from premises stating only the average characteristics of the group as a whole. From the assertion that the members of that lot weigh, on average, 200 pounds, nothing whatsoever follows about the weight of this one in front of me: he may well be either a 100-pound starveling or a 300-pound wrestler.

The more general fallacy is that of attempting to derive conclusions about what *ought* to be the case from premises affirming nothing but what—as things are—happens to be so. It is quite wrong to say of the psychometrician: "What he does when he rates individuals or groups of individuals on a scale of measured intelligence is to say and to predict that one group of individuals rather than another should have privileges."[6] For unless the writer—a leading radical sociologist—is prepared to say that those who consider such deficiencies as *reasons for providing special help* are committing a sort of self-contradiction, or that it is a "privilege" to attend, say, a school for the blind or the deaf, he cannot consistently hold what he does hold. The Frenchman who constructed the original IQ tests was, as we might hope, rather more logical. "The first intelligence tests were developed by Binet for the Paris education authorities, to separate the 'dull' children who would not benefit from the education then offered and who needed special education."[7]

IT IS LAMENTABLE THAT so many of our academics should see nothing wrong with these fallacies, and that they should by their own confusions be thus led to join an obscurantist campaign of vilification against those—usually more clear-headed than themselves—who want to find what the facts are, and to see their discoveries applied for the relief of man's estate. By now we really ought all have learnt from David Hume that no moral—or immoral—conclusions can validly be deduced from any neutral statement of genetic or other facts. It is, therefore, a gross and shameful muddle to confound the immorality of discriminatory racist norms with claims that there are (or may be) average genetic differences between racial groups. The latter neither entail, nor are they presupposed by, the former. Furthermore, the propagation of the contrary exclusively environmentalist thesis is, from an anti-racist standpoint, quite dangerous. For suppose that "the blinkered scientism of the Jensenist heresy" is after all the truth; and that the truth, as truth will, outs. If it is still widely believed that the existence of such average differences, in part genetically determined, entails, or is, racism, then that discovery

[5] See, for instance, H. J. Eysenck in ENCOUNTER, December 1972, "The Dangers of the New Zealots", or my reviews in *The Spectator*, 30 September and 2 December 1973, and my "The Jensen Uproar" in *Philosophy*, January 1973.

[6] Professor John Rex of the University of Warwick, in a collective onslaught on Jensenism edited by K. Richardson and D. Spears, both of the Open University: *Race, Culture and Intelligence* (Penguin, 1972), pp. 168–169.

[7] Joanna Ryan; *Ibid.*, pp. 38–39.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will seem decisively to vindicate infamous social practices.

I return, finally, from the particular case of race to the more general problem of justice. It would be wrong to rule out as *a priori* absurd either some conceivable programme for abolishing all meritocratic arrangements, providing differential rewards for the employment of greater natural talents; or even a programme for reversing the present positive correlations between IQ on the one hand and social status on the other. The task—and it is a task which I (and, I imagine, John Rawls) think must exceed the powers of an intellectual Hercules—is to show that egalitarian ideals of these kinds could be achieved without loss to the general advantage; and, in particular, without loss to the least fortunate, the very "poor and downtrodden" in whose name the classic ideals of equality and fraternity, not to forget liberty, are raised.

Quinton's Case for Materialism

By A. J. Ayer

IN THESE DAYS of increasing philosophical specialisation, it is refreshing to come upon a work in which a serious and rational attempt is made to scale and occupy what a politician might call the commanding heights of philosophy. In the course of a little under four hundred pages, Mr Quinton successively attacks the problems of substance, of reference and identity, of what there ultimately is, of intuition and certainty, of perception and the foundations of knowledge, of the criteria of truth, the nature of metaphysics, the status of abstract entities, the role of scientific theories, the relations between mind and matter, and finally of the character of values. The echo of Lucretius in the title of his book[1] is plainly deliberate. He approaches the theory of knowledge as an empiricist, his account of values is naturalistic, and he is staunchly materialist in his view of what there ultimately is.

With regard to substances, Mr Quinton distinguishes four questions which he thinks that his predecessors have tended to confuse. There is, first, the question of individuation. Is it true, for example, that things can be individuated by their qualities alone? Secondly, there is the question of identity through time. What are the criteria by which it is determined that something existing at one time is the same particular object as something existing at another time? This question is shown to be different from the first by the fact that one might identify a persistent object with a suitably related series of events without being obliged to hold that the object, or the events into which it was resolved, was nothing more than sets of qualities. Thirdly, there is the question of objectivity. Is it true, as Kant thought, that only a substance can confer objectivity on a system of appearances? And, finally, there is the question of the foundations of knowledge. Is there one elementary kind of individual out of which all the others, of which we can claim to have knowledge, are in some manner constructed? It may seem strange that this should be treated as a question about substance; but Mr Quinton ties it to Descartes's definition of substance as that which depends for its existence on nothing other than itself.

MR QUINTON'S ANSWER to the first of these questions is that things are individuated by their spatial positions. This is not at first sight inconsistent with their being represented as collections of qualities, if qualities are taken to include relations, since spatial positions can be analysed relationally. There is, however, the objection that spatio-temporal properties cannot be concreted into individuals unless they are tied to unique landmarks. Mr Quinton thinks it necessary that we should also be able to relate these landmarks to our own positions in space and time, and so comes to the conclusion that "any reference to position that is sufficient to individuate must connect it to the here-and-now."

The assumption behind this is that only the use of demonstratives can guarantee uniqueness. Unless the principle of the identity of indiscernibles is necessarily true, which it does not seem to be, our descriptions, however extensive we make them, may always be satisfied by more than one set of objects. But while this may be a logical possibility, the danger which it presents is practically negligible. In practice, we have no difficulty in finding any number of landmarks which we can safely presume to be unique, and there are obvious advantages in selecting fixed points of reference rather than having to resort to the shifting anchor of one's own spatio-

[1] *The Nature of Things*. By ANTHONY QUINTON. Routledge, £4.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

temporal position. There is also a gain in objectivity if we are able to free our statements from even an implicit dependence on the contexts of their utterance.

ON THE QUESTION OF identity through time, Mr Quinton takes the view that there has to be a class of "primary continuants", that is to say, things which are accessible to continuous observation, in terms of which we can define the "enduring places" which are generally required for identification. His reason is that in default of such continuants, our observations would present us only with a series of mutually disconnected spaces.

But the difficulty here is that by his own principle of individuation the existence of a primary continuant simply comes down to the fact that similar properties occur at neighbouring areas of space-time. It looks, therefore, as if he is caught in a vicious circle. The way out of it, I believe, is to show that the conception of enduring places can legitimately be based on the occurrence of similar qualities in the same spatial relations in over-lapping sense-fields. Mr Quinton's choice of the opposite way out appears to saddle him with an undefined notion of enduring substances.

THE KANTIAN PROBLEM of accounting for the way in which appearances are synthesised to form objective things presents no difficulty to Mr Quinton, since he holds that we are directly acquainted with physical objects in sense-perception. For the same reason, he takes these objects to be the basic individuals, attributing to them the properties with which they are endowed by common sense. As is usual with direct realists, his arguments in favour of this view are arguments against the admission of sense-data as the immediate objects of perception. To this end he distinguishes three senses of the word "appear": the "epistemic", in which it expresses "a less than fully confident belief"; the "perceptually minimal", in which it relates to the perceptible properties on which our identifications of physical objects are based; and the "phenomenological", in which it characterises the contents of one's private sensory field. He argues that "it is only in this phenomenological use that statements like 'there appears to be a cow, or something green, here' can be regarded as descriptions of private, immediate experience." The assumption made by sense-datum theorists is that all our perceptual judgments are founded upon appearances, in the phenomenological sense, but Mr Quinton argues that this is empirically false. Artists may sometimes succeed in adopting such an attitude, but the rest of us habitually do not. We are too concerned with identifying the objects with which we are confronted to pay any close attention to the precise character of the impressions which they make upon us.

This is, indeed, true; but I do not think that it is so strong an objection to sense-datum theory as Mr Quinton supposes. He implicitly admits that our judgments of perception are causally based on the way things appear to us, in his phenomenological sense, and there seems to be no good reason why we should not take such judgments to be founded on the truth of propositions which describe these appearances, even though the propositions are not actually formulated. Mr Quinton does, indeed, raise the objection that a proposition which serves to justify another has itself to be believed; but I do not see why this need be so. If some judgment of perception which I make can be said to be justified by the experience which I am having, then it can also be said to be justified by any true description of this experience, whether or not I recognize its truth. The point of bringing in these experiential propositions, as I call them, is that they help us to develop the analysis of perception. By their means we can bring to light the sensory structure which enables the common-sense theory of the physical world to work successfully.

ONE OF THE MAIN OBJECTIONS which philosophers have brought against what Mr Quinton calls direct realism is that it is inconsistent with what we know about the causal machinery of perception. Thus, Bertrand Russell argued that realism of this sort (for which he used the more traditional term "naïve realism") led to physics and that physics showed it to be false; consequently, it could be dismissed as implying its own falsehood. Mr Quinton replies, correctly, that naïve realism does not lead to physics in the way that Russell's argument requires; it does not logically imply the truth of any current physical theories. He also denies that physics shows naïve realism to be false, and discusses various ways in which they could be harmonised. For instance, the fact that colour is not ascribed to physical particles does not impress him as being sufficient to entail that the physical objects which we perceive are not really coloured: we are not bound to hold that colour is a dissective property, in the sense that if anything has it so do all its parts. So far as this goes, there is no reason why the relation between the particles which figure in physical theories and the physical objects which are represented in the common-sense view of the world should not be literally that of part to whole. The question is whether it is a merely contingent fact that the particles

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are not perceptible. If it were decided that there was not even a logical possibility of their being perceived, then Mr Quinton would argue that we should not ascribe any literal existence to them. They would have to be treated as fictitious entities which were introduced for the purpose of systematising our descriptions of observable events.

IN THE SAME SPIRIT, Mr Quinton denies the need to attribute existence to essences or abstract entities. This commits him to rejecting, among other things, the prevalent view that mathematical statements make ineliminable references to classes. He gives one simple example in which a statement mentioning a number can be rephrased in terms of quantifiers which range only over individuals; but he does not attempt to show how this procedure could be generalised to cover even a substantial part of mathematics. Nor does he enter into the reasons why set-theory is commonly thought to go beyond the predicate calculus. In dealing with the problem of universals, he admits the existence of what he calls natural classes; but he means no more by this than that the nature of things, including ourselves, very largely dictates our choice of predicates. As he puts it, "to say that a class is natural is to say that when some of its members are shown to people they pick out others without hesitation and in agreement." He maintains the analytic-synthetic distinction and defends the view that "all necessary truths rest on the implicit definition of their terms." I am in agreement with him on both these points, but I find his treatment of them a little summary. I doubt if those who disagree will feel that all their difficulties have been met.

IN THE CHAPTER on Mind, Mr Quinton fairly exposes the difficulties of any form of dualism and thoroughly and effectively criticises logical behaviourism. He himself favours the theory that mind and brain are contingently identical. His defence of this theory consists in attempting to rebut the objections which have been brought against it. Among other things, he tries to show that the intentional mode of speech, which has been thought to be peculiarly characteristic of our descriptions of mental states, can be translated out; but here he is unsuccessful. For instance, he suggests that "*A* believes that it is raining" is equivalent to "*A* accepts some sentence that means the same as 'it is raining' "; whereas, in fact, neither of these propositions entails the other. From the proposition which specifies *A*'s belief, it does not logically follow that there are any English sentences, and conversely the proposition which mentions the English sentence fails to specify *A*'s belief, since in telling us only that the sentence "it is raining" has the same meaning as some other sentence, it does not tell us what this meaning is. A similar mistake occurs in some of the other examples which Mr Quinton gives. I do not conclude from this that intentional expressions are not eliminable, but it cannot be achieved by this simple reduction of semantics to syntax.

THIS IS AN OBJECTION of detail. My more general complaint about this chapter is that Mr Quinton does not tell us what empirical evidence he would take as proving or disproving the thesis that minds and brains are contingently identical. Does the thesis rest on the hypothesis that mental and physical states are perfectly correlated? And what more is then required to turn this correlation into an identity? Is it just a decision to call them the same? Until we have the answers to these questions, the thesis can hardly be assessed.

Finally, in his chapter on Values, Mr Quinton makes a strong attack on the non-cognitivist position. He has not convinced me that it is a mistake to conceive of moral judgments as being at least primarily prescriptive; but he does show that the arguments which are commonly brought in favour of this view are far from conclusive. His own standpoint is utilitarian. Beginning with the proposition that all desire is for satisfaction, which he treats as a tautology, he reaches the conclusion that "value-judgments state the conditions of satisfaction . . . with reference to people in general and over the long run." He does not show exactly how this principle applies to the assessment of particular actions, nor does he examine the difficult cases in which the principle of utility appears to conflict with our feelings about freedom or justice.

IT IS, HOWEVER, CHURLISH to complain about omissions when there is already so much in this book. Its density makes demands upon the reader but it is clearly written and relieved by examples which display Mr Quinton's wit. The book is well-produced and by present-day standards not unduly expensive. It deserves to be very widely read, and I hope it will be.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Diderot from the Tomb

By Maurice Cranston

JUST TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO, in the autumn of 1773, Denis Diderot arrived in St Petersburg on a characteristic mission of an optimistic philosopher. He was hoping to instruct a sovereign in the right use of power. Like Plato at Syracuse, and still more like Francis Bacon at the Court of James I, Diderot entered the presence of the Empress Catherine as a man who knew what should be done, but could not do it, addressing a person who had the capacity to act, but did not have the wisdom. The union of the philosopher and the potentate—otherwise known as "enlightened despotism"—was once more promised to an ungrateful world, and once again the partnership was fruitless. Despotism went on, as it always does, in its own capricious way. Diderot left St Petersburg in the spring of 1774, and resumed his career as an editor and author of books, seeking no longer to be the tutor to a monarch, but to instruct mankind in general. The cobbler, it might be said, had returned to his last.

Of Diderot's later years there is much to be learned from Arthur Wilson's new biography, which carries on the story told in Professor Wilson's earlier book, *Diderot: the Testing Years*. The two books, now put together in one,[1] give us a more complete account of the philosopher's life than any other book in French or English, and are based on many years' patient research on primary sources, including the Russian ones. It is to Diderot's credit that he loses none of his charm under this protracted scrutiny.

I have called him a philosopher: but the word *"philosophe"* would be a better one, connected as it is with that movement of the French Enlightenment over which Diderot presided as editor of the *Encyclopédie* while Holbach presided as host at the salons. The *philosophe* was an intellectual, an exponent and publicist of progressive ideas without necessarily being a substantial original thinker. Diderot was less of a philosopher in the stricter sense than Holbach. Both believed in the empiricist creed that the only real knowledge is scientific knowledge. And Holbach, a German who had been educated in Holland, knew a great deal about science. But Diderot did not. He had been educated in the classics by the Jesuits and had once received the tonsure; and although he believed that science could save us, he had no training in science whatever. One of the secrets of his success as editor of the *Encyclopédie* was that he persuaded other people to do what he could not do himself. Diderot could well have boasted, as Bacon did, that he "rang the bell which called the wits together." He was a magnificent organiser.

The cast of Diderot's mind was eclectic, gathering opinions as he gathered information; and there is a decided ambiguity about his position on those questions in which there was disagreement among the *philosophes*. Sometimes he seems to have shared, for example, Voltaire's deism; at others Holbach's rigid atheism. By temperament Diderot was closer to Voltaire, if only in the sense that he was a literary man, not a scientist. Indeed his first ambition was to be a playwright, the Molière of the eighteenth century, and he always saw himself as a dramatist *manqué*. His original attitude to religion was that of a man in rebellion against his own Catholic upbringing, or that of a man who wanted to put a good religion in the place of a bad one; but the constant company of such a fiercely dogmatic positivist as Holbach prompted him to talk more and more about religion as such being mischievous nonsense, to be a deist and an atheist at the same time.

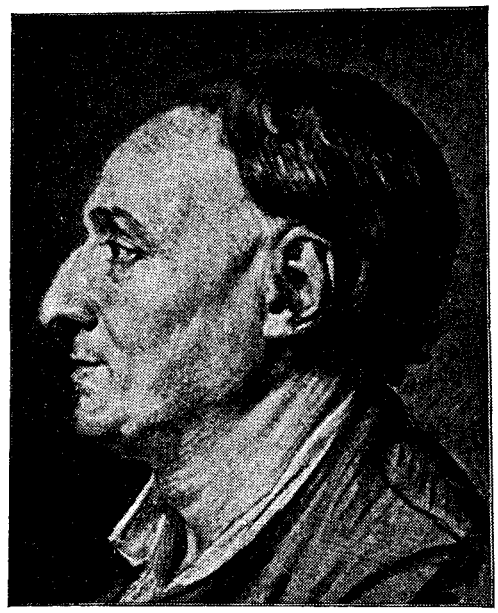
In politics, too, he subscribed at once to Montesquieu's belief in constitutional liberty and Holbach's belief in absolutist government for the purpose of doing good. Professor Wilson says that Diderot was always a constitutionalist, and perhaps he was. Even though he was a victim of the *parlements'* powers of censorship, he proclaimed his support for the constitutional contentions of the *parlements* against the royalists but the logic of his own progressive faith carried him along with Holbach's doctrine of strong, centralised, and efficient rule. Since Diderot accepted with Holbach the Baconian creed of salvation through science, he had accordingly to swallow the Baconian politics of setting up a powerful ruler to impose against the resistance of tradition and superstition, the supremacy of

[1] *Diderot*. By ARTHUR M. WILSON. Oxford University Press, £10.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

science. Diderot, characteristically, wanted to have it both ways: to have liberty and *le despotisme éclairé* together.

HE MUST HAVE BEEN a very likeable man. All the portraits—the busts by Houdon and Pigalle, the paintings by Greuze, Garand, Levitsky, Fragonard, Berthélemy and Van Loo—are remarkably alike. They all depict the same big inquisitive nose and bright, clever eyes, the same brave smile. There is no bitterness, anxiety, or tension in any of these images, neither the cynicism of a Voltaire nor the ardour of a Rousseau disturbs the relaxed and cheerful tolerance, the self-confidence, determination, and openness of Diderot's expression. But it emerges from what Professor Wilson relates that Diderot would not have allowed his face to betray more than he wished to reveal. He was a man at war with himself. "If ever Nature moulded a soul characterised by sensibility, it is mine", he once wrote; he also said that a man who has by chance "received such a disposition from Nature will concern himself ceaselessly with trying to weaken it, to dominate it, to make himself master of his own movements. . . ." Diderot's whole life, it seems, was a struggle of will against temperament.



DIDEROT *(Greuze, 1767)*

No doubt he composed his face for the portraitists as carefully as he composed his dress, which was always neat and black and bourgeois. Indeed he could readily speak of himself as a "bourgeois" at a time when that word was not yet pejorative. He aspired, as a playwright, to be a moralist of the bourgeois theatre as Molière had been of the aristocratic theatre. His plays are poor; but he wrote some brilliant essays on the theory of the drama, in which he talks about the need to uphold the decent values of modern domestic and commercial life if the theatre is to maintain its true purpose as a temple of morality. One of Diderot's biographers (not Professor Wilson) was bothered by the fact that in the preface of Diderot's *Le Père de Famille* "a married man's unmarried mistress and his friend, the bachelor lover of another man's wife, are invoked as the twin inspirations of a play, the purpose of which is to glorify the family." But the fact that Diderot claimed to uphold what he called bourgeois values does not entitle us to judge him as a champion of what we think of as bourgeois. It would certainly sound odd today to apply the word "bourgeois" to either of Diderot's "obscene" writings, *Les Bijoux indiscrets* or *La réligieuse,* which seem to fall into the same category as Montesquieu's *Le Temple de Gnide,* and to serve the same ideological purpose, of scourging from an aristocratic perspective the twin despotism of Church and King while providing a pleasing *frisson* for the fashionable reader.

It was this particular ambiguity of Diderot's writings which so infuriated Rousseau. If Diderot really wanted, as he claimed, to "revolutionise men's minds", why did he spend his time in *salons* and write things to please the people he met there? Professor Wilson's book is very long, but the reader could well wish to have had more about the friendship, and the breach, between Diderot and Rousseau. The two men met in Paris in 1742 when Diderot was 29 and Rousseau 30. They were both then young writers from the provinces seeking fame and fortune. Their success exceeded their ambitions, but it ended their friendship. Rousseau, the Swiss autodidact, felt embarrassed in the *salons.* Diderot, the prosperous bourgeois with a Jesuit education and, perhaps one should add, the man who had already decided that the world was a stage and taught himself to be an actor on it, flourished. Rousseau fled from polite society. Diderot in his play, *Le Fils naturel* (another defence of the values of the family) makes one of his characters say: "Only the bad man lives alone." Rousseau took this as an attack on his own choice of solitude, and never forgave Diderot. Years later, in his *Confessions,* Rousseau said that he had broken with Diderot *"révolté de voir un homme plus jeune que moi vouloir à toute force me gouverner comme un enfant."* Diderot was only fifteen months younger, but Rousseau's determination not to be dominated by him was perhaps the chief reason for the break.

There is only conflicting evidence about that most fascinating puzzle: the part Diderot played

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in the composition of Rousseau's first—and in some respects most important essay—his discourse on whether progress in industry and science had improved men morally. At all events it is clear that Diderot, from whatever motive, encouraged Rousseau to answer *"No"* to the question. Did Diderot half share the feeling then that science was a bad thing? It is not inconceivable that a mind so given to equivocation should sometimes have doubted the gospel of progress, even though the greatest achievement of Diderot's life, the *Encyclopédie,* is a monument to the Baconian dream of organising science to save the human race.

Diderot was a prisoner at Vincennes when he discussed the prize essay with his visitor, Rousseau. It was the *Encyclopédie* which rescued him: his publisher, Le Breton, and the other backers of the project had invested some eight thousand livres and they protested to the Secretary of State, the Comte d'Argenson, that they would be ruined if the editor was not released to go on with the job. Diderot had tied himself into knots alternately denying and confessing that he had written three "scandalous" works, *Les Bijoux indiscrets, Pensées philosophiques* and *Lettre sur les aveugles;* but he had the bright idea of offering to dedicate the *Encyclopédie* to d'Argenson if it ever got finished. Fortunately, d'Argenson was a Voltairean in his private opinions, and a few weeks later Diderot was free.

HE WAS NOT ALWAYS SO lucky. The whole story of the *Encyclopédie*, as Professor Wilson tells it, is a tremendous saga of will overcoming persecution, betrayals, obstacles and adversity of every kind. The *Encyclopédie*, when it was complete, comprised thirty-five folio volumes, seventeen volumes of text and eleven volumes of plates in the main work, four volumes of text and one of plates in the supplement, and two volumes of index. Diderot bore most of the opposition cheerfully, though he had been bitterly shaken when he found out that his publisher was censoring the text, without telling him, behind his back.

Professor Wilson speaks of the year 1759 as a turning point in Diderot's life. It was the year his father died, the year the licence to publish the *Encyclopédie* was rescinded, the year when his collaborator, D'Alembert, abandoned him, when Diderot, with stomach ulcers, had to give up wine, and his wife made trouble about his affair with Sophie Volland. Under the word "Indissoluble" Diderot wrote at this time a significant note for the *Encyclopédie:* "Marriage is an indissoluble engagement. The man who is wise shudders at the very idea. Legislators who have prepared indissoluble bonds for man have scarcely understood his natural inconstancy. How many people have they made criminal and unhappy."

Professor Wilson speculates that Diderot in another age would have divorced his wife and married Sophie Volland. That, however, would have robbed the world of one of the most enthralling collections of private letters: Diderot's to Sophie, of which a useful selection has recently been translated into English by Peter France of Sussex University.[2] The letters give an incomparable account of what life was like among the *philosophes* in Paris in the 1760s and they also tell us a great deal about Diderot himself. The affair with Sophie was clearly one of those where there were more words than deeds, and more correspondence than conversation.

> "I want you to expect of me all you would expect of God [Diderot wrote to Sophie in September 1760] if God had my goodness or I had his power; and I want you to be surprised whenever I fail to live up to your expectations. If sometimes I am a touchy and difficult person to have for a lover, it is because I feel so passionately for you. . . . Oh women, if ever I let you say and do what you like, it will be a sign that my feelings for you are dead! I love those who scold me, and I like to scold those whom I love."

This confession may explain why Diderot was so attached to his wife, who was notorious for her shrewish tongue, and with whom he had regular noisy quarrels. Professor Wilson may well be wrong in thinking that "had the laws allowed it" Diderot would have quit his wife for Sophie. At all events, writing so many letters for Sophie to read left Diderot without any desire to be read by the general public. When he was young, he had rushed eagerly into print. After the "crisis year" of 1759, he still wrote for publication, but he put the manuscripts aside for his heirs to find after his death. And it was all his finest works that he left unpublished: *Le Neveu de Rameau, Le rêve de d'Alembert, Jacques le Fataliste,* and *Réfuation de l'ouvrage d'Helvetius intitulé l'Homme,* books which had to wait a long time to appear in their integral form.

It is strange that he should have done this. Professor Wilson says that Diderot wanted to be judged by posterity. But posterity remembers Diderot better for the *Encyclopédie,* which he published with such a beating of drums, than for *Le Neveu de Rameau* and the other books about which he was so reticent; though among people who still actually read books written in the 18th century, *Le Neveu de Rameau* is probably, with the *Lettres à Sophie Volland,* the most cherished of all Diderot's writings.

[2] *Diderot: Letters to Sophie Volland.* Trans. and ed. by PETER FRANCE. Oxford University Press, £3.40.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catherine the Great of Russia was the most exalted admirer his books had in his lifetime. She befriended him in a practical manner by purchasing his library in 1765 for a down payment of 15,000 livres and a pension of 300 pistoles. Eight years later he went to Russia to express his gratitude and to give her the benefit of his advice. He presented her with no less than 65 memoranda on such subjects as the administration of justice, religious toleration, the relations between a sovereign and the third estate. At the Winter Palace these memoranda formed the basis for regular conversations between Diderot and the Empress.

> "Diderot's ambition [Professor Wilson writes] was to convert Catherine II to the philosophy of the Enlightenment or at least to reinforce what there were of her liberal convictions. In order to accomplish this, he presented his views by tactful indirection or adroit analogy or skilful insinuation rather than by open confrontation. After all, he was dealing with a woman whom Voltaire described at that very time as wielding 'the most despotic power on earth'. . . ."

Already by early December 1773, these conversations had ended; the press of public business intervened and the Empress could no longer spare time to discuss political philosophy with Diderot. And a few months later he left Russia a disappointed man. In a letter he wrote to Madame Necker after his return to Paris, Diderot said:

> "I will confess to you, very much under my breath, that we *philosophes,* who give the impression of best having known what despotism is, have seen it only through the neck of a bottle. What a difference there is between a tiger painted by Oudry and a tiger in the forest."

This letter was written in the summer of 1774. Diderot had then only ten more years to live; a fair number of the things he did publish in his last years were on the theme of stoicism, such as his *Essai sur Sénèque,* later enlarged to the *Essai sur les règnes de Claude et de Néron.* As he grew older, Diderot began to develop a certain yearning, very like that of Rousseau himself, for the austere virtues of republican antiquity, and an increasing distaste for the Voltairean hedonism of his fashionable friends. Diderot asked himself, in the words of Professor Wilson, "What is possible and what is proper for the philosopher who finds himself in an adverse political and social situation?". He decided:

> "The philosopher may have to wait. He may find that he can speak forcefully only from the depth of his tomb."

After the 31st of July, 1784, Diderot had only that place from which to speak.

A Linking of Disciplines

Prospects in Neuro-psychiatry—By ANTHONY STORR

A FEW YEARS AGO, psychoanalysis was so esoteric a discipline as to be almost entirely unconnected with biology, with neurology, or even with experimental psychology. Although Freud himself advanced the hope that psychoanalytic theory would ultimately be superseded by advances in chemistry and physics, the majority of psychoanalysts in this country have shown little interest in extending the frontiers of their subject to include or compare concepts from other branches of knowledge. The result has been that modifications in psychoanalytic theory, although considerable, and divergencies between splinter groups, although contentious, have been changes and splits of a markedly "interior" kind; cracks within a closed circle of which the circumference has remained rigidly unbroached. Closed systems of thought, like dogmatic faiths, tend either to be accepted *in toto,* or else entirely discarded; with the consequence that, once superseded, even those features which were valuable become quite forgotten.

It would have been a pity if the clinical insights of eight decades of psychoanalysis had been discarded because analytic theory had become incompatible with the forward march of thought in other disciplines which should be closely related: but, until recently, disillusion with psychoanalysis made this a possibility. Now, however, there is a welcome tendency to link psychoanalytic thinking with biology; and there are also new ways of looking at how the brain functions which are closing the gap between neurology and the psychology of personality. We need more psychoanalysts who are biologists; more neurophysiologists who are psychotherapists. What follows is a discussion of some recent books which appear to be bridge-builders,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

linking different ways of looking at human personality.

Pride of place must be given to John Bowlby, who has become the most distinguished psychoanalyst on either side of the Atlantic because he has seen the urgent need of recasting psychoanalysis in terms of modern evolution theory and has had the courage to assume this mammoth task himself. *Separation: Anxiety and Anger*[1] is the second volume of *Attachment and Loss*, and a third volume is yet to come. Bowlby's work for the World Health Organisation on maternal deprivation, summarised in *Child Care and the Growth of Love*,[2] showed that adult mental health depended, at any rate to a large extent, upon whether the individual had, as an infant and small child, experienced a "warm, intimate and continuous relationship with his mother (or permanent mother-substitute) in which both find satisfaction and enjoyment." At the same period during which Bowlby was writing his report for the W.H.O., James Robertson and his wife were embarking upon the direct observation of children who suffered maternal deprivation, and recording their findings in a series of films, of which "A Two-Year-Old Goes to Hospital" is still the most famous. These films supported the hypothesis that profound emotional disturbance might follow even brief separation from the mother in early childhood. Bowlby, impressed by the ubiquity of the mother-infant tie in other species, and encouraged by Julian Huxley, started to read Lorenz and Tinbergen, an exercise from which Freud was unfortunately debarred, since these founding fathers of ethology had scarcely begun their work before Freud died. Under the critical eye of Robert Hinde, whose *Animal Behaviour* has become a classic synthesis of ethology and comparative psychology, Bowlby has started to rewrite psychoanalysis in terms of biology, and, in doing so, has rescued it from the morass of futile, unproven and unprovable speculation into which it was gradually sinking.

The adoption of an ethological approach to human psychology does not, of course, involve the naïve transfer of discoveries about the behaviour of other species to human behaviour. Because gibbons are monogamous, or gorillas peaceful, it does not follow that human beings are, or should be, either. But ethological observation of other species has one very important consequence for the study of human psychology: it leads to asking the right questions about human behaviour. Ethology also encourages the use of techniques of direct observation, of which the films of the Robertsons are one example, and the work of Blurton-Jones on the play of small children is another.

IN HIS NEW BOOK, Bowlby pays especial attention to children's fears. In the past, psychoanalysis has labelled fears of the dark, of being alone, and of strangers as being "neurotic." More especially, the origin of such fears has been assumed to be the immature ego's failure to cope with the pressures of "instinct"; that is, with sexual impulses which are Oedipal, or with aggressive impulses towards parents which it was unsafe to express. Such impulses, debarred from discharge, are likely to become repressed and therefore unconscious; but might well rear their heads in the watches of the night. Although Freud never abandoned the notion that external traumata might result in later neurosis, psychoanalysis, because of its method of uncovering childhood by way of reconstruction from adult dream and phantasy, became a technique of interpreting the interaction of forces within the adult mind which were only tenuously linked with external reality. The adult patient is continually confronted with unknown or unacknowledged parts of himself, and his difficulties in the present interpreted in terms of the persistence of childhood fantasies which might be assumed to have only the slenderest connection with anything that had actually happened to him. No one disputes that children have alarming fantasies which may indeed produce a persistently distorted picture of the external world, nor that they may be frightened by the intensity of their own aggression or sexuality. But how do these fears and misinterpretations come about? According to Freud, when a child is alone in the dark, there is, in civilised conditions, nothing literal to be frightened of. Therefore, the child's fears must originate from within, as projections of his own instinctual anxieties. The fact that fears of the dark are so common as to be practically universal did not deter Freud, since he considered that everyone has neurotic problems.

Bowlby looks at such fears from a different point of view. His re-examination of Freud's case of "Little Hans" is a good example. "Little Hans" had a horse phobia; and Freud interpreted his fear of being bitten by a horse in terms of the child's anxiety about his own hostile impulses towards both parents and the threat of castration as a punishment for such hostility. Bowlby, looking again at Hans' history, shows that the child originally became anxious because he feared, with good reason, that his mother might leave him. In other words, children may well become frightened by their own fantasies when they lie awake and alone in the dark; but it is being alone in the dark without the possibility

[1] *Separation: Anxiety and Anger*. By JOHN BOWLBY. Hogarth Press, £4.
[2] Penguin, 2nd ed. 1965.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of recourse to an adult "attachment figure" which is the primary cause of their alarm; and this fear is not so neurotic as Freud would have had us believe.

For is it not the case that all small primates, both human and subhuman, are born into the world in a helpless and immature state which necessitates the constant availability of a parent? It is simpler, more rational, and more "biological" to think of childhood fears of the dark, of strangers, and of being alone, as adaptive rather than as irrational and therefore neurotic. Solitude, darkness, and unfamiliarity are all conditions which, in reality, predispose to danger, and in which there is a special need for protection. Bowlby marshals an impressive array of evidence which strongly suggests that the origin of childhood phobias is an actual failure of the mother to have provided enough secure support at a critical period. More especially, he draws attention to the frequency with which mothers use threats of abandonment and suicide to "discipline" their children, and to the frequent failure of psychoanalysts, intent upon exploring the inner worlds of their patients, to uncover the existence of such threats. Although Bowlby does not explore the possibility, I think it not improbable that, when a long-term analysis is successful, what is therapeutically effective is not so much the uncovering of the unconscious by interpretation, but the provision by the analyst of a secure base over a long period for the patient to relearn to experience the world as less frightening. Anyone who has seen the film, so often shown on television, of Harlow's baby rhesus monkey venturing out to explore the unfamiliar but exciting toy, and then running back to the substitute mother when the toy proves mobile and alarming, will appreciate what I mean.

WHAT BOWLBY DOES NOT GO into, and what I hope he will explore in his subsequent volume, is the child's relationship with other children. No doubt many failures of relationship between adults can be explained in terms of "stranger anxiety." That is, if the child has not been given enough security in early years, all other human beings may continue to appear as alarming as they did automatically when the individual was a baby. We know, however, from Harlow's experiments with infant monkeys, that the malign results of maternal deprivation can be largely compensated for by adequate opportunity to mix with contemporaries. In fact, to be deprived of the opportunity to play with contemporaries may be worse for the infant monkey than maternal deprivation. Is the same true of the human species? Some recent work, not referred to by Bowlby, suggests that children need the companionship of other children from as early as eighteen months old if they are to grow up healthy. Maternal deprivation may not be the whole answer to anxiety and phobias.

However, the ultimate significance of Bowlby's work is not so much in his interpretation of the origin of phobic anxiety, important though this is. Rather is it that, by adopting a wider, biological approach to neurotic problems, he has rescued psychoanalysis from becoming a sterile exercise in esoteric speculation, while preserving much of value which psychoanalysis still has to offer.

Pari passu with Bowlby's achievement in making psychoanalysis more scientific, there are various interesting ventures toward making neurology more "psychological." The old model of the brain used to be that of an enormously complex telephone exchange. Stimuli from the external world are fed into the brain via the peripheral sensory nerves, and, after travelling round, cause a motor response in the shape of some muscular action. Of course, the travelling round was enormously elaborated. Sensory information has to be interpreted, compared with previous experience, linked with autonomic

PSYCHOLOGICAL SCIENCES
John Beloff

'Stands out as being both scientifically accurate and well written. Of interest to anyone who wants to know what modern psychology is all about. I recommend it wholeheartedly'
H. J. Eysenck, *New Society*

'Dr. Beloff's penetrating and wide-ranging review may be recommended with confidence, not only to those who have yet to find their bearings in psychology, but even more to those who think they have discovered them'
Robert Joynson, *New Scientist*

July '73 372pp £3.95

CLS Crosby Lockwood Staples

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and glandular responses, and so on. But the model of the human being as essentially a stimulus-response mechanism, with the brain as a hugely elaborate decoding station intervening between input and output, remained. It still does so to some extent, since it is obviously partially true. However, such a model provides little room for including any concept of "personality". One might have a better functioning telephone exchange than one's neighbour, but it is hardly possible to conceive of having anything approaching an individual one.

Now, however, it is becoming increasingly possible to conceive how personality and brain function are connected. It seems clear that the brain works much more as a whole than was previously realised. When brain maps were first made, it was thought that, as these became more accurate, function could be more and more closely pinpointed. Brain maps are still essential; and nothing alters the fact that if a "stroke" deprives the left motor cortex of its blood supply, the patient will suffer paralysis of his right arm and leg. But, when consideration is given to the "higher" functions of cerebral activity, it is clear that the brain acts as a whole and that pin-point localisation is an insufficent explanation. Impulses, say of sight or sound, arrive at specialised cells in clearly demarcated locations within the brain. Movement is initiated from equally specialised, large "motor" cells which are just as precisely located. But sensory input has to be processed and made meaningful in terms of past experience; or, to put it another way, concrete perceptions have to be converted into abstractions. Moreover, motor activity is not simply a matter of making the appropriate movement in response to a stimulus. Human activity is organised in terms of plans and designs; over-all strategies rather than a series of specific responses to specific stimuli; an organisation which requires the interaction of many different parts of the brain together in systems. Thus, if respiratory function is impaired, a certain amount of extra oxygen can actually be absorbed by swallowing air. The organism's behaviour is governed by the necessity of obtaining oxygen, which overrides the normal separation between respiratory and alimentary functions.

PROFESSOR LURIA, the great Russian neuropsychologist, has described his own concepts of how the brain works in a recently translated book, *The Working Brain*,[3] and does so in terms of three main systems. The first system is concerned with the general task of alerting the person, and damage to it results in sluggishness and a general "lowering of tone." The second system is concerned with the reception, storage, and analysis of information. The third is responsible for programming, regulation and verification. In a book confined to the long-term study of a single case of brain damage, *The Man with a Shattered World*,[4] Luria shows how the second system can be severely damaged, while the first and third remain more or less intact.

Zasetsky received a bullet in his brain in 1943. It damaged the area on the left side where the parietal, occipital and temporal lobes make junction. Zasetsky lost nearly all his memory. He also lost the ability to make meaningful syntheses of a great deal of sensory information. Thus, he could see the strokes which make up individual letters, but he could not see the strokes as combining to make a single letter, nor could he see letters as grouping to make words. Similarly, because he could not relate objects in the external world to one another, he could not find his way about. Each object was for him a distinct entity, but the power of organising discrete entities into any kind of spatial pattern was lost to him, so that such abstractions as "north of" or "south of" were utterly meaningless. In Luria's definition, thinking consists of the perception of relations, so that one might say that one aspect of Zasetsky's power to think was damaged. However, Zasetsky's frontal and prefrontal lobes remained undamaged, so that Luria's "third system" was more or less intact. That is, Zasetsky's programming ability and his power of learning by verification were still functional. Thus, he had some capacity for reconstituting himself, and undertook to do so by way of relearning how to write. In twenty-five years of intense struggle, he has produced some 3,000 pages. As Luria puts it, writing has enabled Zasetsky "gradually to assemble the bits and pieces of his past, compare and arrange them into episodes, create a coherent view of what his experiences and desires were. . . ."

This extraordinary story demonstrates not only courage and persistence, but also displays the capacity of the brain to compensate for damage in one area by using others. Moreover, it is clear that Zasetsky's laborious activity was under the guidance of an overall plan or scheme which took into account the future as well as the present. Zasetsky's brain was trying to find a way round its own damage. His "personality" was still continuing to exercise its function of synthesis. The act of writing became for Zasetsky the means, probably his only means, of making meaningful patterns out of experience of a coherent kind. One is irresistibly reminded of

[3] *The Working Brain*. By A. R. LURIA. Allen Lane, £2.50.

[4] *The Man with a Shattered World*. By A. R. LURIA. Cape, £2.25.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Philosophy of the Enlightenment

Lucien Goldmann is perhaps best known in Britain as the author of *The Hidden God*. In this present work he turns to the Enlightenment of the eighteenth century, the great age of liberalism and individualism, and analyses the mental structures of the outlook of the *philosophes*. A book which deals with many questions crucial to modern society. The late C. K. Ogden preserved a valuable collection of original material relating to the publication in England of Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*. This material which has been edited for publication by G. H. von Wright reveals in particular that Wittgenstein himself carefully revised the final version of the translation. Wittgenstein always hoped that his work would be of help in clarifying the thoughts of those engaged in work other than that of the academic philosopher. M. O'C. Drury, a practising psychiatrist, was a pupil of Wittgenstein, and in a fascinating work of pragmatic philosophy—**The Danger of Words**—he shows how the philosopher's thinking has helped him in his personal and professional life.

The publication of the **Selected Letters of C. G. Jung** is an event of major importance. Over many years Jung used the medium of letters to communicate his ideas to others and to clarify the interpretation of his work, quite apart from answering people who approached him with genuine problems of their own and corresponding with friends and colleagues. Volume I contains some 550 letters and covers the period 1906–1950; Volume II, to be published later, will cover the years 1951–1961. We have also recently published **Experimental Researches**, Volume Two of Jung's Collected Works. This volume represents a significant period in the development of his concepts: it includes papers published between 1904 and 1907 on the word-association tests that he had developed and applied to the study of normal and abnormal psychology.

The Philosophy of the Enlightenment
The Christian Burgess and the Enlightenment
LUCIEN GOLDMANN
Translated by Henry Maas £1·50

Ludwig Wittgenstein
Letters to C. K. Ogden
EDITED WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY G. H. von WRIGHT
Published in conjunction with Basil Blackwell £2.00

The Danger of Words
M. O'C. DRURY
Studies in Philosophical Psychology £2.75

C. G. Jung: Letters
Volume I 1906–1950
Selected and edited by Gerhard Adler in collaboration with Aniela Jaffé £7.50

Experimental Researches
C. G. JUNG
Translated by Leopold Stein in collaboration with Diana Riviere
Volume Two of the Collected Works of C. G. Jung £7·95

ROUTLEDGE
68 Carter Lane, London EC4V 5EL

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Proust's description of his own activity as a writer, and of the part which the recapture of memory played in his making *A La Recherche du Temps Perdu* into a coherent work of art, and himself into an integrated individual; an artist, who could at last make sense out of the manifold experiences of his life by linking them in the act of writing. Personality must, of course, be greatly dependent upon memory. A person without a past is not a person. But, just as the number of musical compositions which can be constructed out of the notes of the diatonic scale is infinite, so are the patterns and interconnections within the brain which serve to make meaningful wholes out of memory and experience, which make or remake "personality."

WHEN BRAINS are damaged or disordered, personality may seem to disappear. In cases of schizophrenia, psychiatrists are familiar with the fact that someone who has been totally withdrawn and perhaps mute for years may, under stress of physical illness, recover his "normal" personality, and speak and behave as he did before mental illness overtook them. In *Awakenings*,[5] Oliver Sacks, an English neurologist working in New York, describes a similar resurgence of lost or buried personality in cases of post-encephalitic patients treated with a new drug, L-Dopa. The virus which, from 1917 to 1927, caused *encephalitis lethargica* killed about a third of those who contracted the infection. Of those who survived, many who were children became destructively delinquent. The adults affected showed a bewildering variety of neurological disabilities, of which one of the commonest was "Parkinsonism", a disorder characterised by tremor, rigidity of muscles, and difficulty in initiating voluntary movement. Many patients were more or less stuporose, paying little attention to their environment, and quite unable to engage in normal activities. However, the variability of their symptoms suggested that whatever part of the brain had been attacked by the virus was damaged rather than totally destroyed. In the 1960s, it was discovered that the part of the brain most damaged by *encephalitis lethargica* used a special chemical transmitter called dopamine. Moreover, it was also discerned that post-encephalitic patients were particularly short of this chemical substance. L-Dopa, a precursor of dopamine, was first given to these sufferers in 1967.

The results were startling. Patients who for forty years had hardly uttered a word began to speak almost normally. Others who had not been able to walk began to do so. In almost every case, an "awakening" occurred in which the patient's previous personality reappeared and began to manifest itself. Tragically, these returns to life have been but transient phenomena. It appears that the damaged brain cells were stimulated by L-Dopa, but in most cases could not sustain the activity which the drug potentiated. No patient entirely "recovered"; and many slipped back into immobility, silence, and despair.

It is clear that L-Dopa re-established channels of communication between one part of the brain and another which the virus had all but destroyed. Sacks, one of those rare neurologists who also has had experience of psychoanalysis, gives moving descriptions of his patients, and alleges that, even when a person is grossly disabled on account of brain damage, he still retains his characteristic personal style and dignity. If we begin to think of personality in neurological terms, it is clear that the particular individual neural network which constitutes its anatomical substratum must be formed very early in life, as indeed psychoanalysis would lead us to suppose. It seems probable that further research upon the chemical basis of memory, and a greater understanding of how particular lines of communication within the brain are facilitated by use and habit, will bring neurological and psychological descriptions of personality closer together.

IT IS PERHAPS characteristic of new fields of enquiry that interest should initially be concentrated upon reducing phenomena to their elements, and only later concerned with how those elements are grouped and organised into greater wholes. Freud directed his endeavours towards reducing complex human activities to interaction between what he called two great groups of instincts, the sexual and the death instincts. For example, in analysing works of art, he would describe how the content of a picture took origin from the supposed infantile experience of the artist, and demonstrate how both sexual and aggressive drives were finding indirect, sublimated expression within it. Freud considered that the synthetic and aesthetic activity of the artist was beyond the scope of psychoanalysis. Yet, if we are to understand personality, we cannot neglect this pattern-forming activity, which is manifested as much in the formation of personality and the activity of the brain as it is in works of art. Indeed, as I have suggested in *The Dynamics of Creation*, a work of art is not only a uniquely new synthesis of discrete elements into a whole, but also may appeal to us because it is a paradigm, supremely executed, of something which we are all ceaselessly trying to do; that is, to make

[5] *Awakenings*. By OLIVER SACKS. Duckworth, £3.25.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pergamon General Psychology Series

A New Morality from Science: Beyondism
R B Cattell
Recognising that a moral decline in modern society is ultimately due to ethical confusion, based on an intellectual rejection of revealed dogmatic religions, the author sets out to find a new, more logically acceptable source of values.
501 pages £7.25 hard cover £2.95 flexi cover

Survival: Black/White
Florence Halpern
This book explains how the black people's struggle for survival has determined their particular way of perceiving and responding to their world.
248 pages £4.75 hard covet £2.00 flexi cover

The Social Self
R C Ziller
An examination of the concept of the self as extended to include other persons such as a friend, your father, your teacher, work group, and someone you know who is unhappy. The relationships are expressed through geometric arrangements of objects representing the self and others.
215 pages £2.75 flexi cover

Drugs and Youth: The Challenge of Today
Edited by E Harms
Written by practical workers dealing with young people addicted to drugs, this book presents the different phases of the problems in compact form and draws in aspects like 'addict-anonymous' treatment never as yet presented.
221 pages £5.50 hard cover

Piaget: Dictionary of terms
Edited by R Herrman and Sarah Campbell
The first and only English language reference source devoted solely to the vocabulary of the most important terms found in the numerous writings of Jean Piaget and his collaborators.
200 pages £5.75 hard cover

Personality: The human potential
M L Weiner
Demonstrates how real-life, down-to-earth personalities, individuals like ourselves and the people we relate to in our everyday lives, may be better understood. The author strikingly recounts in a non-technical manner the fundamental dynamics of personality functioning.
196 pages £4.00 hard cover £1.95 flexi cover

The Early Window: Effects of television on children and youth
R M Liebert, J M Neale and Emily S Davidson
The authors base their conclusions on evaluations and original research which they contributed to the Surgeon General's Report on the impact of televised violence. In addition to a review of the major theoretical and methodological issues, the book covers the gamut of television production from ideas to commercials.
216 pages £3.95

Pergamon books are obtainable through your usual bookseller but in case of difficulty please write to the Marketing Department, Pergamon Press Ltd, Headington Hill Hall, Oxford OX3 0BW.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coherent sense both out of ourselves and also out of the world we live in.

Abraham Maslow, whose book *The Further Reaches of Human Nature*[6] was published posthumously this year, would, I think, have agreed with this. Maslow was trained as a Freudian, but, while continuing to acknowledge Freud's genius, criticised psychoanalysis upon the grounds that it entirely failed to explain the healthy and creative. Psychoanalytic detective work might uncover the Oedipal wish beneath the phobia, or the murderous impulse behind the obsession. It could not explain the psychology of the well-balanced, the creativeness of the artist, the transcendence of self in ecstasy. Maslow objected to what he called Freud's "one big mistake", which was to think of the "unconscious merely as undesirable evil."

> *The Freudian explanation has been reductive. . . .* If I am a kind man, this is a reaction formation against my rage to kill. Somehow here the killing is more basic than the kindness. . . . If I am generous, this is a reaction formation against stinginess. I am really stingy inside. This is a very peculiar thing. Somehow there is the begging of the question that is so obvious now. Why did he not say, for instance, that maybe killing people was a reaction formation against loving them? It is just as legitimate a conclusion and, as a matter of fact, more true for many people.

This passage might be taken as implying that Maslow was a sentimentalist who could not face the cruel world of lust and rage which Freud uncovered. This was not the case. In the 1930s, Maslow worked with Harlow on his research with monkeys; and he consistently advocated a biological approach to human beings. Included in this book is an illuminating paper drawing parallels between the dominance-submission behaviour of subhuman primates and the "pseudo-sexual" sado-masochistic rituals and fantasies of human beings. Maslow's later work, at Brandeis, was concentrated upon the exceptionally gifted and healthy; and his aim was to establish the foundations of a humanistic biology which would show what was needed, both physically and psychologically, to enable the human being to reach his highest potential. Maslow believed that very few human beings were "self-actualising", as he called his goal of human striving: but that we could learn a great deal from the study of those who are. One characteristic of these gifted, spontaneous, and creative people is their capacity for "peak experience"; that is, for the ecstatic and transcendent. Maslow's research into such experiences disclosed that sex and music were the commonest triggers; though of course there are many others, from mathematics to religion. Maslow believed that there was a hierarchy of human needs, beginning with simple physiological necessity, and ending with the need for peak experience.

He thus repudiated Freud's reductive approach, and did not consider that all other ways toward peak experience, whether aesthetic, religious, or intellectual, were "nothing but" substitutes for orgasm. Rather, he wanted to extend the frontiers of biology to include the peak experience as an example of the highest form of synthesis, of which the subjective correlate is ecstasy. So far as I know, Maslow did not link his description of peak experience with neurology; but he would have been the first to appreciate that, now that neurology is interested in how the brain acts as a whole, we may be within striking distance of understanding such experience in neurological terms. In the view here propounded, personality is itself a synthesis, and the self-actualising person one who has achieved the highest degree of synthesis. Future research, in both neurology and psychology, seems to be pointing away from reductionism towards the understanding of how the complex sub-systems which subserve human striving combine and interact to make a whole. In Bowlby's words: "Human personality is perhaps the most complex of all complex systems here on earth."

[6] *The Further Reaches of Human Nature.* By ABRAHAM MASLOW. Penguin, 70p.

A Perfect Cruise

Rain follows the thunder.
While my car
tears a strip of water,

the car in front of me
slips anchor,
puts quietly to sea . . .

from the near-side window
a small arm
trails in the flying spray.

Roger Garfitt

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

John Wain Replies

I WAS GLAD to see in your September issue three interesting and markedly different replies to my article about "Saturday Night Out" (July). Not that I am confident of being able to take up the points they made.

Pierre Young's letter I can only greet with a cheer: it is good to know that an important engineer reads poetry, if only because we know what happens to poetry when only literary people read it. Mrs Jean Fox I am not sure that I understand; certainly she doesn't understand me if she thinks I feel "horror" at stupidity. What horrifies me is the pitiless treatment of stupid people in our society. Mr George Jaffa's letter is wise and constructive; but I would still contend, timidly, that my article pointed out a hideous fissure that runs through our society *now*, in the 1970s, whereas his point that society has always had a tendency to favour "strutters, line-shooters, cheats and the ruthless" is a timeless one. To put it crudely, his letter would apply just as well to the society depicted in Ben Jonson's comedies, whereas my article was intended to draw attention to a state of affairs that is very much of this moment and might, with luck and sympathy, be changed.

One point I made that none of my interlocutors has referred to: that the plight of the dim-witted and unskilled, the natural gamma-men who inhabit our cement jungles, would be eased if we could somehow pry loose all the clever people who are making money out of the neurotic state into which their brutal environment and mindless work tends to drive them. The pornographers and the violence-mongers, who are living in their Riviera villas on the money they milk out of the trapped urban populations whose anarchic impulses they skilfully exploit, might be brought to see that, though money is lovely stuff, there are some things we shouldn't do to earn it. As I was just meditating this letter, an example came to hand. I happened to be in North Wales at the moment; our local paper here carried in its current number a distressing account of an act of hooliganism, in which some adolescents forced their way into a chapel at midnight, relieved themselves in thoroughgoing fashion on the carpet of the main aisle, threatened the caretaker with a knife when he tried to turn them out, *und so weiter*, while other members of their group smashed shop-windows in the town, apparently not in search of plunder but merely for the sake of smashing them. (Details in *Caernarvon and Denbigh Herald*, August 24, page 9.) When asked what was his motive, one of the youths "told police that they had been to see the film *A Clockwork Orange*. He said the film was about a gang who took over a town. 'Perhaps we were trying to do that, but we ran up against the police,' he said."

Behind all the clap-trap and the aesthetic jargon, we have here the voice of the untutored, under-privileged, suggestible flock who actually make up the audience for such works of "art", and provide the comfortable bank balances of their perpetrators. The fault does not lie at the door of the scatty adolescents who are driven even scattier by this kind of visual *LSD*, nor even at the door of those who yield to the temptation to line their pockets by purveying it. It lies at ours, who have sat back for years and talked su-superior balderdash about plastic values, the existential limits of experience, art as hallucination, while below us, where we wouldn't look, the sewers were flooding over.

JOHN WAIN

Rhosgadfan,
Wales

Crime & Reason

"*R*" WINDS HIS WAY through the tangled issues of "social defence" against crime [May 1973]. In this labyrinth he tries to find "reason", as opposed to "primitive instinct," to guide him. He ends up sympathetic, humane, and lost.

Opposing *"reason"* (our side) to *"instinct"* (their side) is always comforting to us intellectuals. The appeal to reason is empty, however, unless one has something to reason with. When we reason only with the rules of logic, but without facts, we are not one jot beyond thinking with our blood. "*R*'s" objection to killing criminals is data-free. It remains, therefore, what Ayer and Stevenson told us such emotional arguments were: Shouts, lamentations, protests. I can lament with *"R,"* but I recognise that I am not being *rational* in doing so, but only *moral* or *sentimental*. That is, "instinctive."

For every "instinctive" argument against imprisoning or killing Moors murderers or Great Train robbers, one can oppose an "instinctive" argument in favour of their isolation or elimination. When Hannah Arendt completed her study of the Eichmann trial in Jerusalem, she asked herself what good it would do to hang Eichmann. She replied: "It will do justice."

Dr Arendt's sentiment was Hammurabi's. The "instinct" for justice as a balance of harms remains. Because it remains, the criminal law *expresses* moral indignation as well as it *intends* consequences.

We are left asking ourselves, and *"R,"* what shall we reason with in being reasonable about capital punishment?

GWYNN NETTLER

University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Canada

Homosexuality

THE NATURE of Dr E. J. Mishan's difficulties about homosexuality is perhaps illuminated by his conception of it in terms suggesting a narrow preoccupation with physiology: "anal intercourse" (ENCOUNTER, April); "the homosexual *act*" (ENCOUNTER, September 1972, my italics). Many have thought it more fruitful to consider the quality of relationships among humans (as distinct from rats) in less obsessive terms.

There have, of course, been notable eccentrics,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

London

WITHOUT RESPECT: "Idialects" may be defined as personal dialects, the characteristics of individual speech. "Registers" is the language of the specific occasion. For example, when at a meeting of a university senate or court someone begins a sentence with the words "With respect, Vice-Chancellor," you know that the respect is purely formal and that he is about to launch into hearty denunciation of what has been said before. "With respect" registers a warning sign.

DAILY TELEGRAPH

London

INFRASTRUCTURE: *As a student of word-usage* [*Ivor Brown writes*] *as well as of income tax procedure I was much interested by your well-informed article on the problems set to the Inland Revenue by the "world's oldest profession." When I read about "a prostitute's infrastructure" I rashly thought that he was alluding to her legs—or crural appendages if that be correct officialese. I was wrong. He was referring to "pimps, landlords, racketeers, criminals generally and those who scandal-monger for gain".*

Only quite recently has infrastructure become a vogue word with lecturers and writers on sociology. Professor Garmonsway's widely inclusive Penguin English Dictionary *of 1965 does not include it. Mention of pimps suggests Pandarus, but Shakespeare omitted to call him an infrastructure. There are many unusual words in* Troilus and Cressida, *but here a chance was missed.*

THE TIMES

London

LIT IDENTIKIT: *Argued last night* [*Alan Brien writes*] *at a* Time *magazine party with Kingsley Amis about whether great novelists filled their books with anagrams of their friends and enemies. He claimed this was a modern, dubious fad beginning with D. H. Lawrence and Aldous Huxley. You couldn't imagine Jane Austen or Dickens being so hard-up in imagination, he claimed, to be forced to steal direct from life. I cited Thomas Love Peacock, with his portraits of Shelley and Coleridge, against the first, and Trollope's devastating caricature of Dickens to balance the second. Even Flaubert said—*"Madame Bovary, c'est moi." *And Tolstoy's novels contained innumerable scenes and plots transcribed from his diaries.*

Part of Kingsley's passion may have stemmed from my claim that there was a character, Meredith Lamb, in Frederic Raphael's new novel, April, June and November, *which seemed to me to bear a distant resemblance to him.*

As I cited some of Lamb's characteristics—he's reactionary, noisy, pugnacious, boozy, sensual, given on occasions to displays of belching—Kingsley's eyebrows knitted together into a moustache. "Ah, I see, old lad. That's all put in to throw the reader off the scent," he explained, not entirely displeased I thought. "Also he says 'old lad' a lot," I added.

"I kid you not," said Kingsley. "By the way, does he say 'I kid you not'? No? But then neither do I."

SUNDAY TIMES

Reading

BALLAD OF READING GAOL: *A youth who hero-worshipped a fictional half-breed Indian killer was "living the part," Reading Crown Court was told today.*

Clive Maskell—charged in the Comanche Indian's name of Loncey Dalton Ysabel—was sent to Broadmoor for the manslaughter of 19-year-old Sunday school teacher Pauline Stevens.

He pleaded guilty to manslaughter on the grounds of diminished responsibility. His plea of not guilty to murder was accepted by the prosecution.

Mr William Forbes, QC, prosecuting, said that Pauline was brutally murdered with a knife in School Lane, Amersham. Maskell had taken a particular interest in the Western fiction written by J. T. Edson. Ysabel appeared in a book called The Comanches *and killed four people with a knife before he was 14.*

"There is no doubt that Maskell was living the part—certainly carrying out murder in the approved Ysabel style," said Mr Forbes.

EVENING STANDARD

Hamburg

CHANCELLOR CHARLIE: *German History from 1888 to 1945 stretches from Kaiser Wilhelm II to—Charlie Chaplin. At least in the photographic record, for Hitler pictures are evidently tabu.*

According to a spokesman for the Kindler-Verlag in Munich, "at first we had a photo of Hitler. But that was censored—by the 'Börsenblatt' which represents the official organisation of the Book Publishing Industry in Germany. Its rules forbid the reproduction of pictures of any of the Nazi big-wigs."

The advertisement in question was a two-page spread for the Memoirs of the East-German scientist Manfred von Ardenne, and it included photographs of the Heads of State between 1888 and 1945: Wilhelm II, Friedrich Ebert, Hindenburg, and Hitler. The Hitler photo was then replaced by a still from Chaplin's film "The Great Dictator".

The Frankfurt editor of the "Börsenblatt" explained that the prohibition had been made "in special consideration for the feelings of foreigners (das Ausland), especially readers in the Netherlands, in Luxembourg and Belgium. . . ."

So poor Charlie, born in London's Jewish East End, has to take the place of the hateful Adolf, so that BENELUX *don't get its feelings ruffled by snapshots from German history.*

DIE WELT

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from celibate theologians to Jack the Ripper, who have seen the love of men and women as "vaginal intercourse" and the "hetero-sexual act" as a distasteful exercise of physiology, to be tolerated merely for its by-product in procreation. Others (dare one now hope a majority?) have placed their emphasis on the concern of individuals for one another—their affections, their loyalties, their companionships, their domesticities, their shared values—accepting as a mere *accidens* of wholly private interest how they may choose to engage in making sexual love. Sometimes there is certainly "pathology" in sexual relationships (heterosexual as well as homosexual); but perhaps this is more to be judged in terms of the heart than the groin.

I am not, as it happens, one of those who see any argument for extending to homosexual unions the forms of heterosexual marriage. The latter, as an institution, seems to me to serve purposes which have more to do with the welfare of children and the protection of women at their most vulnerable than with the sanctification of relationships. Relationships sanctify themselves if they are good.

R. N. NOYES

London

MR NOYES' letter ends on a conciliatory note to which I readily respond. The tendency of his sentiments, though irrelevant in the context of this debate, are unexceptionable, and I am glad to note that we are in apparent agreement in seeing no case for legitimising homosexual marriages. However, since this correspondence arose chiefly from misconceptions of my views on the subject, I would like to restate them briefly for the record.

I repudiate the idea of homosexual activity as "healthy" or "normal" and regard it as deviant. But this belief is consistent with understanding of and sympathy with the homosexual condition. I nowhere stated or implied that practising homosexuals were unfeeling or unaffectionate either in their sexual intimacies or in their relations with others.

Lest my analogy with those ill-used rats misled anyone to think otherwise, let me elaborate the two points it was intended to bring out.

First, that man is a *rationalising* animal. Thus one of the reactions produced by modern stresses and tensions arising from rapid technological change—the growing obsession with sexual activity; with peeping sex, with instant sex, with deviant sex, with violent sex—has been misnomered permissive, and misinterpreted by trendists, as an extension of liberties. It follows that I do not (as Mr Noyes does) accept that the choice of sexual act is "mere accident." For I am suggesting that the trend in deviance itself (and not merely homosexuality) is one of the symptoms of increasing social trauma in the postwar period.

Secondly, the means whereby writers, "artists", impresarios, "educators," and the mass media generally, have sought to promote and arouse the public's interest in sexuality have been unabashedly by reference to the *carnal* aspects. Indeed, the "narrow preoccupation with physiology" which Mr Noyes undiscerningly attributes to me is the very thing which

Shakespeare's Art
Seven Essays
Edited by Milton Crane
This collection presents studies of Shakespeare written by seven distinguished contemporary specialists on subjects of their own choice, each of which deals with a different critical idea. The contributors include Alfred B. Harbage, Arthur R. Humphreys, Madeleine Doran, Maynard Mack, T. J. B. Spencer, James G. McManaway and Clifford Leech. £3.05

The Political Status of the Negro in the Age of FDR
Ralph J. Bunche
Edited and with an Introduction by Dewey W. Grantham
This volume presents the essence of a massive report prepared in 1940 by a team headed by Ralph J. Bunche. The study's most enduring value lies in its wealth of personal interviews and in its first-hand impressions of the Negro and Southern politics. £7.90

Architecture for the Poor
Hassan Fathy
An estimated half of the world's population is without adequate housing. In this extensively illustrated work, Egyptian architect Hassan Fathy describes his highly original approach to rural mass housing in his own country—an approach which he believes can raise the standard of living among the world's desperately poor, while being at the same time socially and aesthetically satisfying. £4·95

Competition and Entrepreneurship
Israel M. Kirzner
Israel Kirzner's study, an extension of work begun by Mises and Hayek, who stress verbal logic rather than mathematics, provides at once a thorough-going critique of contemporary price theory, an essay on the theory of entrepreneurship and an essay on the theory of competition. Besides its emphasis on entrepreneurship, the book offers a new appraisal of quality competition, of selling effort and of the fundamental weaknesses of contemporary welfare economics. £3.60

The University of Chicago Press
126 Buckingham Palace Road
London SW1

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(in my ENCOUNTER article) I detected in the rationalisations of those who would speak for the permissive society. Since I was not addressing myself to affairs of the heart, or to those "good relationships" that (as Mr Noyes assures us) "Sanctify themselves", but to the difficult problem of sex permissiveness and its social consequences, I chose words like "homosexual act" or "anal intercourse" quite deliberately. For it is precisely the *physical* characteristics of sexual activity that have come into prominence in the sex-fevered atmosphere of today's permissive societies. These physical aspects are those involved in the expressed exhilaration of theatrical exhibitions of homosexuality, transvestism, etc., and in the occasional demonstrations of public defiance by "gay liberators." They are, in fact, just those aspects about which the debate on permissiveness continues to turn.

E. J. MISHAN

London School of Economics

Erratum

OWING TO A printer's error, it is very much regretted that in the Duckworth advertisement that appeared on the back cover of the October issue the author Gunnar Myrdal appeared as Gunnar Myrda. We apologise to Messrs Duckworth and to Professor Myrdal for any embarrassment caused.

A

SPLENDOR AND DEATH OF JOAQUIN MURIETA

PABLO NERUDA

trans. Ben Belitt Hard £3.45 Limp £1.60

A bilingual edition of the sole work for theatre by the 1972 Nobel Literature Prize winner, Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Neruda describes the story of the Chilean hero driven to banditry, beheaded, transformed into Myth and into a symbol of revolt, as "a jeu d'esprit, a melodrama, an opera, a pantomime, a tragedy".

Alcove Press

59 ST MARTINS LANE
LONDON WC2N 4JS
Tel: 01-836 4194

AUTHORS

John Rizkalla comes from an Anglo-Egyptian background. He was educated in Egypt and at Manchester University, now teaches French and German at a school in Surrey, and has completed three novels—so far unpublished. . . .

Anthony Hartley was for several years the Editor of *Interplay* in New York and now works in the office of the European Community in London. His books include *A State of England* (1963) and *Gaullism* (Routledge, 1972).

Jacques Barzun is Professor of History at Columbia University. Among other works, he has published *Darwin, Marx, Wagner* (1941), *Teacher in America* (1945), *Berlioz and the Romantic Century* (1950), and *The American University* (1968). His article is based on a paper for the Open Court's Educational Seminar in La Salle, Illinois. . . .

Ludovic Kennedy began his television career in 1955, and has been newscaster, and BBC commentator. His article is based on a lecture given earlier this year to the Royal Society of Arts. . . .

Theo Sommer is Chief Editor of *Die Zeit*. . . .

Bede Rundle held a Research Fellowship at The Queen's College, Oxford, and has since 1963 been a Fellow of Trinity College. He is the author of *Perception, Sensation and Verification* (Oxford University Press, 1972). . . .

Antony Flew is Professor of Philosophy at the University of Reading. His works include *Essays in Conceptual Analysis* (1956), *Evolutionary Ethics* (1967), and *Introduction to Western Philosophy* (1971). . . .

Anthony Storr is a psychiatrist and writer. Among his books are *Human Aggression, The Integrity of the Personality,* and *The Dynamics of Creation* (Secker, 1972). . . .

Sir Alfred Ayer is Wykeham Professor of Logic in the University of Oxford, and the author, among other works, of *Language, Truth and Logic* (1936), *The Problem of Knowledge* (1956), *The Concept of a Person* (1963) and *Metaphysics and Common Sense* (1969). . . .

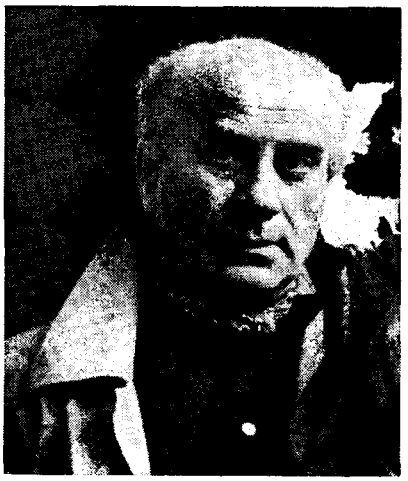
Maurice Cranston is Professor of Political Science at the London School of Economics.

ENCOUNTER Magazine is published in London by Encounter Ltd., 59 St Martin's Lane, London WC2N 4JS.

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY WATMOUGHS LIMITED, IDLE, BRADFORD; AND LONDON

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An important evaluation of the work of an artist whose contribution to Twentieth Century art is at last being acknowledged . . .



Jan Le Witt

"Jan Le Witt is a painter of 'inscapes.' These are the images of a new mythology, a mythology derived from the exploration of the inner world of feeling, expressed in forms taken from the inexhaustible index of nature.

"The creation of forms to be contemplated—I can think of no better description of this artist's activity. To succeed in such an activity, the forms must be endowed with qualities that sustain our interest and attention—qualities of harmony and resonance. These words, which are musical terms, very appropriately express the enduring nature of the sensation experienced in front of Jan Le Witt's paintings—works of art that are remarkable above all for their harmony."

Sir Herbert Read

"It is a passionate search for the original, the primordial. Geology, botany, celestial physics, are linked in Jan Le Witt's imagination, and with them music. This painter's music is beautiful, rich and enchanting."

Jean Cassou

". . . the true heir of Turner. But where Turner is all air and mist and water, Le Witt is all earth and rock and the bones and sinews of the substantial universe."

John Smith

". . . Here painting beats like a heart . . .
It would be quite useless to attempt to classify an achievement of this kind among the successive varieties of contemporary art, where intrinsic value gives place to mere novelty, and the eye retains nothing which will last. With forceful simplicity, Jan Le Witt has enlarged the world of creation."

Pierre Emmanuel
of the Académie française

THE LIBRARY PRESS	ZWEMMER	EDITIONS CERCLE D'ART
NEW YORK	LONDON	PARIS
$25·00	£8·40	125 NF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HUTCHINSON

Chance, Coincidence, Telepathy?

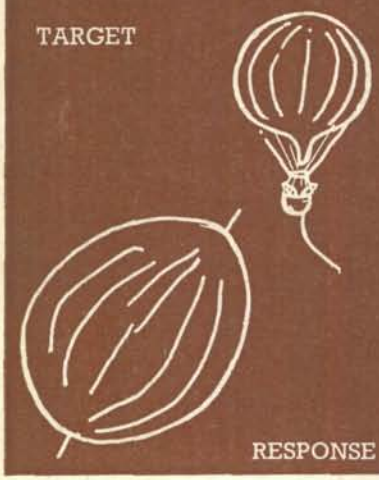
TARGET

RESPONSE

TARGET

RESPONSE

TARGET



RESPONSE

Alister Hardy, Robert Harvie and Arthur Koestler
THE CHALLENGE OF CHANCE
Startling experiments conducted in London in 1967 began an enquiry into chance and telepathy by two eminent scientists. They invited Arthur Koestler to examine the findings. The result: a speculative book which reaches to the frontiers of coincidence, pre-cognition and related subjects.

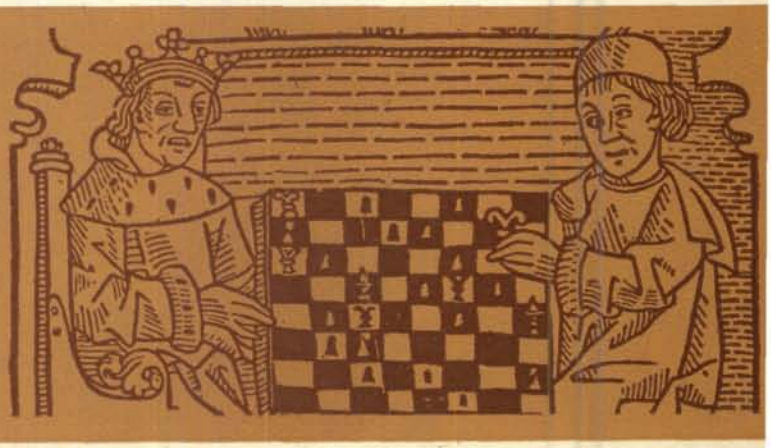
£3.00

Fredric Warburg
ALL AUTHORS ARE EQUAL
By one of Britain's most distinguished publishers, this is a book that everyone interested in publishing and the world of books will want to read.

£4.00

C.H.O'D. Alexander
A BOOK OF CHESS
A beautifully produced book that surveys contemporary play, and makes a real contribution to our understanding of the philosophy of this ancient and fascinating game. It is illustrated with a unique collection of photographs and drawings.

£2.95



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED